THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 28, 1910 5c. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

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Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months

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There are 32 years of hose-making experience knit into each pair of Holeproof Hose.

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We spend $33,000 a year simply to see that each pair of hose we turn out is perfection. That guarantees *to you* a good pair of hose every time you buy "Holeproof."

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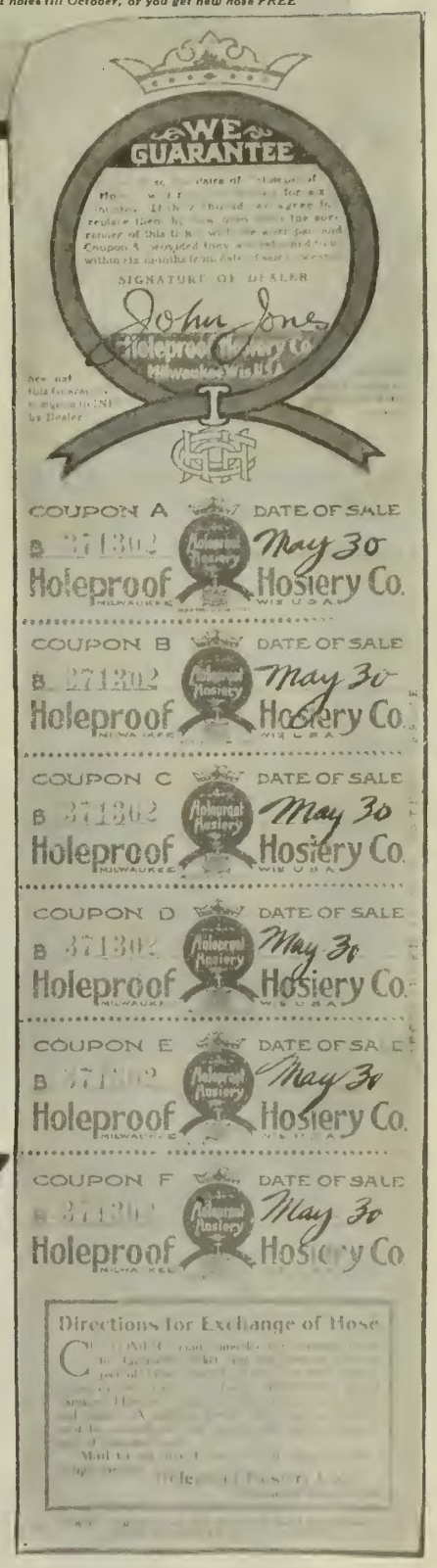
Look for the trade-mark below—on the toe of each pair.

All imitations are sold as "Holeproof."

You don't want an inferior make—you want Holeproof Hose.



Are Your Hose Insured?

And Get This Guarantee

The genuine Holeproof Hose are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Six pairs of men's hose sell for $1.50 ($2.00 for the extra light weights and $3.00 for the mercerized).

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Holeproof Hosiery Co.
451 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
(55)

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Dinner is Always Ready

Dinner, luncheon or supper—meals for unexpected guests. All of them are ready to be served in a minute when you have a few cans of Van Camp's on the shelf.

Now, on the verge of summer, let us again remind you what our help can mean.

In our famous kitchens are many good cooks. They are sorting and soaking—boiling and baking—beans for a million homes.

They skim the steaming kettles, face the fierce ovens, watch the whole process for hours.

As a result, when you want to serve beans, you can take them from the pantry shelf.

And those beans are the best that were ever baked—in the old times or the new. They command a larger sale than all rival brands combined.

Home-baked beans cannot compare with them, because every home lacks the facilities.

Van Camp's are *baked by live steam*. Thus they are baked until they are mealy without breaking the skins. Think of that.

They come out nut-like and whole—not mushy and broken. And all are baked alike. The tomato sauce—like the pork—is baked with the beans, to permeate them with its zest.

Letting our chef bake the beans

(65)

These beans are sealed up and then sterilized. Thus their savor and freshness remains unchanged until you open the can.

But the great fact is that Van Camp's digest easily, and other beans don't, as you know. Home-baked beans ferment and form gas. Many a stomach can't digest them at all.

We apply a terrific heat by using super-heated steam. Thus we make them more digestible than if you baked them all night in a home oven.

Van Camp's are an every-day food—a food that all can eat, and that all people like. They contain—with the pork—every food element required by the human body. They are richer than beef in nutriment, and they cost but a third as much.

The best possible way to cut down on your meat bills is to serve beans that your people like.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

The National Dish

But don't judge Van Camp's by other ready-baked beans. Compare them with others and note the difference yourself.

We pay for our white beans—picked out by hand—four times what some beans cost. We spend for tomato sauce—made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes—five times what common sauce costs.

In preparing the dish we bring to bear the results of 47 years of experience.

It is worth insisting on Van Camp's to get such beans as these.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

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Copyright, 1910, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A.D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1910 — Number 48

The Naïve Mr. Dasher—Story of a Baseball Jinks

By ALLEN SANGREE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

The "Jinks"

MONTAGUE DASHER, generally known as The Dasher, because of his agility in running bases, was of a singularly ill humor. For some weeks the patrons of Mrs. O'Hara's boarding-house had marked this temper and wondered. Could it be that the gentlemanly but efficient third baseman of the Wolves was in love? If so, all the more remarkable, since their fellow-guest had never displayed any sentimental weakness. Indeed, he appeared indifferent to all feminine blandishment, though, goodness knows, the neighborhood's fairness had set itself before him singly and in phalanx.

Not in its memory had Grove's Court come into such proximity to a world-famous ball player, one whose picture adorned sporting pages and souvenir postals, and who was so popular in his own city that joy-mad spectators fought to carry him off the field of battle. So generous was this mantle of adulation that corners of it fluttered from the shoulders of Mr. Montague Dasher and enwrapped those of the fortunate few who shared his lodgings.

When Mr. Potts, for example, cashier of an express office, a wizened, wry-lipped vegetarian, upon leaving his work at precisely six minutes after six fell in with The Dasher returning from the game, he stared from side to side, gloating, and expanded his puny chest.

Fleming, head of the "gents' furnishing" in Cook & Ramsey's, red-mustached, putty-cheeked and loquacious-lipped, seldom failed to quote the talismanic name every ten minutes.

"As I was tellin' The Dasher this morning," he would preface—"third baseman of the Wolves, you know; lives with me—these barred ties'll be all the rage in a couple of weeks." Or: "Talkin' of baseball, The Dasher told me last night—we have an apartment together up in Grove's Court—that there'll only be two clubs in th' race. The Prunes haven't got a chance! Grand fellow, The Dasher, and a swell dresser."

Young Hopper, the red-cheeked, wide-eyed country lad, feasted upon the hero's countenance, and down in the butter-and-egg store dreamed of immortal fame. He read avidly every line about The Dasher, cut out his pictures to send home, and once a week pinched himself of some necessity to buy a grandstand seat near the third-base line, whence he could narrowly see the prodigy in action.

The women, to be sure, were more cunning in their demonstration. Miss Dechamp, the manicurist, even announced after various ingratiating shifts—that professional ball players were common.

"His hands are something awful," she told Miss Carew, the schoolmistress who wrote love stories for the Human Interest Monthly. "And did you ever notice how he eats off the side of his fork? That's the worst etiquette there is! I read it in a book."

Miss Carew smiled with a supreme and amused benevolence. At the Bohemian Club, where she dined and drank red wine weekly, she described the manicurist as "delicious." The Dasher was a "naïve animal." She intended using both of them in her "great American novel."

An animal, perhaps, The Dasher was, and a fine animal, too, with his muscular grace, cutting blue eyes, sun-tanned face, chestnut hair and tigerlike strength. How naïve the reader may judge for himself.

At the college where he had been employed to pitch, before joining a minor league, The Dasher had learned the meaning of H_2O and to keep quiet when he did not understand. Taciturn with his own teammates, he became almost mute among outsiders. And yet Montague Dasher was not devoid of speculation and conclusion. Fleming he put down as a "fresh guy"; Miss Dechamp was a "lightweight," and the schoolmistress-author he numbered as a "phony piece of ice" that is to say, a fake diamond.

When the first mentioned, of a summer evening as they all sat on the stoop, would inquire hungrily: "Say, Dasher, what happened to the Wolves today? Thought sure they'd beat th' Banshees with Yegg Miller in the box," Montague would curtly reply: "Things broke wrong."

"Broke wrong!" Miss Carew would exclaim. "How terribly interesting! Do tell us, Mr. Dasher, just what you mean. I know that you men have some peculiar philosophy all of your own, and subtle, too; I'm sure of it. Broke wrong?"

"Their pitcher had th' Indian sign on us," was The Dasher's explanation, accompanied by a searching, suspicious glint, and then he would usually plead weariness, excusing himself to "hit th' hay."

It remained for Fleming to interpret these phrases of the diamond, which he did with great unction, unhampered by tedious truth.

On a certain night in early August, shortly after the Wolves had returned for a three-weeks' play on the home grounds, Grove's Court and the O'Hara household were in a fine commotion over the departure of Mr. Montague Dasher and Miss Nona O'Hara, the landlady's daughter, whom the hero had invited to a roof-garden show. It was singular, in itself, that Dasher should all of a sudden, without any intimation, evince dilection toward a young lady, but the logic of Grove's Court collapsed utterly in view of the fact that Nona's personality, though trim and alluring, was blighted with cross-eyes—eyes so startlingly, comically, confusedly crossed that they aroused no feeling of pity or tenderness—only humor.

Little wonder that the secret of her fascination for the handsome Dasher should elude even the penetration of Miss Carew. With a twinge of bitterness in her voice, and after a minute's breath-holding as hero and maid vanished, she comforted Miss Dechamp by observing:

"It's a case of class, my dear."

"That's right," supplemented the manicurist laconically. "Water's sure to find its level!"

Others in the Court were more considerate. They appreciated Nona's pretty figure, which a scant eighteen years had ripely developed, her abundance of black hair, which needed no "rat" or "switch," her rose-tinted cheeks, her unclassical little nose and her red lips, the upper one of which was full "as though some bee had stung it newly." Between the top of high-heeled slipper and dress showed an engaging flash of ankle, her hands and feet were small, and she wore a wide-brimmed hat of lingerie that appeared in excellent taste.

"If it wasn't for her eyes," said the Court, "she'd be pretty as a picture. Anyhow, she's a good housekeeper, an' she'd make just the kind of a wife a ball player ought to have."

"But Say, Now, Ain't That Something Fierce?"

Fleming alone made use of the incident. Hopping up the steps he followed Mrs. O'Hara indoors and tapped her familiarly on the shoulder. "Little bit of all right," he gushed confidentially. "Can't fool y'r Uncle Dudley. Reg'la' seer, I am. Saw it coming a month ago. Nix on th' bark thing," he added quickly, as the landlady frowned. "All masonic; never talk in my sleep. But say, madam, she couldn't do better—five thousand dollars per for The Dasher. That's what he gets—saw his check. An' he's a good spender. Live like a lady, Nona will. Play the game—got his goat. Call on me f'r best man!"

Mrs. O'Hara gestured annoyedly, but could not wholly suppress a glint of satisfaction. Fleming reckoned it worth two weeks' credit.

Misled by newspaper fiction Mrs. O'Hara had no doubt that Montague's salary was five thousand dollars, or even ten thousand dollars, so fabulously were ball players supposed to be rewarded. She would hardly have taken it seriously had The Dasher himself assured her that for his expert services as third baseman he was receiving but fifteen hundred dollars, a grievance which, during the first year of his association with the Wolves, he had borne uncomplainingly. In the minor league he had earned seven hundred and fifty dollars, and double this amount looked big then. But now, in his second season, when he had become the most skillful of infielders and base runners, when he alone was an attraction for thousands, he knew that he had been selected by the club owner, Eben Thayer, as a victim of unfairness and strange injustice.

At times The Dasher had a mind to advertise his indignity, make it known to the public, thinking that President Thayer would be shamed into giving him a raise. But pride restrained him. Montague Dasher, greatest of all third basemen, working for fifteen hundred dollars a year! It was so preposterous that he would be called an easy mark.

"Besides," pointed out Joe McGuigan, the manager, "it would be sure to have the opposite effect on that old [prefix of hardy adjectives] gold-digger. He don't care what the public thinks. Th' fans have got t' have baseball, and so long as th' Wolves play good ball they'd come even if the owner was a wife-beater."

"Well, what's the angle, then?" demanded Dasher querulously. "Any club in the league'll give me three thousand dollars. No need tellin' you what I ought to be getting. Even the Schooners in the outlaw bunch wanted——"

"I know, Dash," interrupted McGuigan with a note of helplessness and disgust. "It's a rotten shame, and worse. Three times I went to the front for you, Dash, and couldn't get a stir out of him. Says he lost a lot of money in the stock market this year, the [more hardy adjectives] liar. He always was a miser and always talkin' about what he had to pay for the boys. Most of 'em came in when the other league started and good ball players was drawin' all kinds of fancy prices. He wouldn't give any of us more than fifteen hundred dollars right now if he had his way. He's the kind that thinks a ball tosser's same as a hod-carrier. But, Dash, I went to th' mat three times for you—on my oath, three times. And you know where I stand, old fellow?" McGuigan gestured appealingly.

Sullenly the third baseman reflected a moment, and then: "Mac, I know you done what you could, but"—and McGuigan twitched as he saw that nasty determination in The Dasher's eye—"something's going to happen. I won't be anybody's fool forever!"

The Wolves' manager bent an accusing look upon the other, and the hand, gnarled and broken with years of catching, that he laid upon Dasher's shoulder was no light one. "Nothing like that," he threatened. "Never do anything dirty, Dash. You'll regret it to the last day of your life. You're bound to get what's coming some day. But be on the level and stick. Tell you what," he suggested half-hopefully: "go an' see him yourself. Put it straight to him and"—gesturing enticingly—"you never c'n tell."

Montague, still sullen and determined, shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

Eben Thayer was a fat man whose thin, narrow lips spoke and smiled oilily. His small gray eyes were almost hidden by the obese curves of his cheeks, but you quickly learned that from behind those ramparts he kept a shrewd lookout. Over one less trained than himself in worldly wisdom he maintained an ascendency, even if the suppliant were armed with a righteous cause, and when Dash finally decided to act upon the manager's advice he began to lose control before he started downtown.

Hardened against public admiration, knowing its fickleness, The Dasher, like all his profession, generally acknowledged it with a secret twang of pride; but on this morning he was too absorbed in rehearsing the approaching ordeal. Straphangers, great merchants, even women shoppers, eyed the athlete with a smile of recognition. On the platform of the car two fans had an argument as to whether or not he was "swell-headed." Rich and poor craved a nod from the Wolves' third baseman. It was a treat to be near him.

Dasher arrived at the club's headquarters wearing a preoccupied expression which to Eben Thayer was as legible as a fifty-foot signboard. The advantage was so much in the magnate's favor that his narrow mouth stretched a smile of genuine satisfaction. What a bargain he had in this grand ball player! What an object of envy he was among the financiers of the game! How sage were the moulders of organized baseball when they embodied that "reserve clause" in the constitution! Now, when a hardworking owner had the good fortune to pick up a star such as Montague Dasher there was no fear of his "jumping" for more money. He was a human chattel owned outright by the Wolves, "reserved" in their employ until they chose to sell, trade or release him. If he broke that contract he would be blacklisted throughout the whole country, with no chance of a livelihood in his vocation. If he sulked or "threw" games he could be fined, kept on the bench, or expelled to the tune of the Rogues' March. He had signed for a certain salary and it was entirely at the option of him—Eben Thayer—whether the amount should be increased then or at any time. But if Montague Dasher broke an arm or leg, became unfit for work, or deteriorated in his play, he could be sent a-packing on ten days' notice. The contract was all one way.

Swiftly the magnate paragraphed this situation, and as the ball player gingerly stepped over the heavy plush carpet he determined not to waver from his policy. He preferred, however, to move along lines of least resistance, and his voice was half-cozening, playfully impressive, as he took up the issue.

"What's that, Dasher? Why, I'm really surprised at you! Only two years in fast company and want another boost? Gracious, man, we got to give the stockholders something! And remember, Dasher, that this club has made you—made you, my boy! Nobody ever heard of you out in th' bushes. You'd be a dead one yet if we hadn't discovered you. And now"—Mr. Thayer's fat hand gestured eloquently—"And now, just think of it; you are Montague Dasher—The Dasher—third baseman of the Wolves, champions of the world, and a household word from Portland to Portland! Why, you're a hero!"

Stunned by this oratory The Dasher grinned in whimsical admission. "That's so." He scratched his head. "There's something in that." Unhappily for him his college course had not embraced dialectics, and his blind mental groping amused Mr. Thayer.

"But I sure done a lot for you," he pleaded feebly. "You said yourself that ketching that Texas Leaguer off Mulrooney won th' pennant last year. I ain't hit under three hundred since I joined th' club. An' haven't I got the highest fielding average, and more stolen bases than any man playin' the third corner in major company? If you don't believe me you c'n see it in th' books, or ask McGuigan."

Dasher was leaning forward now, his fingers crushing a ten-cent cigar that President Thayer had given him, not neglecting to mention the price. Launched upon a topic with which he was familiar his blue eyes gleamed with fervent assurance. To him the subject was so vital, its course so plain, that as the magnate smiled benevolently between reflective puffs Montague thought him likewise convinced.

So he continued more aggressively: "An' just look what I'm getting, Mr. Thayer—one thousand dollars under Jessup, on the Prunes, an' two thousand less than Picus, on the Vampires—both dead ones! There ain't a man on the team but's getting more than me, 'cept them two bushers you just bought from the O-P League.

"Hero!" Montague, blindly probing the fallacy of his employer's argument, spat it out with an ugly taste. "Hero! I'm a cheap hero, I am. Give me that five hundred raise McGuigan promised an' I'll feel something like!"

Quick to read a countenance The Dasher instantly knew that he had made a vital blunder, but he was not prepared for a revulsion so trenchant. Eben Thayer's smile shifted to a nick in a sword. He planted both substantial feet on the floor, his small even teeth clicked, his chubby fist smote the desk.

"Is that so?" His voice, nasal, sarcastic and penetrating, carried to the outer room where Miss Bangs, the stenographer, and Eddie, the office boy, bobbed their heads at the keyhole. "Well, now, Mr. Dasher, let me tell you something, and—don't—you—forget—it. You've been boosted to fifteen hundred dollars—a darn sight more than Montague Dasher could make at any other job—and you will continue to get it until I decide to give you more. You are a young man starting in the game, and so long as you make good I'll try to do right by you. But don't ever get th' idea that you can dictate, and"—his head jerked sagaciously—"don't start laying down on this club or you'll sit on the bench the rest of your natural life. Miss Bangs"—he raised his voice—"some dictation, please. Good-day, Mr. Dasher."

For a brief moment Montague, with a swift intake of breath through his open mouth, sat as one in a strait-jacket, and then made his way automatically, dazedly, over the heavy plush carpet out of the office, down the elevator and up the sunlit street. His mind, after this catastrophe, worked slowly. He played the game that afternoon skillfully, though in a trancelike grimness, fighting against some great dread that both appalled and tempted him. Every time the fans howled their applause at a fine stop it seemed that a leering specter gallivanted around third base chortling: "Fifteen hundred a year; fifteen hundred, Dasher; that's all you're worth!"

By the time he had dressed and returned to his hall bedroom in the boarding-house Montague's conflicting emotions were arrayed in a semblance of order, but the grievance only waxed more poignant, with no remedy in sight.

Here he was, Montague Dasher, arrived at the age of twenty-four, a superb ball player but with absolutely no other means of livelihood, ordained to move and have his being always under the relentless eye of that mighty, far-reaching, all-powerful empire called organized baseball. His contract, the usual one, bound him for one year and an indefinite "reserve." He must continue to play ball with the Wolves at the same salary, and continue to play just as brilliantly as heretofore. His ability was a matter of record, and also his sole asset. Advancement in fame he might have, but none in remuneration. A ripped tendon, chronic "charley horse," or a broken arm at any moment might put him out of the game for good and all. "Grab the coin while you're a star," had been big leaguers' advice to him. "You never know when the buzzards'll get your wing."

"Most Wonderful Thing Ever Happened in Baseball"

Pitying himself and gradually accumulating a portentous hatred for his miserly employer, Dasher's thoughts ticked off too fast for speech. Should he quit the game and try pugilism? Prize fighters had predicted success for him in this activity. How about the stage? More than one ball player had "made a hit" in vaudeville. But why, he asked himself, why, in the name of holy justice, should he be forced out of a profession in which he had worked, oh, so hard, to became adept?

His mind reverted to the days of his youth at the rolling mills in Ohio, where, in the short noon hour, he would gulp his bread and meat and then, begrimed with sweat and soot, hurry out between the railroad

tracks to have a couple of innings on the cindery diamond. It was a rough school. A stolen half-holiday invariably meant a beating from his father, "Bully" Dasher, foreman in Open Hearth No. 1. Montague knew this was coming, but what of it! The warm sting of the horsehide, the clear rap of the ashen bat, the sweet, green field, the open sky, the contest, the victory—it was life to him! Small wonder that with his love for the game one year in fast company had made him a nation's hero. It was fun in those days, but work now, and he wanted his dues from the owner he had helped to make rich.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the unhappy idol of fandom; "why won't he give it to me?" In an agony of bitterness, revenge, what-not, his fist landed on the pillow such a mighty blow that the cheap wooden bed nearly collapsed.

"Hey, whatcher doin'—killin' an empire?" The "fresh guy," Fleming, poked his head in, and then withdrew it swiftly, for third-baseman Dasher presented a threatening appearance.

"Jest wanted t' give you this article I was readin' about superstitious ball players. It's all right. Say, Dasher, you'll say it's all right. Funny, you know. You want t' read it. 'S all right, that's what."

Montesquieu used to say that an hour's reading could make him forget any unpleasantness, and it must be concluded from his gradual absorption in Fleming's article that infielder Dasher of the Wolves shared at least one trait with the French philosopher. Vaguely, at first, he gazed at the column of print, for his brain buzzed and hummed. But after a while Dasher's eye focused on one of the anecdotes so intensely that he appeared to be hypnotized. Silly enough it sounded, and yet in his baseball experience he had seen the best players upset by some freak of superstition.

"It wouldn't be hard to put a jinks on this club," he told himself confidently. "There's a dozen of 'em scared t' death of a wagonload of empty barrels. Miller—he's th' limit. McGuigan's a nut himself. By gad, I'd like t' do it; old gold-digger'd never know—get 'em jinksed—set 'em down a couple o' games ——"

He stopped short, his jaw hanging loose, then stretched both arms, his fists partly clenched, leaned back his head and gave vent to a malicious cackle. "Say, wouldn't she make a corker?" he exclaimed aloud, with strange exhilaration.

"Ho, ho, geewhillikins—if she wouldn't turn the trick!" The countenance that laughed back at him from the mirror was sly. "No; I couldn't do it. Wouldn't be right. Holy bats, no!" But his head wagged only in half-negative. "She'd never know—just try it one game!"

With many an exclamation and fragmentary soliloquy he argued something again and again, peeping at his face in the mirror from time to time. Finally, just as the supper-bell rang, he slapped his leg, grinned, puffed out his cheeks, looked solemn, and then with a half-mirthful determination declared to himself: "By th' bones of Mike Kelly, I'll do it! Yes, sir; I'll hoodoo th' whole darned club, I will. I'll put a jinks on 'em or my name ain't Dasher, an' that goes!"

It was on this same evening that third-baseman Dasher startled Grove's Court by escorting the landlady's daughter to a roof-garden. His resilience and gayety had been craftily subdued while at the supper-table, but it again escaped after they were settled in the "best seats in the house." Miss O'Hara was considerably amazed at his sudden turn of humor, but very discreetly refrained from mentioning it, a point not overlooked by the naïve Mr. Dasher.

"You know," he whispered, as the performing dogs were announced, "there's one thing I like about you—you don't fan." She accepted the vague compliment in silence.

"At that," Montague leaned closer, "I bet you'd be a good rooter if you saw a couple o' games. Why don't you come up tomorrow?" he invited. "Bet a dollar you'd like it."

"Like it!" exclaimed Miss O'Hara with astonished delight, her eyes illumined by a confusing intensity that caused Dasher to turn away in guilty embarrassment. "I'd simply love it."

At intervals during the evening Montague repeated his invitation, and when bidding Miss O'Hara good-night in the darkened hallway he cautioned her not to tell any one except her mother.

"It's like this," he said; "every one in the house will be talking about it—you know they're a bunch of fanners here. Just you do as I say: come up early an' take that front-row seat I was tellin' you of, and don't let on as if you knew me. If any of th' ball players got wise to us"—he gave her small hand a gentle pressure, and in the semi-darkness quite forgot her visual defection as he noted the graceful lines of her white throat and slender waist—"they'd kid the life out o' me. Ball players—great kidders. You understand, don't you?"

After some hesitancy she finally agreed, and third-baseman Dasher went to his room with a secret buoyancy of heart that was, however, not wholly cloudless.

In his accustomed place at third cushion next day Montague seized line drives, gobbled up grounders and pegged the ball with tremendous force and beautiful precision. Occasionally he snatched a hasty look to his right where a dainty figure, clad in pink, sat quite alone, watching the game with unfeigned interest.

In the eighth inning third-baseman Dasher astonished every one by muffing a foul hoist which he was well under, and a few moments later called forth a roar of denunciation

"I Bid You Good-by. I Hope You Have a Pleasant Journey"

by booting an easy bounder. Manager McGuigan said nothing in words, but his scowl, accusing and suspicious, was fixed upon Dasher in such a meaning way that the other players were quick to interpret it.

"Crabber," "layin' down," "throwin' th' game," shot from one to another in words and glances.

Pitcher Miller, the Yeggman, seeing victory slipping away, taxed Dasher openly as the home team came to bat. "I wouldn't 'a' thought it of you, Dash," he complained sadly. "Holy gee, I wouldn't 'a' thought it was in ye! That'll never get you any raise!"

"Forget it," snapped the other. "You'd do th' same with a pair o' eyes like that borin' yuh!" He turned his head in the direction of the landlady's daughter.

The Wolves' masterful twirler gorged his vision a full minute. "By——" he breathed in awe; "ain't that fierce! Say, now, ain't that fierce! Excuse me, Dash; I thought you was throwin' it into me for a while. But, say, ain't that something fierce . . ."

The Yeggman had exhausted his vocabulary. "Fer Heaven's sake," he cautioned, "don't tip off th' bunch or they'll all be hoodooed!"

But the ball players instantly knew the truth. "A jinks, a jinks," they whispered along the bench. "Cross-eyed girl sittin' over there back o' third. See her? She's got Th' Dasher. Holy smoke, look at them eyes!"

Like the discreet and experienced manager he was, McGuigan did not chasten his men in this hour of peril. He treated the matter just as seriously as they, condoling with The Dasher, bracing up the Yeggman, execrating the jinks and summoning all his occult strategy to outwit it.

"There, there, get that!" he barked, pointing to a piece of white paper that lay in front of the bench. Six substitutes leaped forward, and became tangled up like so many horseshoe crabs in a mad effort to pick up this omen of bad luck.

"Th' bats, th' bats—look at 'em!" McGuigan gestured with trembling hand. Coach and bat-boy cracked their heads as they groveled in the sand, laying the ashen sticks uniformly straight in one long, unbroken line.

"Hey, you, Shrimp!" to the diminutive shortstop. "Blankety-blank-blank-blank your bone head, turn that belt!" The witless infielder had it buckled on the left side. Several of his chosen pals hastened to undo the leather and reverse it.

When the Wolves went to field in the ninth the substitutes, huddled together on the bench, talked in low, jerky tones of the calamity and strained an anxious gaze at the Yeggman, who savagely decreased the size of his tobacco plug, tightened his belt, and after a malevolent grin that was intended to comfort The Dasher, went through his famed evolutions in "winding up" to hurl the ball. He would not trust himself to turn loose a curve in such a crisis. One foot on the rubber, the other raised high, he whirled his right arm and let go a fast one to break waist-high over the inside corner of the "dish." But the aim was bad, and—kerchunk—the horsehide buried itself in the ribs of the batter, who doubled up and curled over the plate. His miserable groan was echoed by McGuigan.

In a moment the batter was up, one of his teammates gleefully dancing alongside as he escorted him to first. The Gaycat coachers were ecstatic, maligning the Yeggman with every phrase their tongues could muster. "We got him going—the big stiff—he's yellow!" They made a significant gesture, passing a finger over the neck.

"Steady, steady up!" called The Dasher through his hands. "Don't let her get y'r goat."

"She's got it now," the Yeggman snarled blasphemously, breathing like a foundered horse.

A hit, an error, a passed ball filled the bases, and Yeggman Miller, slamming down the ball, raced to the bench. "Put some one else in; she's got a jinks on me!" he bellowed. Grabbing his sweater he sent one dismayed look at the spot of pink, and darted for the clubhouse.

Downtown, bulletin boards and huge presses were telling the story of defeat, but as is very often the case, the reporters had no notion of the real cause. "Miller Blows Up"; "Dasher Starts a Toboggan Slide"; "McGuigan a Joke Manager!" and so forth.

While unnumbered fans, in the recess between the double-header games, were trying to account for the tragedy, Manager McGuigan resorted to new tactics, petting his lanky, muscular southpaw, Husk Magoon, the "Pile-driver," to whom he made light of the hoodoo. "You know, Husk, that Miller always was superstitious; never'd take berth thirteen. Oh, he's a joke. Haw, haw! I remember the time ——" and he narrated a fiction about the Yeggman to prove what a silly chump he was.

But even as he talked McGuigan directed a fearsome eye and bitter invective at the landlady's daughter. Nor did he object when the players returning from the clubhouse loaded the Pile-driver with every sort of luckcharm at hand—mangy rabbits' feet, old coins, iron rings, buttons and a clay billiken—until his pockets bulged. Reaching the plate Magoon was summoned back by the trainer, who had run all the way to his boarding-house across the avenue for a precious four-leaf clover nestling in a silver locket. To Gaycat players and reporters there was something suspicious in the concealed operation of fastening this around the pitcher's neck. They thought he was bracing himself on whisky.

With his full cargo of charms it appeared that Magoon had conjured the evil rays that crisscrossed from the radiant but eccentric orbs of Miss O'Hara. His long, sinewy arm pumped in curves and shoots with bewildering rapidity. From every corner of the field and in suppressed cries from the bench his mates encouraged him:

"Keep it up, Husk, old boy; you kin do it; you got 'em guessin'; make 'em hit; that's a boy, that's a boy!"

But Manager McGuigan could see that his renowned port flinger was working under terrible stress. His eyes were twitching, and at times he would straighten up as though some missile had pierced him in the small of the back.

In the fatal seventh, two men on base, the score favoring the Wolves, 2—1, Magoon stopped to tie his shoelace, and catching Dasher's eye hoarsely asked:

"Is she there yet?"

"She is," came the prompt reply, with what to the Pile-driver's overcharged imagination seemed a lilt of triumph.

Nevertheless, he stuck to his task, tightening up, grunting from the torture, bitter sweat smarting his eyes. Often he reached to his hip-pocket, fondling the three off hindlegs of as many deceased rabbits. Noticing this, a shrewd reporter passed the word that Magoon was putting rosin on his fingers, the better to twist a curve.

"You're a' right," Magoon heard from the Wolves' third baseman—heard it above the shrills of mob and howling of the enemy. *(Continued on Page 34)*

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

The Bit of Lint—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

If His Foot Had Not Slipped on the Stone No One Would Ever Have Suspected Him

It ought to be a subject of congratulation that the law, as an avenging Nemesis, with steady and unerring step has followed him to the ultimate judgment that is this day pronounced by this court.

The eye of God,
Every path by Murder trod,
Watches, lidless, day and night.

(Opinion—State vs. Baker)

THE great writers on jurisprudence have been generally of the opinion that no man effectually could conceal a crime or fabricate a series of events that would fit in with the reality.

They have said: "In the preparation for acts of guilt the most astute leave unguarded points. Poison has to be obtained somewhere. For domestic purposes it might be boldly purchased, but the poisoner, in a vast majority of cases, is impelled to a more circuitous course. He buys it to kill vermin and then gives a false excuse—as in a case where the prisoner pointed to a mouse which he said was killed by the poison, when, in fact, it turned out that the mouse was not so killed. He places a loaded pistol on his person on a pretext which he takes care to announce, but which turns out, in like manner, to be false."

Naturally, this principle would have its supreme test in the commission of the highest crimes—as, for instance, homicide—since the degree of care which the criminal agent would take would be in proportion to the gravity of the offense that he was about to commit. Crimes punishable by death or imprisonment for life would call for the exercise of the highest ingenuity; those about to undertake them would make every effort of which the human mind is capable, in order to surround their acts with an impenetrable casing of secrecy. If the principle which these papers proclaim is to be shown to be an inevitable attribute of crime, it must be shown to exist in these cases.

Destiny and the Sentinel Dock Bur

WE HAVE no citation to the earlier cases that Greenleaf and Wharton examined, when they came to the conclusion that this fact was the indisputable evidence of Divine justice; or that led a cold, accurate logician like Starkie to the opinion that to conceal a great crime was an undertaking beyond the capacity of the human mind. But many later example cases may be presented.

On the fifth day of October, 1871, about nine o'clock in the evening, one Spence was shot and killed in Chester County, Pennsylvania. George Grant, who committed this homicide, took every precaution to conceal his connection with it. He prepared evidence to show that he was in another place at the time. He concealed the weapon from which the shots were fired near the theater of the homicide. There remained no trace in so far as the greatest care on the part of Grant could determine. Nevertheless, his patience, his ingenuity, his elaborate care availed him nothing. A dock bur, such as in that whole community was only to be found at the place where this murder was committed, was discovered on the back of his coat.

Poe would have seen here a sardonic Destiny—a tragic figure standing behind this man—watching him conceal his weapon; watching him remove evidences of his guilt; and then, when he had done all that human ingenuity could do, when he believed the evidences destroyed, when he considered himself safe and was about to turn away, Destiny leaned over, plucked a dock bur and fastened it to his coat.

The triviality of this incident is almost past belief, but there it stands in the case of Crant vs. the Commonwealth (71 Pa. St. 495)—the tiny fissure into which the law, inserting its terrible wedge, was able to split the casing of secrecy that surrounded this crime.

It is extraordinary with what rapidity evidences of Grant's guilt followed the discovery of this trivial clew. It would seem that the dock bur was a sort of sentinel that called up a host of other evidences, waiting only for this triviality to appear. The weapon with which the shooting had been done was discovered hidden in the weeds; it was identified by a tack in the end of the stock. Upon a further examination of the ground a piece of calico was found. It was blackened and had upon it the odor of gunpowder. It was the wadding used in the charge. A similar piece of the calico was found at Grant's house. On the cover of the prisoner's bureau at his house black marks of gunpowder were found, and grains of it where he had loaded the weapon. Other evidences crowded, one upon the other's heels, after this tiny event had begun to lead the way. Persons saw him, heard him threaten the deceased, observed the precautions which he was taking and the very clothing he wore. Even the alibi upon which he depended was destroyed by the mere accident of the surgeon looking at his watch and announcing the time of the night.

On Monday, the twenty-fifth day of June, 1877, Henry E. Fuget, of Scott County, in the State of Virginia, while plowing in his field was shot in the back by an unseen assassin concealed in the bush on the edge of the field. The killing of Fuget was a profound mystery. He was not known to have an enemy. No one saw the crime committed. There was no clew. The bushes on the edge of the field, from which the shot had been fired, showed that some one had been there. But who? There was no track of any character. There was nothing to show whence the assassin had arrived or whither he had gone. There was an impression upon the ground where he had been seated, and where there was a slight opening from which the deceased, at the point where he was shot, could be seen.

The matter might have remained a profound mystery but for a peculiar notch made on the edge of a rail. This notch was in itself nothing—a mere abrasion—but it proved to be the assassin's mark, identifying him as completely as though he had written his name on the fence. This notch on the rail attracted attention. It was carefully examined. At the top of the rail at this spot was a distinct impression, as if made by a square rifle barrel. Fuget was evidently killed with a square-barreled rifle. But there were innumerable square-barreled rifles. This fact of itself availed nothing. The notch was the point of interest. How came that notch there? A half-stocked, square-barreled rifle, thrust through the rail, could not have made such a notch. This weapon, then, had something peculiar on the barrel that scratched the fence. Here, then, was the clew, and from it the weapon was traced and finally located.

"This gun," said Judge Christian in the opinion, "plays an important part in the bloody drama. It is a gun of peculiar construction. . . . It had a square barrel, and while originally it was full-stocked—that is, stock extending to the end of the barrel—it was now in a half-stock, and on the barrel, which was a square rifle barrel, about three or four inches from the muzzle there was a loop or staple, being a square piece of iron with a hole in it. . . . By actual experiment the gun, when laid upon the same rail and drawn back, left a similar square impression and a similar notch, made by a small piece of iron which was fastened to the barrel near the muzzle."

A Famous Dictum on Circumstantial Evidence

THIS gun belonged to one Francisco, but on the day that the crime was committed had been borrowed by Daniel Dean. Dean lived near the place of the assassination. It was afterward shown that he held a grudge against Fuget because Fuget had been a witness against him for some misdemeanor. He had held the grudge until the reason for it had departed from the public memory.

This case is a striking example. Dean took every precaution. He waited until no motive could be imagined for the crime. He concealed every step in it so effectually that not the slightest suspicion attached to him. No human eye saw him. In every respect his plan for the commission of this crime was successful. The means he had taken to conceal his association with it were effective. But by means of this trivial thing which no human ingenuity could have foreseen, he was apprehended and hanged.

It may be of interest to point out that it was in this leading case (Dean vs. Commonwealth, 32 Grat. Va. 912) that Judge Christian pronounced his famous dictum on circumstantial evidence:

"The effect of a body of circumstantial evidence," says Mr. Wills, "is sometimes compared to that of a chain"; but the metaphor is obviously inaccurate, since the weakest part of a chain is of necessity the strongest. Such evidence

MacRae Was Gone, the Cabin Deserted

is more aptly compared to a rope made up of many filaments twisted together. The rope has strength more than sufficient to bear the stress laid upon it, though no one of the filaments of which it is composed would be sufficient for that purpose.

This famous figure of Judge Christian is a far truer one than the old oft-quoted figure of Mr. Wills. The criminal is not to consider himself safe behind the figure of the chain, which can be no stronger than its weakest link. There will always be some little incident, sometimes so tiny the unaided eye can hardly distinguish it, that will stretch from the criminal act to the criminal agent—a clew-thread attaching the criminal to his deed—and around this other circumstances may be plaited and woven until it makes a rope strong enough to draw the criminal agent back to the criminal act. These threads seem always to exist. No man was ever able to rid himself entirely of them. In this persisting, inevitable fact devout writers on evidence, like Greenleaf, see the finger of Heaven.

The recent case of the State vs. Calder (59 Pac. Rep. 903), in Montana, is strikingly illustrative of this fact.

It Was Rolled Up as Though One Had Rolled It Carefully Between the Palms of His Hands

William Wallace Calder and his brother James lived with their mother and stepfather, Smith, on Flatwillow Creek, in Fergus County, about sixteen miles from the Musselshell River. One James Eli Fisher was visiting the brothers. Farquhar MacRae was a ranchman with a great flock of sheep, one-half of which belonged to a partner named Hildebrand. In the employ of MacRae was a sheepherder named Allen. MacRae and Allen lived in a cabin about a mile and a half from Flatwillow Creek. The country thereabout is sparsely populated. There were but four families within a radius of many miles. It was a country into which almost no traveler ever entered.

What Was Under the Tarpaulin?

ON THE afternoon of Saturday, September 24, 1898, the two Calders and Fisher went out hunting, as they were accustomed to do, returning about dark. Next morning, the twenty-fifth, they went away again at seven o'clock, armed with rifles. In the afternoon about three o'clock Smith, who was traveling over the country, met the two brothers and Fisher. They had a wagon and four horses, and were driving MacRae and Hildebrand's sheep. When William Calder saw Smith he went to meet him. He told Smith that he was leaving with MacRae's sheep; that MacRae intended stealing Hildebrand's sheep, and was to pay Calder five hundred dollars for helping him drive the sheep into Miles City.

Smith was not surprised. Such transactions were not altogether unusual in this desert.

"Where's Mac?" he said.

"He's in the wagon," replied Calder; "he don't want to show up here, he says, until he gets away, because he don't want nobody to see him."

Smith looked toward the wagon, which was covered with a tarpaulin. The excuse of MacRae seemed sufficient and he rode on. His route led him in the direction of the MacRae cabin. As he approached his attention was attracted by a tiny white fragment of something on the ground. In the desert everything is of interest. Smith got down and examined the trail. On the hard ground of it was a piece of lint. He picked it up. The condition of this fragment of lint piqued his interest. It was rolled up as though one had rolled it carefully between the palms of his hands. The thing puzzled Smith. He remained with the piece of lint in his hand. He again examined the trail. Presently he found another piece of lint rolled in the same fashion.

One must live in the waste places of the earth to appreciate this man's interest in such a trifle. He put the piece of lint into his pocket and rode on to MacRae's cabin. Here he confirmed what William Calder had told him. MacRae was gone, the cabin deserted. The condition of its contents confirmed the story. Some things had been removed. But it looked as though its owner had gone out of his own volition, leaving it "as though he would be back 'most any time—the same day, or the next day." Then he returned to his home.

But the bit of lint remained in his memory. How came it on the trail thus rolled, as under powerful fingers?

He could not get the mystery out of his mind. The next day, the twenty-sixth, he got his half-brother Lewis to go with him, and the two of them returned to the trail. They went over it with the care of the trackers of the desert—that care which nothing escapes. They found again these bits of lint! What did they mean?

In the forests, on the high seas, in the desert, no man gives up a puzzle until he solves it. The time was when in these silent places a person dare not, for his life, leave an unread sign behind him, and the instinct remains. The two men could not rest.

They Scrutinized These Shovel Marks as Under a Glass

Two days afterward, on September 28th, they made another examination. They found a second trail that ran into the first one discovered; this trail was about two hundred yards long. The main trail led toward the MacRae and Allen cabin, and on it at certain points they finally discovered pony tracks. Then the truth flashed on them. These bits of lint had been thus rolled under some heavy body dragged along the trail.

They followed this trail to the deserted cabin. It ended at the chimney. They reflected. Why should a trail end at the chimney, rather than the door? That query got them down out of their saddles. They began to search the ground. They found a spot where the earth had been shoveled into a hole. Nothing escaped them! They scrutinized these shovel marks as under a glass. Finally they found a thin red line following the edge of one of the shovel tracks. They unearthed the shovelfuls of soil from the hole. That thin red line was blood, which some one had been carefully endeavoring to conceal.

Smith and Lewis now concluded that something had been killed and dragged here to the cabin over the trail. But was it a man or a beast? Perhaps a sheep killed for mutton had been thus brought to the cabin. There was a way to tell. Men murdered in the Far West are usually shot.

These trackers of the desert mounted and swung out in great circles around the trail. They found where a bullet had grazed a tree about one hundred and fifty yards from the cabin, and near the second and shorter trail. They continued to search and discovered the bullet in another tree, four or five feet distant from the tree that had been grazed. Taking the line of these two marks of the bullet above the earth, it was evident that the thing shot with that bullet was not a sheep.

They put these evidences together. Had MacRae killed Allen when he determined to steal Hildebrand's sheep? But, if so, why were there *two* trails over which something heavy had been dragged?

They examined the house. The appearance of it now struck them with a different significance. Would not one who was going away not to return take his things with him? Would he leave his cabin looking "as though he would be back 'most any time—the same day, or the next day"? Men who had time to prepare for a journey did not set out like that. A suspicion of the Calders began to arise. Smith recalled the meeting with them. He recalled the wagon covered with a tarpaulin, and the story that MacRae was hidden in it. He had believed then that MacRae was in that wagon, but was he *alive* in it?

At the End of the Trail

SMITH and Lewis organized a posse. They followed the trail of the Calders to the Musselshell River. There on the bank of the river, at a point where the sheep had passed, a large fire had been built very near the water. From a circular space twelve feet in diameter the ashes had been shoveled off, the marks of the shovel being distinct. In the center the ground had been scraped clean, but near the edges there were some ashes and cinders, and the ground was blackened. In the river at this point, just opposite the remains of the fire, was a natural washout or hole. There they spent a day and a half, finding in the edge of the water a piece of cinder or charred wood. Making a raft of logs, and a ladle with a handle eight or ten feet long, they explored the hole. They brought up cinders and ashes, four kinds of buttons, buckles, nails, pens and pieces of bone, all showing the effect of fire.

The posse followed on the trail. They overtook the Calders and Fisher before they had reached Forsyth. They had the sheep, the wagon and the horses. But neither MacRae nor Allen was with them. MacRae's silver watch, fastened with its buckskin string, was in James Calder's pocket.

Without going into all the details following the finding of that piece of lint—details that would make a story reading like the romances of Wister or White—it is sufficient to say that from this slight incident one of the most carefully-planned and carefully-concealed crimes in the annals of criminal jurisprudence was exposed.

(Continued on Page 40)

"London is a Terrible, Terrible Place. I Had Been Here Before—Starving ——"

MAYBURY'S MEMORY

By Dorothea Deakin

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Maybury. He hasn't told you——"

"No," said I at once. "Maybury never told me anything he could help. Look here, you seem to be regularly done up." I tried to arrange the chair without collapsing it.

"Do sit down. I don't think it will give if you are careful."

I liked the way she laughed at that, tremendously, and sat on the grass in front of her and said as kindly as I could:

"Maybury hasn't told me anything. He never does. I wish you would."

She took her gloves off and I noticed that her hands were like little white flowers.

"He ought to have told you," she said sadly. "Because we—we were engaged. We were to be married the next time he came home. He promised to tell his mother—but now he's dead and I've got to do it. He's drowned in the sea. Oh, how I hate the sea!"

I said nothing. There didn't seem to be anything to say, and I wasn't as much surprised as she seemed to expect, for Maybury had always been more or less perilously on the giddy verge of an engagement to some girl or other when he was at home, though as far as I knew it had never come to anything as definite as this. She showed me a thundering big emerald ring and said she had begged him not to give her an emerald because it was unlucky, but he would do it because it was green like the sea, and he loved the sea.

"He must have got a jolly sight fonder of it than he used to be," said I, thinking how unlike him it was, for he was one of those chaps who never really cared about hard work.

The peach was looking round her with approval.

"It's a lovely garden," she said softly. "Oh, look at the blue water through that arch of roses. Look at the swans—and the pigeons on the lawn. It's like a wonderful old garden in a book. What a perfectly glorious home poor Maybury had!"

Knowing what Mother is, you can't wonder that she was all over that girl directly she came in and I broke it to her. She found out at once that the poor little thing had been governess at the Carruthers', but she'd had to go because young Dick Carruthers had behaved like an ass when he was down, at Easter, and Mrs. Carruthers wasn't going to risk it again. He's only just twenty-one and hasn't earned a penny yet. It's absurd of him to think of marriage, even if the peach would look at him, which she naturally wouldn't. Swanking brute! His mother thought it best to run no risk, however; and the peach told us all about it in her own funny way, half laughing, half crying.

"I knew I wasn't pretty," she said. "And I didn't think it was wrong to be nice. I thought it was safe to have endearing ways if I had an ordinary face."

"Not so much of your 'ordinary,'" said I at once. And Mother told her that she must just stay with us till she was tired of us, and that she would send for her luggage to the station at once. Mother was nearly crying over her—she was so jolly glad that she'd found something at last that she could do for Maybury.

"My dear," she said, "I can't tell you how glad I am. My one wish was to see Maybury happily married, and now that I have lost my poor boy the only comfort I can have is to do something for the girl he loved. And I know so well how terribly you must have cared for him. There were no halfways of loving Maybury."

"No," said Karen, in a choked sort of voice that bowled Mother over once for all. I cleared out and left 'em to it, but afterward Mother told me all about it. She told me that the mother of the peach was English and her father Danish. He was a sea captain, like Maybury, who had been drowned when Karen was a baby. The mother, too, had been dead for six years and Karen had been governessing ever since. She had no home, and lived in lodgings in London when she was out of a situation.

I never saw such a girl. Her one idea seemed to be to run about doing the disagreeable things for one that one hates doing for one's self. Mother is getting stoutish and she took advantage of Karen's willingness at once. The peach made herself a little white slave to us, and it was no earthly use for us to try to stop her for she fairly reveled in it. She played the piano, too—a fair treat—and taught me crowds of new songs. I can tell you she made a tremendous difference to that rotten summer. Mother bought her some rather fetching frocks and hats and things, lilac ones and silverish and white—half-mourning, I suppose—and her cheeks got as pink as any old almond tree. She was a regular little sport, too. She could bowl straighter than Theodora, and when I began to teach her to ride she picked it up like a bird. Her sculling was a fair knockout. And yet, if you can believe me, she wasn't a bit like Theodora, who has a hockey stride and a motor stare and a rinking voice. Theodora came in one afternoon to try to make me put up the tennis net, and Mother introduced Karen as the girl poor Maybury was engaged to. I was quite sorry for Theodora then, for it was a good old wipe to get without warning. She turned scarlet and got straight up and walked out of the room without a word of congrats to the peach. Karen watched her go—and *she* wasn't red; she was as white as any old snowflake. And after a bit she just collapsed into a chair and burst into tears. Mother tried to explain, but you must admit it wasn't an easy job. She said that there had been an old boy-and-girl friendship between Maybury and his cousin Theodora, and that she ought to have broken the news more gently, she supposed. Karen stood up with her hands behind her and said hoarsely:

"Tell me the truth, please. Have I broken her heart?"

"Not a bit of it," said I at once. "Theodora hasn't got a heart. She's only got an old golf ball. You've wounded her blighted vanity, that's all."

"She had no right to build any hopes on Maybury's cousinly attentions," said Mother at once, for she can't stick Theodora at any price, and she hated to see tears in those ripping eyes as much as I did.

"If she has entwined her blooming affections about Maybury," said I firmly, "she jolly well deserves all she's got. Anyhow, it's only his memory that's at stake now."

My Hat! She Was a Little Peach

T WAS the year Maybury was drowned and we were feeling just about as rotten as we could stick. I've never seen Mother so infernally up against it as she was that summer. She wouldn't have minded so much, she said, if Maybury had left a wife and children for her to look after, because the thing she felt most about his dying out at sea like that was that there wasn't a blessed thing left that she could do for him. You couldn't even give the poor devil a decent funeral, and my mother is Middle Victorian enough to find a certain amount of comfort in a really handsome funeral. As far as we knew Maybury wasn't even engaged, and although we had uncomfortable suspicions about my cousin Theodora, we knew that nothing had been settled definitely enough to warrant a fuss being made about her now. She'd have been the first to point it out if there had. And when it comes to petting—you might as well pet a buffalo. She's a good sport, but when you're regularly up against it, as Mother was just then, you don't want a healthy young thing, with a neck like a camel, what-hoing at you all day and telling you to buck-up in a voice like a gramophone when you've got the hump.

Mother said poor old Maybury shouldn't be done out of a monument, even if he wasn't lying underneath it. And one afternoon she went off to the cemetery at Whiterose to see where it could stand. I'd got the deckchair out on the lawn and was having a bit of a doze when the side door into the high road was pushed open and a girl in black came round the weeping ash and woke me up. I had never set eyes on her before. My hat! she was a little peach.

"Mother won't be long," I said, trying to get out of the deckchair gracefully. "Won't you wait out here?"

She had eyes like wet periwinkles. Her lips were trembling and as red as any old cherry, and I said:

"I say—I'm sure I ought to know you, but I've been away. Would you mind ——"

She shook her head rather sorrowfully.

"No, you oughtn't. Your mother doesn't know me either—unless ——" She stopped, and I said I'd go in and hurry up tea. I thought it would give her a chance to pull herself together a bit.

"I am too heartbroken for—for tea." Her voice shook. I stared at her. "I am Karen Boyesen," she said, as if that would explain everything. She waited a second, then suddenly pulled out a handkerchief about the size of a saucer and dabbed her eyes.

"He hasn't told you, then?" she asked.

"He? Who? Told me what?"

That did it. Maybury's memory was not a thing to take lightly and I ought to have known it. I did a move and left Mother crying on Karen's shoulder, and I made up my mind to warn Theodora off it. She has about as much tact as a horse collar. If it hadn't been for Maybury's memory I should have fairly let myself go after a bit. I was supposed to be swotting for a rotten exam, but precious little work got done, I can tell you. I've never had such a ripping summer. And if it hadn't been for the thought of poor old Maybury lying stitched up in a hammock at the bottom of the sea there wouldn't have been a hitch.

It was on Maybury's birthday when we were decorating his portrait with flowers to please Mother that I first let myself go. I was handing Karen some chrysanthemums and our hands got mixed up somehow, so I just held on while I had the chance and said: "If only you hadn't been Maybury's girl!" She turned as red as fire and pulled away her hand angrily.

"If I hadn't you never would have known me. Is that what you mean?"

Before I could tell her what it was I did mean Mother came in and wanted to know why I'd forgotten to post some blighted letter to the Stores—and for the moment all was over.

I suppose I hadn't really made the peach angry, for all that evening she was perfectly ripping to us both. She played and sang, and she persuaded me to sing though I've got no ear and less voice. And I knew she just laid herself out to make Mother forget what day it was and keep cheerful. She'd got a way of keeping up a running fire of nonsense that was simply irresistible, and Mother just sat comfortably by the fire and laughed till her sides ached, instead of hugging Maybury's memory till she was in tears. She had to beg Karen to stop at last, for she couldn't bear it. The peach knelt on the hearthrug between us in a white cloudy sort of a frock, and her eyes shone like any old star and her cheeks were as pink as any old geranium, and all the time I had to keep telling myself that she was only here because she was Maybury's girl and that her heart was buried in Maybury's watery grave. She didn't look broken-hearted, yet once she stopped rotting and stared into the fire without speaking for five minutes. And I thought it was because Maybury's blighted ghost had come back to her. Then she moved a little nearer to Mother and put her hand softly on hers and said very quietly:

"I've never been so happy in my life. I do love you so dearly . . . you don't know. I thank you with all my heart for making me happy. I've never been really happy before."

"Not when Maybury first told you that he loved you?" Mother asked in a shocked voice.

Karen looked across at me and shook her head with a strange, miserable smile, and said: "No! not even then." And suddenly Maybury himself opened the drawing-room door and walked in! He'd not been drowned at all!

I Never Quite Remember What Happened to Us All in the Next Hour

I never quite remember what happened to us all in the next hour, but I know Mother was in Maybury's arms crying: "My boy—my own darling boy—my dear lost boy! Maybury—my son—my son!" And I was trying to find out why the dickens he wasn't drowned with the crew of his ship. And what with comforting Mother, and trying to make sense of what Maybury told me about the wreck and the crack on the head he got, and the whaler that picked him up and his long illness in some blighted spot in the Far North, we none of us thought of the peach at all, or remembered her peculiar rights in the prodigal's return. At last Mother sat down and tried to straighten her hair. And I said impatiently:

"Don't you know that your girl is in the house now?"

"The deuce she is!" said he.

"My dear boy"—Mother smiled happily. "It's quite true. We've got your little sweetheart here. She's been with us a long time. She's been a dear little daughter to me all these weary months." Maybury fairly jumped.

"The deuce she has!" said he.

"Yes, indeed," said Mother. "You've got the dearest little sweetheart in the world."

"Have I?" said Maybury breathlessly. "Which?"

"Which? Oh, Maybury!"

"Do you mean Theodora?" cried he in shocked tones.

"Maybury!"

"If you've taken advantage of my death to commit me to Theodora I shall never forgive you," my surprising brother firmly remarked. I sat down and stared at him.

"It isn't Theodora. It's Karen."

"Who?"

"Karen Boyesen."

Maybury looked from one to the other as if he thought we must both be mad—then he laughed.

"Grief," said he, "seems to have turned your brains. Good Lord! It's bad enough to be threatened with a girl you have had a fleeting fancy for in your impressionable youth, but when it comes to —— What did you say the lady's name was?"

"Karen Boyesen."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Maybury, and he looked it.

"Maybury!" Mother got up and came over to his chair. 'Do you mean to say - why, she's been here four months. She's the sweetest little thing. She's been the greatest comfort. I've learned to love her dearly, Maybury ——"

"There," said Maybury calmly; "I am happy to tell you that you have the advantage of me, for I never heard the name in my life. I am glad it isn't Theodora who is waiting for me on the stairs. A perfect stranger will be easier to deal with. You see, Mother, the situation is particularly full of charm just now, for I happen to be safely married already."

"Maybury!"

"She's waiting in the cab outside," said he cheerfully. "And you'll have to talk to her in French, for she's a Russian and doesn't know a word of English."

Mother and I exchanged a look of quiet horror.

When we went to look for the peach to ask for explanations we found that she had left the house an hour before.

"That shows," said Mother, and indeed I think it did.

We didn't mind Mrs. Maybury much when we got to know her ways, haughty though she was, and when Mother had got over her fear of irresponsible bombs in the luggage. She was the handsome Russian girl who had nursed Maybury in Finland when he was ill, and her name was Olga Vera - or Vera Olga.

In three weeks Maybury went to sea again and took his wife back to Finland for a time. Mother said she didn't really mind how far away Maybury's little home was, now she knew he wasn't lying drowned at the bottom of the sea; but it wasn't till they were safely gone that she began to worry about the peach and talk about the shameless adventuress we had been harboring. We had looked for her that night, of course, and had found her footprints on the garden path. It was rather awful to think she had gone off in evening dress and thin slippers, only stopping to throw her old tweed coat on, and we were both relieved when Mother got a little note the next day but one. She was almost too angry to read it and flung it across the breakfast-table at me—the Mayburys weren't down.

"Designing minx!" said she.

I read it slowly aloud. It began:

I daren't ask you to forgive me, but I think you might even do that if you knew. But I won't try to work on your feelings. I won't explain. I've got to pay now for my happiness. I knew it wasn't safe to be so happy. One always pays. I have written by this post to your niece Theodora to ask her to forgive me and tell her to believe everything Maybury tells her, for it is sure to be true.

Will you please send my box—but only the things I brought with me—to Euston station, where I shall call for them? Oh, forgive me—forgive me. I haven't hurt anybody, have I? It can't be so very, very wicked, can it, if I haven't hurt anybody? KAREN.

"The girl has no moral sense," said Mother sharply. "I'll write her such a letter! I'll give her a piece of my mind and put it in her box."

"I shouldn't rub it in," said I slowly, without looking at her.

"Kindly leave it to me to know what's right," said my mother angrily, when she had packed the box and called me up to lock and cord it. I took the letter from the tray beside the peach's pretty lilac hat—Mother sent everything, of course—and slipped it in my pocket. I guessed that Karen would be pretty well up against it just now without that.

"She might have answered it," Mother said, a week later.

"You could hardly expect her to answer a letter like that!" said I hotly.

"A letter like what?" said she in surprise.

"Oh, I don't know," said I, and cleared out of the room.

After that there was nothing for it but to go on swotting for that blighted exam, but I didn't seem able to settle to it somehow, and one afternoon about the end of February I dropped into the Carruthers'. It wasn't that I knew them, for they're not in our set, and they seemed a bit surprised when I strolled in; but I'd met young Dick Carruthers at Cambridge, and we talked about the rotten way the hunting had been spoiled by the frost all winter comfortably enough. Suddenly the door opened and Mother marched in. You could have knocked me down with a feather.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said I.

Mrs. Carruthers rose—a little distantly, but no one on God's earth can be distant for more than five minutes with my mother. She seemed anything but pleased to see me, but she didn't beat about the bush as I'd been doing.

"I have come to ask you if you can tell me anything about Miss Boyesen," said she at once.

Mrs. Carruthers glared at Mother rather queerly.

"Oh, that poor child," said she slowly. "I should have thought you would be sure to know more about her than I do. We were so fond of her. I was more sorry than I can say to let her go. She was like a little ray of sunshine in the house. We didn't know she was engaged to your son or she should never have left us."

Dick Carruthers said something that I couldn't quite catch in the offing. I remembered then that it was his blighted attentions that had frightened his mother and made her get rid of the peach. There was a good deal I could have said if I'd got him to myself.

"We were so sorry when we heard that Mr. Maybury had brought home a beautiful Russian wife and that the poor child had run away in her grief. She must have been quite heartbroken."

"But ——" I could see my mother saying to herself: "So that is what the neighborhood thinks, is it?" and I kicked her softly only just in time.

"Let 'em think it," said I under my breath. "It won't worry Maybury"—so Mother, still looking rather dissatisfied, shut up.

(Concluded on Page 56)

Coöperation—Prunes and Beans

By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

REPORTS of the State Board of Trade show as high as a hundred and sixty thousand tons of green deciduous fruit shipped out of California in a year. This means peaches, pears, grapes, cherries and the like, in a natural or uncured state. Also, it means about three pounds and a half of such fruit for every man, woman and child in the United States.

January 28th, last, there was a mass-meeting of deciduous fruit growers, packers and shippers, in the First Congregational Church at Sacramento, the state commissioner of horticulture presiding. At this meeting the Deciduous Fruit Protective League was organized. Growers from many parts of the state were present, and the meeting was, no doubt, fairly representative of the industry. It adopted certain resolutions in part as follows:

Whereas, the deciduous fruit industry of California, owing to conditions which have developed in recent years, finds that some branches of the industry are seriously threatened, and that unless prompt and intelligent action is taken millions of dollars' worth of investments in land and improvements will be greatly depreciated, thousands of people who are dependent upon this industry will find themselves on the verge of ruin, and the state as a whole will receive a setback; and

Whereas, an investigation into the deplorable condition of the industry has made it clear that the present situation has been brought about by the following causes: (a) Excessive freight charges and unsatisfactory railway service; (b) Unintelligent distribution, due to competitive distributing organizations; (c) Shipments of inferior and poorly-packed fruit; (d) Shipments out of all proportion to the demand of the present imperfect markets; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we urge upon the transcontinental railways to grant concessions in freight rates.

Resolved, we demand that the shipping organizations, coöperative and others, get together and arrange a collective system of distribution in order that the fruit may not be forced into competition with itself in the Eastern markets to the loss of the grower, experience having shown that satisfactory results can be obtained only when the distribution is made from this end through one channel.

Resolved, that the deciduous fruit growers of California be called upon to enter into an agreement with the shipping organizations to receive no fruit for Eastern shipment unless such fruit has been passed upon favorably by inspectors chosen by organizations of growers . . . a considerable portion of last year's shipments having been unsuitable for Eastern shipment, thus injuring the good name of California fruits in Eastern markets, also injuring the entire industry.

How the Fruit Men Help Each Other

I QUOTE these resolutions at considerable length as exhibiting the plight of a very extensive and important body of practically unorganized, non-coöperative fruit growers.

These growers, the reader will doubtless observe, want lower freight rates, but, through lack of organizations, have not been in a position to make an effective demand for them. They want the private shipping concerns that buy their fruit to get together and stop selling one man's fruit in competition with another's. They speak of "the present imperfect markets" as though these private buyers hadn't been as active in the way of developing new markets as the growers could wish. Especially they want to have the fruit properly inspected, so that it shall come upon the Eastern markets in prime condition, instead of being shipped in an unfit condition, as a "considerable portion" of last year's crop was, thereby "injuring the good name of California fruit" and harming the entire industry. Obviously these are desirable things, and, generally speaking, they are things the fruit grower must do for himself through coöperation; no private shipping concern is going to do them for him.

The resolutions speak of "shipping organizations, coöperative and others." The coöperative organization is the California Fruit Exchange, with headquarters at Sacramento.

This Exchange was formed seven years ago. Its general plan is like that of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange handling oranges, lemons and grapefruit, which I have already described. It has an authorized capital of a hundred thousand dollars, but only twenty-three thousand is outstanding, and this is scattered in small lots. Dividends on the capital stock are limited to ten per cent, and the remainder of the profit is distributed among the members in proportion to the amount of fruit shipped by each. There are eight sub or district associations, each having a packing-house to which its members bring their fruit. The district association packs the fruit, puts it on the cars and bills it to the California Fruit Exchange, which does the selling. Although the deciduous and the citrus organizations are quite independent of each other, both are coöperative, and the deciduous concern sells at certain points through brokers employed by the more powerful citrus Exchange.

About three-fifths of the fruit handled by the Exchange are sold at auction in Eastern markets. The remainder is sold F. O. B. in car lots upon orders from the East. Except as to the fruit sold F. O. B. in car lots there is no pooling of prices. Each particular member gets whatever his own particular fruit brings, even though it be only two or three packages in a carload.

There appears to be no especial fault in the plan of the Exchange; but it has never been able to take a commanding position in the industry. At present it handles, probably, not over fifteen per cent of the total shipments. Thus it is not in a position to correct the ills of which the growers complain. The management has not been free from dissensions, and I did not discover any expectation that it would soon get the fifty or sixty per cent of the crops which would enable it to control the situation.

There is extensive coöperation in the deciduous industry, but it is on the other side of the fence—among the shipping concerns. All, or nearly all, of the larger commission houses engaged in forwarding deciduous fruit are associated under the title, California Fruit Distributors, with headquarters at Sacramento.

The associated Distributors describe themselves in advertisements as "the clearing-house on shipments of deciduous fruit from the state," and are said to handle eighty per cent of the total output. This is, of course, enough to give any organization pretty complete control of the situation; but the Distributors handle the fruit mostly on a commission basis, returning to the grower whatever his fruit may fetch in the Eastern market, less their commission and the freight. No doubt the Distributors are able and conscientious business men, yet we find growers complaining that freight rates are excessive; that Eastern markets are imperfectly developed; that one grower's fruit is sold in competition with another's, to the loss of both; that there has been no proper inspection, grading and packing of the fruit, so that much which was in an unfit condition has been dumped on the market, to the detriment of the industry.

The Distributors, admittedly, have taken whatever sort of fruit the grower saw fit to hand over to them. It wasn't their business to see that it was sound fruit properly packed. Their business was simply to send the stuff on, sell it for what it would fetch and give the proceeds to the grower, less commission and expenses.

It should be said that the shippers—unanimously, I believe—favor proper inspection and packing, so that only good fruit shall be shipped. As I mentioned above, the Sacramento mass-meeting was attended by shippers and packers as well as by growers; and packers and shippers, as well as growers, are eligible to membership in the new Deciduous Protective League.

Paying Deficits With Deficits

THE League, indeed, is coöperative in only a rudimentary way. It expects to be the means whereby shippers and packers will work harmoniously with the growers to secure better freight rates, better markets, proper inspection and packing of the fruit, and a collective instead of a competitive selling plan. But it contemplates that the fruit shall still be marketed by the Distributors largely on a commission basis.

This naturally reminds me that in Texas they tell of an aged and industrious rancher who had been marketing his sheep on a commission basis with unsatisfactory results. Finally he sent on a larger consignment, and his commission man notified him that the animals did not sell for enough to meet the freight charges. "Freight so much; sheep brought so much; deficit so much; send on more money," the commission man wired.

The distressed but honorable rancher wired back: "They are no more money; will ship more sheep."

Green deciduous fruit is admittedly a difficult product to handle. It is perishable, needing quick marketing. Much of it is sold many hundred miles from the place of production. Moreover, the industry is not centralized in any one district. Perhaps this explains why, so far, it has been impossible to organize the growers on any large scale for coöperative marketing, although there have been many attempts in that direction.

Such an attempt, twenty-five years ago, got as far as the organization of the California Fruit Union, with an authorized capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to which growers were to subscribe on the basis of one dollar for each acre of orchard. The Union was to charge a commission sufficient to pay expenses and six per cent on the capital.

"Nearly everybody was in favor of the Union," says a fruit man whose memory runs back that far. "They all wanted to see it started; but hardly anybody would risk his dollar an acre. They wanted to wait and see whether it was going to be a success before they put up the money. The Union never had more than fifteen thousand dollars paid in, representing about ten per cent of the deciduous acreage."

The Union, being so scantily supplied with capital of its own, entered into a sort of partnership with one of the largest shipping-houses, the agreement being that the shipping-house should handle the Union's fruit, provided it didn't try to seduce the Union members from the fold. In short, the shipping-house was the strong end of the

partnership. Union members were dissatisfied with the arrangement, suspecting the shipping-house of managing the business more in its own interests than in theirs. After a troubled existence of several years the Union gave up the ghost.

Perhaps one obstacle in the way of effective coöperation lies in the circumstance that individual memberships of the shipping firms which compose the California Fruit Distributors own, in the aggregate, a very large acreage of deciduous orchards. Thus the Distributors are themselves great fruit growers; so great that they might make it uncomfortable for any unfriendly association of growers. A like condition obtains with regard to the wine-grape growers. Owners of some of the principal wineries, colloquially referred to as forming the trust, also own an immense acreage of vineyards, thereby largely controlling the situation on both sides.

Deciduous fruit growers are protected in some measure by having three options as to the disposal of their product. That is, generally speaking, they can market it fresh, or they can dry it, or they can send it to the canning establishments. In the latter field there is extensive and efficient coöperation; but it is all on the side of the buyers. The California Fruit Canners' Association, embracing most of the important plants, is said to handle about eighty per cent of the business.

Cooperation of Deciduous Fruit Farmers

ALTHOUGH effective coöperation on a large scale has never been accomplished in the deciduous branch of the fruit industry, it is always being discussed. It is, in fact, always being discussed in all branches of the industry. It is rather astonishing to see how much coöperation there is in the air and how little, comparatively speaking, in practice. You can scarcely pick up a daily newspaper in California that doesn't contain a report of some meeting that fruit growers somewhere have held, or are about to hold, in the interests of better organization. To reproduce the press reports of this sort that appear in the course of a winter would fill pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Nearly everybody seems to be in favor of coöperation as a general proposition, but when it comes to pledging acreage and putting up the dollar difficulties arise.

The prune has long seemed a favorable subject for coöperation. As compared with raisins the packing process is simple and inexpensive. There need be no particular hurry about marketing, for prunes, after going through the packing-house, will keep a long time without deteriorating. It is a big industry, the state's output in some favorable years having reached ninety thousand tons. Moreover, it is centralized to a considerable degree in the Santa Clara Valley. Formerly three-fourths of the total crop were produced in Santa Clara County. Though its proportion at present is somewhat less, it is still far the biggest producer, and the city of San José is the capital of prunedom.

This valley lies near the sea, separated from the San Joaquin Valley by the Coast Range on the east. It is smaller than San Joaquin and greener, and was under cultivation in the time of the Spaniards. The Stanford University, at Palo Alto, is only a few miles from San José. In a neat pamphlet the San José Chamber of Commerce supplies the information that that valley produces "in a fair year, of cured fruit, one hundred and fifty million pounds; of canned goods, thirty million pounds; of fresh fruit, two hundred million pounds." Also, that the name of the capital city should be pronounced San Ho-say.

A peculiarity of prunes is that they are never picked from the trees, but are allowed to fall to the ground. The reason is that a prune must be dead ripe, with all its sugar developed, or it will not cure properly. Therefore, the ground under the trees is carefully prepared and leveled to make a soft, smooth bed for the falling fruit. Gathering the fallen prunes is a staple industry in August and September; boys and girls, and often entire families, are employed in it, camping in the orchards.

Being gathered, the prunes are rolled down troughs full of tiny needles that prick their skins. They are then dipped in a hot solution containing lye, which cleanses them, and rinsed in cold water. Next, they are put in broad, shallow wooden trays and laid in the sun for two or three weeks. This sun-drying practically converts them into the staple prunes of commerce and of boarding-house jokes. At the packing-house they are sorted as to size by a machine which shakes them over a huge sieve. The farther the prune travels over the sieve the larger the holes, and when it comes to a hole a little bigger than itself it drops through into the proper bin. It is then run through a vat containing hot water and finally rolls down a chute into a wooden packing-box—the same box that you see at the grocer's. When the prunes pour from the chute, however, there is a removable frame about three inches high on top of the box. Box and frame go under a press which promptly stamps down the contents so that they are no higher than the top of the box. The frame is lifted off, the cover nailed on the box, and the prunes are ready to ship. Whereas to put raisins through the packing-house costs about two and a half cents a pound, the packing-house cost for prunes is only between an eighth and a quarter of a cent a pound.

The most extensive, I believe, of the prune-packing establishments in the valley stands at the small town of Campbell, thirty minutes' run from San José by trolley. It has eighteen acres of drying-ground and trays enough to cover the whole, so that it has, many seasons, presented the toothsome spectacle of eighteen solid acres of prunes blissfully drying in the sun. It has also dipping and rinsing vats, sorting and packing machinery, storage bins and so on. It is equipped for drying other fruit than prunes—peaches, for example, which are cut in two and pitted by hand, put in trays and wheeled into a sort of oven, where they are bleached with sulphur, then cured in the sun. The plant turns out five thousand tons of dried fruit a year.

Marketing the Prune Crop

IT WAS built nineteen years ago, at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars, by a purely coöperative association, the Campbell Fruit Growers' Union. The members subscribed the capital in proportion to their acreage and brought their fruit to the plant to be cured and packed. The fruit was then sold in the East by the Union, the proceeds being pooled and divided ratably among the members.

In some other localities coöperative associations were formed on the same plan. Presently the five principal associations united in the Santa Clara County Selling Agents, which handled as high as twenty-five per cent of the prune crop, and handled it admittedly with success. The work of this association in raising the standard and enhancing the reputation of the fruit—continuing work previously done along the same line by the coöperative concerns which composed the association—is still praised; in fact, the association in its later years was pretty generally able to obtain an eighth to a quarter of a cent a pound more than most other sellers. It opened up markets in Europe—starting, or at least decidedly stimulating, the export trade which has since proved so important to the prune industry.

Here was an object-lesson in successful coöperation which naturally impressed the prune growers. Enthusiasm for coöperation spread, and in 1900 it was comparatively easy to form a really comprehensive coöperative concern, the California Cured Fruit Association, which absorbed the Selling Agents and had pledged to it, under two-year contracts, about seventy-five per cent of the total crop. That looked like a full and lasting triumph for coöperation, but it wasn't.

"Well," said a lifelong advocate of prune coöperation, with a very troubled expression, "we ran into two awful big crops; prices were low; growers got dissatisfied; a good many blamed the management; they refused to sign up."

In short, when the two-year contracts expired the association expired with them. It failed, carrying down with it the previously successful Selling Agents; and from that failure coöperation has never recovered. The Campbell Fruit Growers' Union still owns the plant at that place, but leases it to a private firm, so that it is now operated simply as a commercial enterprise. One of the partners of this firm, by the way, has been manager of the plant continuously since it was built as a coöperative concern, and believes in coöperation as much as ever, although it hasn't won out in the prune industry.

Besides the Campbell Union there are still four other local and comparatively small coöperative associations in Santa Clara. This year the Farmers' Union, with headquarters at Fresno, has opened a branch at San José and proposes to revive coöperation in prunes, including other dried fruit.

Some changes have occurred in the industry. At present the dipping, rinsing and sun-drying are done mostly by the individual orchardist at home instead of at the packing-plant as formerly, the fruit being brought to the plant only when it is dried and ready to pack. Also, the average size of the orchard has decreased, a great many orchards being only five to ten acres in extent. This means, of course, that to get a given acreage into an association a larger number of orchard owners must be won over. Probably the prune output of Santa Clara County has decreased positively as well as relatively. Many orchards are thirty years old, and after about twenty years the trees tend to run out that is, to bear less copiously. If an orchard that is twenty-five years old or so is to be kept up to a full bearing capacity the old trees must be gradually replaced.

The Bean Raisers of Ventura County

NEARLY the whole of the prune crop is now sold to the commercial packers, who buy the fruit outright for cash as it comes from the trays, pack it and sell it in Eastern markets and in Europe. The export trade, indeed, especially to Germany, has become of prime importance. It is said that fifty per cent of last year's crop went to Europe, which saved the situation for the growers. In other dried fruit, also, a very important export trade has been built up. Last year, for example, almost two-thirds of California's dried apricots were sold in Europe.

It is pleasant to turn from failure to success, so we will pass from prunes to beans. In the popular mind that vegetable is intimately associated with Boston; but Ventura County, California, is really the world's prize beanery. In 1908, according to the State Agricultural Society's report, it yielded sixty-eight million pounds of dried lima beans; and while beans in New England produced only philosophers, in California they have produced millionaires—such is the improving effect of a glorious climate.

Ventura County lies on the coast between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. It is a great sugar-beet district and contains, at Oxnard, one of the country's largest beet-sugar refineries. Lima-bean culture on a great scale is comparatively recent, and until last year the crop was sold outright to a number of large commercial houses. The head of the largest house is locally known as the Bean King, although the diadem at present contains a dent about big enough to serve one order of "pork and" in. It is said that the commercial buyers worked in unison, and that it was their practice to sell beans in the Eastern

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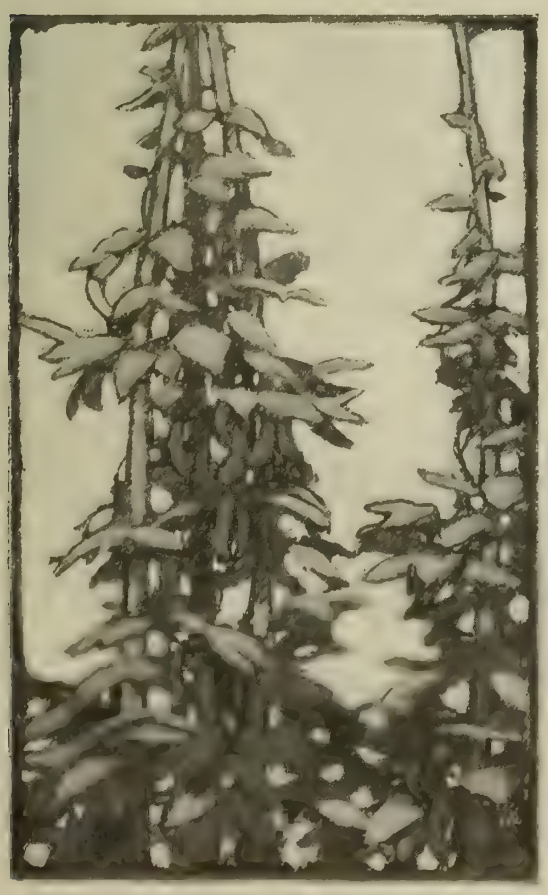


"Biddid Gweddodyd Bidhoddad. Yed, Ded, It id a Dice Dabe"

ROSE-FEVER

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THEY had met at the seashore, in the usual seashore mood. The strip of Sahara called the beach had seemed like paradise to them, though it raised nothing but pale and skippy sandfleas, and though the same sand in a drawing-room would have been accounted a disaster. They had heaved rhapsodic sighs about the ocean, which is, after all, only a very large pond, exceptionally messy and floppy at the edges.

The moon paced its usual beat, getting larger and later every evening, as of old; but they found something extraordinary in its radiance, though they would have complained to the Gas Company or the General Electric if such insipid illumination had been provided for ordinary purposes.

So they reveled in sea and sky and romance and all that sort of thing, which has been written up so often and so much better than it is likely to be done again.

But soon she left the sea and went to the mountains. And there he turned up, too, after a decent interval. Here there was more scenery, of a highly-embossed description. There were admirable peaks and thoroughly commendable valleys and pines and cedars, and things with gorgeous colors splashed round in excellent taste. But that also has been done so often and so well that, perhaps, one might better skip the landscape and get to the dialogue.

She was sitting in one of the parlors at the hotel, whose prices most nearly rivaled the magnificence of the peaks. She was talking about The Man to the Other Man:

"The thing I like most about Charles Newman is that he never sends me flowers."

"They're about the only thing he hasn't sent you," the Other Man growled.

"Yes; he has sent me candy by the ton, books enough for a fifty-five-foot shelf, bushels of trinkets—souvenirs! He's awfully generous."

"Oh, I know. He's one of those present presenters. The minute that sort of man is introduced to a girl he rushes out and buys her something. It's Christmas every day with him."

"A woman appreciates those little attentions, Ned."

"Attentions! They're nothing but tips. Men give those things to women to make 'em a little politer—as they slip a quarter to a waiter in the hope of getting some nearly-fresh eggs in the omelet or some coffee in the coffee. And you women are flattered by it instead of insulted!"

"Oh, I know you don't like Mr. Newman. You never did. You dislike him because I like him."

"Well, isn't that reason enough? Who is he, anyway? What does he do for a living?"

"Ugh, what a Yankee question! Mr. Newman is plainly a gentleman of means with sense enough to enjoy his leisure. Now, when I was abroad, I met any number of that sort."

"Oh, yes; I know. We've all been abroad, and met the male or female loafer who settles down on eight hundred dollars a year, calls himself a gentleman and does nothing but drink other people's tea. But in America it's suspicious. I'll bet he's a gambler or a promoter or something shady."

"Look here, Ned. do you think it's manly to run down a rival behind his back?"

"No; I don't think it's at all manly, but I think it's all-fired human. I love you, Gwen, and you prefer him. That drives me crazy and I don't care what I say about him. I only wish I could think of worse things than I do."

"You love me! Humph! Why, you haven't even remembered that it's my birthday."

"Oh, Lord! is it really?—the eighteenth! Of course it is! I'm an awful fool. I have no memory, but I have a big heart and I love you twice as much as that ——"

"There you go again. You love me twice as much and forget my birthday. But he remembered it. He's giving a dinner party here at the hotel tonight in my honor."

"Oh, yes; he invited me. He felt sure enough of you for that! But he didn't tell me it was your birthday."

. ."He flattered you by thinking you'd probably remember it, as you're always telling how you and I grew up together. I'm so afraid you'll give away my real age! And I know he thinks I'm as old as you are."

"You used to be within a year of it, Gwen. But you've been backsliding."

"If you dare tell him that, Ned Milholland, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Oh, I'm not going to tell anybody. I forget the date of your birthdays so easily I'm not likely to remember how many there have been. Besides, you don't look half as old as you are."

"You have the most atrocious way of saying things! I'm not old. I won't have the word used of me!"

Great tears filled her eyes and one rolled gleaming down her cheek. He stared in amazement.

"Why, Gwen, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I never dreamed that—you were so sensitive."

"Hurt my feelings!" she snapped. "Don't be an idiot. There's a rose in this room somewhere!"

He looked about hastily.

"I don't see any."

"Neither do I—but there's one here—can't I tell? Look for it, quick. Find it. Get it out before I—be-be-fore I—fore I—it seems as if my very soul wanted to sneeze! Have you got a rose in your buttonhole?"

"Of course I haven't. I remember that much, anyway. I wouldn't insult you by wearing a rose. I hate roses because you don't like them."

She ran here and there, holding her exquisite handkerchief to her exquisite nose, and he scurried about frantically. At last he gave a cry: "Here it is—under the table. Just a head that fell from somebody's bouquet."

He held up a slightly passé bud of the most winsome color and the most suave perfume; but she waved it away in terror: "Throw it out of the window, quick, or I'll jump out. Oh, oh—what an affliction!"

He tossed the innocent flower into the valley as if he were casting a murderess from the Tarpeian Rock. Then he turned to her soothingly: "It's gone, Gwen. The country is saved. That explains why you were so snappy. I notice that the sniff of a rose makes you mad at me."

"Mad? I want to bite anybody that comes near. Can you blame me? Here I am an ordinary, commonplace, normal, sane girl, with no deformities or eccentricities to speak of. Yet every time I come within sniffing distance of fresh roses my eyes begin to stream and I try to blow my own head off with sneezes."

"Poor Gwen!"

"Do you remember when I graduated at Wellesley—how everybody sent me flowers and all the other girls got flowers, and I couldn't dodge them—and I was so ill I couldn't stop for my diploma?"

"Yes, I remember. I was there. I usually am. I've been hanging round you since our perambulators first collided, and I've always ——" But she was musing upon the Other Man.

"That's one of the reasons I like Mr. Newman so much. He never sends me flowers. Heavens! do you suppose he knows?"

"Of course not! How could he? You came up from the seaside before the hay-fever season began. He followed. He's never had a sneeze out of you."

"But you might have told him, Ned."

"Do you think I'm quite as low as all that?"

"No, no! Forgive me! But it is such an affliction, Ned. Promise me that you will not tell him."

"Here It is—Under the Table"

"It's hardly necessary to promise, Gwen."

"Say: 'I hereby solemnly promise that I will not under any circumstances disclose to Charles Newman or anybody else, without special permission, the fact that Miss Gwendolyn Norbrook is afflicted with rose-fever.'"

"I hereby solemnly promise that I will not under any circumstances—all that you said."

"You might swear, too."

"Well, I'll be damned if I tell him—is that better?"

"Ned!"

"You asked for it, didn't you?" He made a wry face that was not quite the wry face he had made because of disprized love, and he said: "I'm getting mighty hungry. What time is that birthday dinner set for, anyway?"

"You forget everything, don't you?"

"My stomach tells me it's late already. I've been dressed for half an hour. The sun has set and the moon's coming up. The other guests of the hotel have been working away in the big dining-room for more than an hour. I believe I'll join them and cut out this Newman affair altogether."

"You'll do no such thing."

"Why do you want to drag me along—just to torment me with the sight of my rival's triumph?"

"How could you think me capable of such a thought?"

"You're a woman, aren't you?"

"There are going to be half a dozen other guests, including Irene Oakley. She's a nice girl. You can sit with her."

"Lord! You can't care much for me if you palm off another woman on me. Well, if you say stay, stay I will—as usual. I'm nothing but a messenger boy to you, anyway, Gwen. You ought to give me a uniform, or at least a cap."

"If I decide to marry Charles Newman I'll set you free."

"You are a brute, Gwen!"

Thereupon entered a tall and imposing young man, built on the plan of architecture and draped according to the demi-godlike models in the clothing advertisements.

"Good-evening, Miss Norbrook," he said.

"Why, Mr. Newman! Good-evening! You know Mr. Milholland?"

"What I Started to Say Was—Here, Waiter, Waiter! Don't Touch Those Flowers"

"Oh, yes; h'-wah you, Milholland?" He shook hands indifferently and then turned on the girl. "I've come to evict you."

"Evict me?"

"Yes, this parlor is the room where the dinner is to be. The waiters are coming with the table now."

"Then you don't want me here?"

"Well, of course you're the whole dinner. But if you could spare me a few minutes I've prepared a little surprise for you - a - well, you understand."

"A surprise? How jolly of you to have thought of it! But then, you always ——"

"Ahem! Ahem!"—savagely from the Other Man.

"Well, I'll vanish. I'll wait in the next drawing-room. Send for me when you are ready."

"Promise not to peek?"

"I promise - come along, Ned."

The sartorial marvel put out a restraining hand:

"Oh, but—pardon me. I was going to ask Milholland to stay and help me—lend me his good taste. Do you mind, old man?"

"Er - ah - um—certainly ——"

Miss Norbrook sauntered out with curious backward glances, like Lot's wife. Her eyes rested on Mr. Newman with evident delight. He was a man of such taste and tact that it was a pleasure to have him order her about a bit. It was a pleasure to obey. As her shapely form glided from sight into the King's Highway of the corridor, waiters came stumbling into the room with a large circular table. Others brought napery and silver service.

Two pages arrived next, tottering under toppling stacks of large boxes. One of the top bundles wobbled and fell. Milholland with a violent lunge caught it in midair. He admonished the boy.

"Be careful, you'll break them ——"

"Don't worry," said Newman; "there's nothing to break. They're just—roses."

"Roses?"

"Roses—to decorate the table and the room, you know."

"But Miss Norbrook—er—ah—um—that is ——"

"What's the matter, old man? Aren't roses rather the usual thing for decoration in a case like this?"

"Oh, of course, certainly, undoubtedly, naturally."

"But you seem so surprised."

"Well—er—the quantity is surprising. So many roses, you know—bushels of them, like cabbages. They must have cost you a pretty penny—a small fortune."

"Not at all. They cost me nothing."

"How did you get 'em—steal 'em?"

"Not at all."

"Well, you're certainly making up for lost time, Newman. Only a few minutes ago, Gwen—er—Miss Norbrook was commenting on the fact that you had never sent her any flowers."

"Really? Did she think it was strange? Did she disapprove?"

"No; she didn't disapprove exactly; she just commented on it, that's all. Most men who send a girl anything at all send her roses, you know."

"Of course they do. But I had a special reason. I—you see—I didn't want to—well, I didn't want to introduce shop into my relations with Miss Norbrook, of all women."

"Shop? Did you say shop?"

"Shop, yes."

"I don't quite get you."

"I'll explain frankly. Let me see, you're Miss Norbrook's cousin, aren't you?"

"Well, a sort of distant cousin."

"Then I can speak freely to you. I'm going to take you into my confidence, Milholland, old boy. The fact is, I am madly—come over here where those waiters can't hear - as I was saying, I am simply - yes, pile the roses on that table and take the boxes out—what I started to say was—here, waiter, waiter! don't touch those flowers; Mr. Milholland and I will arrange them Milholland, old man, I'm head over heels in love with your adorable cousin, Miss Norbrook. I followed her from the sea to the mountains, because I'm determined to win her. I know she likes you very much, and I'd like to have your approval of my suit no, not the one I'm wearing the one I'm pressing—that is, my suit for your dear cousin's hand. Have I your approval?"

"H'-wah You, Milholland?"

"Well—er—this is very sudden. I—I—I don't know much about you, Newman, you know."

"I know. So I'm going to tell you. I haven't mentioned it before, because I wanted to have the dear girl love me just for myself without regard for my business."

"And what is your business?—though, of course, it's none of my business."

"Oh, yes it is, old man. As Miss Norbrook's cousin, you have a right to know."

"You needn't harp so much on my being Miss Norbrook's cousin. I assure you that ——"

"Oh, that's all right, old man. But as I say, I want to be loved for myself alone, not for my business."

"Is your business such a fascinating thing as all that?"

"Well, it ought to seem so to a woman of Miss Norbrook's exquisite taste and love of the beautiful. It's not like the ordinary base commercial dealing in iron or stocks or shoes."

"What kind of business is it, anyway? Are you a lady's tailor?"

"Oh, Milholland! How could you suspect me of such a thing?"

"Well, you say it's a business. That means you're not an artist or a professional man. What is your line of goods, anyway?"

"The most beautiful, delightful, delicious merchandise in the world. And I am the largest dealer in it—in them—in the world."

"What in thunder is it—are they?"

"Flowers."

"Flowers! Are you one of those florist fellows?"

"In a way, yes."

"Have you got a shop on Fifth Avenue where they sell a pint of violets for a fortune, and that sort of thing—jonquils and orchids and ——"

"No; I have no shop, and I deal only in roses. I'm a wholesaler. I have an enormous rose-farm—a paradise—acres on acres of roses—an ideal place for a woman. All the year round fresh roses are in bloom there. The air is alive with their perfume. Any woman would revel in the thought of making her home among roses—roses—roses —— That's why I didn't tell Miss Norbrook. I didn't want to have my future happiness embittered by the suspicion that she might have been swayed by the thought of my roses. I want to be loved for myself alone. Silly, eh, but what are you laughing at, Milholland?"

"Who's laughing?"

"You're grinning all over. What's the matter with you? Do I look so idiotic in your eyes? Wait till you fall in love with some fascinating girl like Miss Norbrook, then you'll be as ridiculous as I am."

"Nobody could be that, Newman."

The florist regarded the shaking Milholland with bewildered resentment; then he beamed again:

"Oh, I'm not so ridiculous as you may think. I made pretty sure of my ground. I don't want to brag, but Miss Norbrook—God bless her—has already given me good reason to believe that she cares deeply for me. She loves me for myself alone—without knowing who or what I am. But when she learns that I am Newman, the biggest rose-raiser in the world, she'll say yes in a jiffy. Every one of these roses came from my own place. Come along, old man, and help me spread them about, will you?"

"With all my heart, Newman, with all my heart."

The emptied boxes had spilled an avalanche of roses on a side table and Milholland fell to with a ghoulish activity. Newman worked with equal rapture. When the room was finally transformed into a bower he sprinkled petals from the table to the door.

Then he opened the door slightly and looked out.

"There they are, Milholland," he chortled. "Miss Norbrook and Miss Oakley and her mother and old General Monerieff. If you'll bring in Miss Oakley he'll take in her mother, and I—I will escort my future bride."

Then he added:

"I'm going to switch out the light and lead the people into the room, so that the first thing they get will be the full glory of the perfume. Miss Norbrook's nostrils shall feast first. Then her eyes shall have the banquet. Then we'll sit down to the material food. Promise you won't mention this little surprise till I spring it, will you, old man?"

"I solemnly promise," said Milholland.

The eager suitor pressed the button and the room became instantly a black cave. Newman breathed deep of the incense and so did Milholland. Then the two men went into the drawing-room where the guests were waiting. Each man gave his arm to his respective allotment.

The little procession walked into the spicy ambush, and stood fast, not daring to proceed far into the mysterious and aromatic gloom. *(Concluded on Page 30)*

Culture or Common-Sense

WHAT EDUCATION SHOULD THE FARMER'S BOY RECEIVE?

By SAMUEL M. EVANS

DECORATION BY H. T. DUNN

JUST now the United States is passing through the strangest period of its economic existence. There is more unrest abroad in the land than there has ever been before in good times in the history of the nation. The economic household is upset. Reports indicate bumper yields in most of the crops that go to fill the national larder, and yet salaries and wages do not seem to provide sufficient income to make ends meet. And this is really the cause of the unrest. A man with a well-filled stomach and a comfortable balance in the bank is never deeply concerned about political economy or any sort of economy. It was a mob of hungry men and women that stormed the Bastile, and the cry was for bread. In this country the larder of the average household is getting increasingly harder to fill and the balance is on the wrong side of the household ledger in many thousands of cases. The average citizen is beginning to ask why; and a Senate committee, under the direction of Senator Lodge, is taking testimony at Washington trying to find the answer.

Meanwhile, the Beef Trust, the Cold-Storage Trust, the Transportation Trust and the grabbers of the natural resources of the country are being looked at with suspicion. We are told that the farmer is getting too much for his foodstuffs; the farmer blames the cold-storage people; the cold-storage people blame the wholesaler; the wholesaler blames the retailer and the retailer blames all the rest. And so the finger of blame points around in a circle. The politicians are talking about the quantitative theory of money; people are demanding the prosecution of the trusts and the railroads; and various other remedies have been suggested. Gifford Pinchot and Doctor Eliot tell us that our forests and coal supply will soon be exhausted, and the Geological Survey is devising ways to put the smoke from factory chimneys to work. James J. Hill has come out with a statement that our supply of wheat will be inadequate for our needs in a few years, and only recently a nation-wide boycott of meat was conducted on the theory that to eat less meat would increase the available supply and thus automatically bring down the price. But, strange to say, meat prices were not seriously or permanently affected by the boycott. And the riddle, "What Can We Do About It?" is still unsolved.

An inkling of the best solution that has yet been suggested was given as a sort of side issue to the late lamented meat boycott, when the organization that fathered that enterprise declared that housewives should practice more economy in the kitchen. And it is equally true that if economy in the distribution of foodstuffs could be secured through legislation or otherwise, as well as economy in their consumption, another big step would be taken toward the solution of the riddle. But no solution will be complete that does not start with economy in the production of food as well as in its distribution and consumption. Even if we had in the United States a perfect adjustment of the facilities and charges for the distribution of the food supply, and an ideal condition of economy in its consumption, the riddle would still remain unsolved. It would not be pressing so loudly for solution at this time, perhaps, but it would still be present and eventually would call as insistently for an answer.

Less Food for More People

FOR the fact remains that, while the size of our national family has been rapidly increasing, the size of our national pantry has been actually decreasing. Or, looking at the riddle from a world standpoint, the number of persons who must gain sustenance from the earth is rapidly increasing the world over, and the productivity of the earth has been increased but slowly. Mankind in the past has answered the riddle by simply moving to virgin places, taking up new land and there repeating its past experiences until a crowding has compelled another move. Within the past century practically the whole surface of the earth that is capable of sustaining human life has been explored. And now we are in a position, for the first time in history, to make a comprehensive survey of the world and the world larder that must sustain life. Hence has come the cry of "Conservation." It is a rather new name in this country, but the process is as old as the history of man. It is the old principle of "saving a little for a rainy day" on a world scale and attended by a few modern variations. The problem in America is simply to do what Europe started to do before it was known that another continent existed in the Western Hemisphere—what Europe has been doing ever since with excellent results. Only in the United States the problem is more acute now, because we know definitely that the moving-on process must soon come to a halt the world over and because our population is increasing so rapidly through immigration.

A glance at the size of the national family and the stock in the national pantry will state the riddle. Between 1880 and 1900 the population of the United States increased 52 per cent. During that time the number of meat cattle increased only 29.5 per cent; the number of milch cows—eventually used for food—increased only 35 per cent; the number of hogs increased 26 per cent, and the number of sheep actually decreased 5 per cent. During those twenty years the acreage of corn increased only 33.5 per cent; the acreage of wheat increased only 11.8 per cent; the acreage of potatoes increased only 41 per cent, and the acreage of buckwheat decreased 22.5 per cent. In that period millions of acres of public land were taken up; a new empire was opened to settlement in the West, and yet the cultivated area of all the farms in the United States increased only 45.5 per cent and the average yield per acre the country over actually decreased. According to estimates recently made by the Bureau of Statistics, at Washington, the ratios were the same for the ten years from 1900 to the present year. The population of the United States has increased a little over 20 per cent and the increase in the acreage of corn, wheat, oats and potatoes has actually fallen behind the increase for the twenty-year period from 1880 to 1900. The estimated number of beef cattle has actually been less each year during the past ten years than the census number of 1900, with the single exception of 1907. The figures for hogs are even more startling. In no year since 1900 has the estimated number of hogs equaled the census number of that year. And up until 1906, since when they have declined somewhat, the exports of beef and hogs increased enormously since 1900. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson called attention to this startling condition of the national larder in his last annual report. He said: "Since 1900, cattle have probably hardly increased absolutely while population has gained 20 per cent. It is apparent that there has been a tendency of animals and crops of the farms to increase in value per unit at a faster rate than all commodities have increased. In wholesale trade, farm products exceed all other classes of commodities in relative increase in price since 1896."

The real riddle is, "How can the food supply be increased as rapidly as population increases?" And its answer must be the answer that is to hold for all time, for free land is fast disappearing from the continent and the immigrants of the past ten years are of the class of men who go to the cities and not to the farms. Thousands of Americans have left the West for Canada and there taken up virgin soil, but the supply of that land is fast becoming exhausted. The moving-on process has come to the point where it must stop, and a basic answer, not a putting off, must be given to the riddle. Americans have been trying in a desultory way to meet the problem ever since 1862, when Congress passed the Homestead Law and established the Department of Agriculture and the state colleges of agriculture. It was the aim of the Government to parcel out the land to homemakers; to give them some sort of training through the state agricultural colleges and to place the experience of trained investigators in their hands through the Department of Agriculture. And had it not been for the Homestead Law, the Department of Agriculture and the state colleges, the United States would undoubtedly face a problem much more grave than it now faces. But the fact remains that everything done by Uncle Sam has not made the increase in production equal to the increase in population. American farmers have been waking up during the past five years, but this awakening has come especially in the production of fruits and berries, and methods of packing, distributing and selling farm products. The staple crops have been crowded out of the richest lands on to the poorer areas to make way for fruits, dairy products and other foodstuffs demanded by a luxury-loving people, and seemingly the staple crops have decreased in yield per acre. And the farmers of the United States have been concerned with the question of how much money they were going to get for their crops rather than the question of how much they were going to get from their soil. The American farmer is still learning economy in the most wasteful school—the school of his own experience.

What the Average Boy Learns

THE answer to any question affecting the occupations of men and how they carry on those occupations can be found only by answering the question, "What happens to the boys?" What has happened to the boys in the United States during the past forty years, and what is happening every day right now? The average boy goes through the primary and the secondary—or grammar—schools. He is taught the Three R's, a little history, English, and maybe some elementary physics and chemistry, but all this is not applied to anything he will do when he leaves his books. He is taught that school is for the purpose of giving him a "finish." It is for the purpose of disseminating "culture." Education has not yet got entirely away from the aristocracy imparted to it through the older church-governed schools—the aristocracy of education for the few in the so-called higher walks of life. After our average boy gets through the grammar school, if not before, he stops school altogether at or before the age of fourteen. He goes on to the farm, into the shop or to the office. The exceptional boy—five out of every hundred—goes through the high school. There he finds the same aristocracy of education. He gets some Latin, Greek, more history and some more pure mathematics. His education here is all a training for the college, and if he is a little more exceptional—one or two in a hundred—he goes to college and studies to become an engineer, a doctor, a lawyer, a minister or a writer.

But it is the average boy with whom we are concerned—one of the ninety-five out of every hundred—and he leaves school even before he has finished the secondary school. Not more than five per cent of the pupils who enter the primary grades in the United States ever go through high school. The boy who becomes a farmer goes right from his schoolbooks to the serious work of his life. School has meant to him a little general knowledge; education has meant the getting of culture. But he has obtained nothing in his school that will specifically fit him for the work he is to do. The boy of the farm goes direct from his

(Continued on Page 31)

TOM MORTON

A Story of the Hard-Rock Men

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

VI

AS THE slant-eyed leader came toward Tom's bunk the four other Slavs rose from their seats. Tom sprang to his feet. In the instant that he sprang his nostrils caught the smell of iodoform, a common odor in the camp, where some one was always hurt; and afterward, whenever the smell came to him, it brought a picture. It was as though his eyes at this time took a photograph which this particular touch upon his senses invariably reproduced, a photograph in poise: Five men—one man ahead, four men a pace behind. The five were bareheaded, in their shirt-sleeves, their shirts open on their chests. The leader was stooping slightly forward in the act of stepping. His thin shirt fluttered with an indrawn breath, and as the chest rose behind it the heavy mat of hair thrust beyond the parted cloth; then it fell away again. His arms hung ahead of his short, thick body to a little beyond his bowed knees, slightly bent. The knotted fists were clenched. The slanting eyes glittered, and the lips twisted away before the crooked, yellow teeth. He was a warped man with arms too long and a forehead like an animal's.

The four men behind were half-crouching like their leader, their arms hanging down by their knees. One of them, a black-haired man whose frame was slightest, was a little to one side. Tom remembered afterward that, of all, his attitude was least eager, most sure. The incandescent lamp by the stove was swinging slowly, shifting shadows and high lights upon them. Their faces caught the high lights and stood out big-boned beneath the gleaming eyes. Then the shadow obscured them and the long arms showed, hanging low, crooked.

Tom stood erect; his head and shoulders loomed above the upper bunk beside him. His head was bare and his thick brown hair was in some disorder of half-curls. His coat hung loose; he was fumbling with one hand at the lower button. His eyes were almost half-closed, and they were steady; the shifting light played upon them, glinting from them as from metal. Thus they stood, the one man and the five, ten feet between them.

The instant passed; the Slav leader swung his foot and bent forward into a quickened stride, a half-leap. Tom caught the button of his coat to place. At once his arms flew up, fists forward, elbows out from his sides. He sprang across the interval between him and the slant-eyed leader. It was sudden, without warning of attitude, from erectness of posture to half-double; from stillness to a leap. It was an instantaneous change. He charged, and the advantage of offensive passed to him. He spanned the ten feet in two strides.

As Tom sprang the Slav realized the change. Instinctively he faltered, a brief hesitation. His body straightened and his two fists rose toward his head. It was a posture almost of defense. And while he was in the act of taking it Tom was upon him.

Tom's fist shot forward while the Slav was collecting himself for deliverance of a blow. It struck fairly upon the snarling mouth. The man left his feet, his body hurtled through the air, and he crashed upon the floor.

Like their leader, the four Slavs had faltered as Tom sprang. And for an instant they, too, had stood half-irresolutely. As he struck they had recovered, and the blow had hardly been delivered before three of them sprang upon him. They caught him with his arms still extended from his body. One grasped him round the waist; Tom shook him off and the man fell, still gripping his legs. The two others flew at his throat. One of them struck wildly out as he came, the other ran in, head down, his fingers clutching desperately. Tom wrestled, trying to tear them away. The leader was struggling to rise from the floor now; his breath sobbed in his open mouth. The black-haired man stood apart, half-crouching, watching.

Then there began a struggle that shook the building. The two Slavs clung to Tom and their feet swung clear from the bunkhouse floor as he tried to toss them from him. The warped fingers of one were twisting at his throat; the other hung to his right arm, snarling in the effort to climb inward. Tom shook his shoulders like a huge bull and raised his arm to fling its incubus away. As he did so the man at his legs tugged with all the strength that was in him and Tom tottered, almost falling. Recovering his balance he freed one foot from the embrace, then swung it back and kicked with all his force. The booted sole struck full on the Slav's jaw; he fell back limp.

Unhampered now, Tom sprang backward and swept his arms apart. The two struggling men went back with them. He brought his arms together with the two men in them and one of them dropped heavily at his feet. The leader, who had risen, watched it, then sprang at Tom's waist, head forward. Before the momentum of this charge Tom went down, carrying with him this new assailant and the man who still hung to his throat. The three crashed among the benches by the stove. They rolled over, a struggling heap, carrying two of the benches with them, and suddenly Tom felt the thick fingers slipping from his throat. He broke from the embrace of the arms around his waist and started to rise. As he was gaining his feet he saw the two Slavs crawl away from him. They ran toward the bunkhouse door. Then he saw the black-haired man coming toward him.

Half a Dozen of the Drill-Runners Entered

The black-haired Slav was coming slowly, stooping forward; his right arm was outstretched almost full length. Something gleamed in the hand, something metallic. From it came a long, red spit of fire. There was a loud crash and then the smell of burning powder. Smoke rose in a thick cloud. In the instant Tom realized that he had seen the weapon and that the shot had missed. Beside him lay one of the overturned benches, upended across another. He bent down swiftly, seized the bench in both hands, and, raising it over his head, hurled it at the dim shape in the midst of the smoke cloud.

The bench hurtled through the wreathing smoke, and as the wreaths parted, eddying round it, Tom saw the black-haired man stoop and let it pass. Then the Slav straightened and his arm thrust forward again in deadly motion like a striking snake. The revolver barrel gleamed swinging in a half-circle; it became fixed and the warped finger crooked around the trigger. Tom felt a mighty blow upon his chest. He knew that he was falling with the roar of the report in his ears.

VII

THE Old Man and Jack Tarpy, the walker, were standing on D quarters' steps, discussing Tarpy's one failing. The Old Man was talking. "I'll have ye know," said he, "that what drinkin's done I'll do. Down to Leavenwort' there is a priest; and there we go, ye and me, and ye'll take the pledge. That's ——"

They both stiffened. "Where was that?" cried the walker. "In the bunkhouses!" Ryan shouted. "I'll twist the head from the ruffian did ut!"

They ran together down the steps and up the hill. The Old Man forged ahead. With agility out of all keeping with his weight he kept his lead, climbing the narrow path. The walker panted at his heels. The crack of a second shot came to them as they ran.

"B quarters," Tarpy shouted. Ryan barked an oath over his shoulder and increased his stride. He reached the bunkhouse steps, leaped to their top and, without wasting time to turn the knob, burst in the door.

The room was hazed with smoke. In the fog dim figures moved, bent low. Ryan rushed toward the thickest of the hanging wreaths, where he made out something in a huddle on the floor. A man brushed by him, gliding toward the door; Ryan caught the gleam of a pistol barrel. "Stop him, Jack!" he shouted, and Tarpy, entering, seized the black-haired Slav by the throat and right wrist, twisting the arm until he heard it crack. The weapon dropped heavily on the boards. "Not so fast," he grunted, and hurled the man from him among the benches. "We'll see what's here first." He stooped and picked up the revolver. "Now," he called, "stand fast!" He circled the room with its muzzle and began collecting the five Slavs in a group, as a highwayman lines up his victims.

Ryan was dragging Tom toward a bunk. "What's this?" he demanded. The door swung open as he was asking the question, and half a dozen of the drill-runners who had been drawn to the place by the noise of the shots entered. Tarpy called to them. "Here, Jerry," he ordered, "you an' Gunner come an' lend a hand. Get these five into the corner there an' hold them." The drill-runners crowded round the Slavs, growling at them like savage dogs, and Tarpy ran to Ryan, who was bending over Tom. "Hell's fire!" he said. "It is that big mick."

"The man is shot," said Ryan, "in the front of him." He pointed to a round hole in the breast of Tom's heavy coat. At the same moment Tom opened his eyes and struggled. "Aisy," panted Ryan—"Aisy. We'll not hurt ye." Tom stared at him with wide eyes and relaxed. "I'm all right, sor," he said quietly.

"Rip them clothes from him," said Ryan. "Here, help me." The two of them tore off the heavy coat, then a cardigan jacket and woolen shirt. As the last garment came over Tom's head something hit the floor dully. Ryan bent and picked up a flat disk of lead. "The bullet!" he cried, and looked at it curiously. Tom rose to his feet and shook himself. On the white expanse of his chest a blue mark showed, tinged with red.

"What are ye, annyhow?" cried Tarpy.

Two or three drill-runners, crowding close behind him, muttered oaths of wonder. "Right again' the breast of him," muttered one. "He's iron-chisted."

"Iron-chisted nawthin'," growled Ryan. "'Tis the clothes of him done ut. Wool cloth stops a ball better than steel, sometimes. That cardigan done ut."

"Good Irish wool!" cried another, and there was a laugh.

Ryan whirled on them, blustering. "Shut up!" he ordered. "Get out of here!" Over in the corner where Jerry and the Gunner had superintended the gathering of the battered Slavs now came ugly mutterings. Ryan heard them and looked around. "Take them over to D quarters to yer office, Jack," said he, "and kape them there till I come." When the crowd had moved away he turned again to Tom. "Now, what was this about?" he demanded.

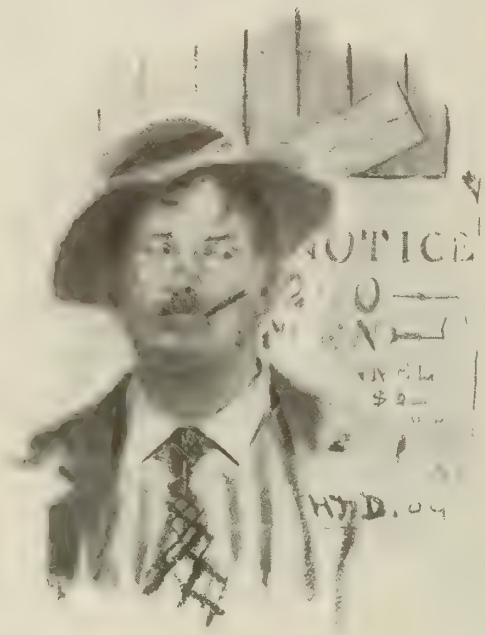
Tom told him what had happened. He was dizzy and his chest was sore, but otherwise he was unhurt; and his head, for all its ringing, was clear. When the story was done the Old Man called for the outside boss and the car-tender; and when he had heard them he cursed the former fluently. "Do ye think this camp is a Dutch picnic that ye shtand by and watch a fight brew?" he demanded. "Let that be for town; I'll have no more of ut here." He glared at Tom. "And you," he said—"who are you to be bossin' a gang? Ye'll be wantin' to handle my job next!" He glowered round at the men who had come now from all parts of the camp and even from the town, drawn by the swift tidings. He swore at them and stormed out of the room. On the steps he met the heading foreman and gave him a dressing-down for allowing trouble to foment in his bunkhouse. He found Tarpy in D quarters, glowering over the prisoners.

"Get them scum down to the train," he ordered. "Take a dozen men to see that they get there, and tell them never to set fut here again or I'll have them hanged.

And say, Jack," he added in a lower tone, "that lad licked the five of them single-handed. I'd give me mont's wages to 'av' seen ut." The walker grinned.

"Did ye see the body of him?" he asked.

"He's big as a skinned horse," said Ryan. "And he has the nerve behind ut. Ye shud have him inside, helpin' on a machine; he's too good to waste on a muck pile." He turned about to go, then stopped and laughed. "I remember him now," he said. "He is the lad that wore the Tipperary hat."



The Doctor

When the car-tender had helped Tom wash and dress his slight wound at the sink, and they had—with the help of voluble explanations from the men who crowded round—made up their minds how the cloth had checked the small-caliber bullet's progress, Tom shook his head at half a dozen proffers of whisky and went to his bunk. He sat down on the edge; the car-tender stood beside him.

"Ye're sick a bit?" the latter asked.

Tom shook his head. "I think I'll lave," he said slowly.

The car-tender stared at him. "Did ye hear phwat the Ould Man said?" demanded Tom. The car-tender laughed. "Oh, Gunnysack," said he. "That is his way. 'Tis when he likes ye best he hands ye a lick wit' the rough edge of his tongue. Don't mind him."

The heading boss came from his office and wanted to hear the story. The crowd who had followed the Slavs and their escort to the depot began to filter in during the recital. They jammed round, listening. Jerry Morley and the Gunner were there, and Kennedy, the Dynamiter, with his hard face seamed with lines of violence.

"Wan man against the five," said the little Gunner, squinting round at the circle which pressed behind him. "That was fightin', b'ys."

They growled their admiration and swore. Then they gathered in knots, discussing the shooting and the Slavs. Some of the Cœur d'Aleners began to advocate driving the Polish element out of camp—lynching one or two for luck. The heading boss heard the talk. He went to the door and placed his back against it.

"Now," he ordered, "get to yer bunks! And them that does not belong here get out. There'll be no more trouble in this place." He stopped one or two of his own drill-runners trying to leave. "No downtown goes tonight," said he. "If ye try ut I'll send for the Old Man." They grumbled at first, and some of the Cœur d'Aleners began talking loudly of their rights. This got on the nerves of Jerry Morley and a few of the older hard-rock men. "Who are you," they demanded, "to be tryin' to run this camp? Wait till ye're warm in yer job first."

When the janitor was turning out the lights the heading boss returned to Tom's bunk. "Are ye goin' to work in the marnin'?" he asked. Tom nodded. "I'm all right," he said.

"Come inside," said the heading boss. "I'll put ye to helpin'; we're short av men."

Jerry Morley and the Gunner heard it as they were passing by. "Give him to me," said the latter. "My helper's drunk, and I shud be able to larn this wan somethin'."

"Ye're in luck," said the car-tender when they had gone. "The Gunner is the best runner on the job."

In his cottage on the hill the Old Man told the story to his wife. They were in the lace-curtained little parlor, a room resplendent with a Brussels carpet, velvet-upholstered furniture and oleograph pictures. Mrs. Ryan listened to it, and Nora, harkening in the doorway, recognized from her father's description the uncouth Irishman in the queer high hat, whose angry eyes had affronted her at the depot. In Ryan's tale of one man against five—the one in peril of his life—there was something that made her catch her breath.

VIII

AT A QUARTER before eight the next morning the shift gathered on the blacksmith-shop platform by the tunnel portal. The heading boss looked them over thoughtfully and felt good-natured as he realized that the majority of them were there. They crowded the platform, big-framed men in black oilskins, black squam hats and rubber boots. Behind them the blacksmith pulled his bellows, and the red light of his forge flared out through the wide doors on their rough faces. In front of them, across the narrow-gauge track, the power-house hummed droningly and the big dynamos spat blue glares through the many-paned windows. It spread over them weirdly. In these flickering lights they stood, somber-garmented, gigantic. Hard by, the tunnel's black mouth yawned.

Most of them were muckers, heavy-footed, heavy-faced. Standing apart from this somber majority the drill-runners gathered by the shop door. In stature they were the largest of the crowd; their faces were alight with recklessness. As they talked some of them puffed at short-stemmed brier pipes; others bit deeply into plugs of black tobacco and spat wantonly. Their laughter boomed. At intervals one raised his head to curse and the oath hurtled from his lips like a missile. They talked apart from the crowd like aristocracy. Only their helpers mingled with them. They jested roughly.

The muck train emerged from the mountain and stopped for the unloading of dull steel. A nipper-boy threw the muddy drills to the platform. The short lengths clanged on the planks. He busied himself with the longer pieces and began raising a fourteen-foot drill slowly in his hands, upending it. The uppermost tip touched the trolley wire, and the heavy current struck him like a giant's fist. He fell back, clear of the car, upon the platform. The drill-runners roared laughter. They slapped their heavy thighs and clapped one another's backs in terrific mirth. The boy picked himself up slowly and rubbed his body thoughtfully with his hands. Then he limped back to his work, cursing them over his shoulder.

Four of the Cœur d'Aleners were in the group of drill-runners. They hung together, their macelike chuck-wrenches in their hands, talking loudly, more wantonly than any of the others. The Dynamiter was one of them. In his black oilskins Kennedy loomed big; beneath his squam hat his seamed face showed with the perpetual frown between the bleared gray eyes. Jerry Morley and the Gunner stood near him. At the Gunner's heels walked Tom, bigger than any of those about save Kennedy. He was listening eagerly to the talk, looking at the faces; and with the instinctive reaching out for first impressions which a man does amid new surroundings he noted that the Cœur d'Aleners showed savage among these reckless men, almost sinister.

The Gunner gave him a long-handled monkey-wrench. "Hang on to this," he ordered. "And don't let annywan get ut from ye when ye're not lookin'."

"Got a new helper, Gunner?" It was Kennedy. Looking into the bleared eyes Tom saw the scowl between them deepen as the Dynamiter tried to smile. "Were ye lookin' fer the greenest ye could get?" he continued. The Gunner ignored him. Already rivalry had arisen between the older runners of Snowslide, the men of the public works, and these newcomers from the mines who had showed at once ability to handle the rock and proneness toward making trouble. He turned to Tom. "Come wit' me," he said. "I want to show ye somethin'."

In the machine shop the little man took a burley drill sent out for repairs and bent over it. "This," he said, "is a slugger, what we use in the heading." He pointed out the different parts and named them; he made Tom repeat every name after him. "Now, mind," he ordered, "what I've showed ye. Some day we'll come here and I'll show ye the innards of her."

Outside, the shift boss was ordering them aboard the train. "Ye're green, lad," said the Gunner, squinting upward into Tom's face as they went to join the others, "but ye'll larn. Pay no heed to them about ye, but listen to what I tell ye."

They climbed into a car, and as the train lurched forward Big Jerry bent toward Tom. His voice boomed above the roaring of the car wheels. He jerked his thumb toward the Gunner. "Mind what that little divil tells ye," he cried. "He's the best runner on the work." Abruptly, so that it obliterated him in the midst of the gesture, the tunnel's blackness closed around them.

They were in complete darkness, roaring through a damp cavern whose walls gave back hollow echoings, whose air swept by them, touching their cheeks, dank like the air of a cellar. Drops from the roof fell upon them. When they had ridden thus for a few moments Tom saw points of light ahead. An incandescent glowed from the roof, then others; and he watched the plumb-posts on the side of the tunnel, a swift procession of shadowed columns passing endlessly toward the portal. The train stopped with a jerk, and they climbed out.

They were in front of a huge framework of heavy timbers. From the top of this and from beneath it a crowd of men came toward them, the shift whose places they were to take. They jostled by; their faces were black with oil and muck; their oilskins gleamed in the lamplight. One of them called to the Gunner; and while the two stood talking the others went on, leaving Tom listening. There was an interval of heavy silence, then from ahead came a series of thunderous sounds which swelled and blended in a reverberating chorus. The attack on the mountain had been resumed; the drills were at their work.

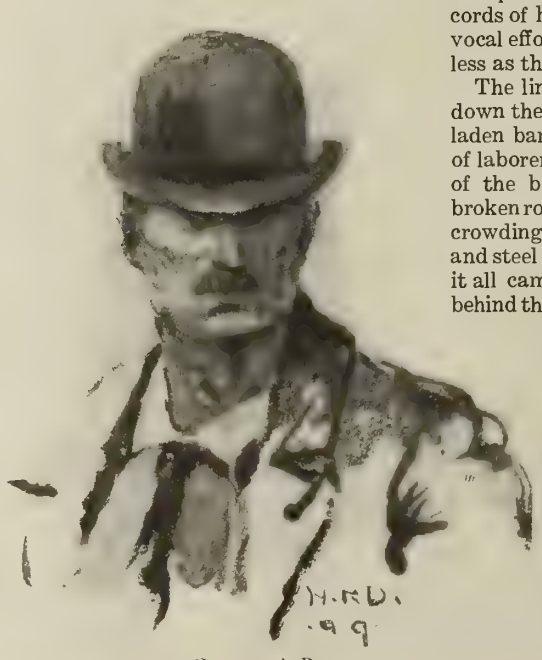
The Gunner finished his conference with the drill-runner whose machine he was to take and beckoned Tom to follow him. They climbed by a ladder to the top of the timbered platform. It was half-way between the floor and the roof of the tunnel. The Gunner placed his mouth near Tom's ear. "This," he shouted, and the words came faint, diminished by the noises about them, "is the jumbo."

Tom looked around. Ahead of them a ledge of rock rose from the floor of the tunnel to the same level as that on which they stood. From the jumbo to the top of this ledge stretched a heavy gangplank; it was now crowded with a line of men wheeling muck in barrows. As these men gained the jumbo they dumped the rock through chutes into cars that stood beneath. The Gunner pointed to the ledge. At its foot muckers toiled; on its summit six tripod drills, swaying and trembling as their steel beat in the rock beneath them, united their iron voices in terrific volley, like a battery of rapid-fire guns. On each tripod stood a black-clad runner, his right hand on the crank, his left hand on the valve key. Beneath, among the tripods' legs, the helpers bent their backs in toil. The Gunner turned his face upward as though to impart a secret. "The bench," he shouted.

Ahead of the bench the place stretched fifty feet. The timbers ceased a little way beyond the jumbo, and this end of the tunnel was a cavern, rock-walled, rock-roofed. On the roof, hung on its projections and by wooden pegs, a string of incandescent lamps gave yellow light. Beneath them now the line of wheelbarrows was passing toward the heading. They stopped at a heap of broken rock that rose to within a few feet of the ceiling and shut out view of all beyond. From behind it came a mighty roar, deep, pulsating. It rose above the noises of the bench machines and overwhelmed them. It made the air shudder; the very rock seemed to shake before it. It was the beat of the sluggers upon the heading's breast. To this place the Gunner hastened, Tom behind him.

Passing between the drills on the summit of the bench Tom saw the nearest runner on his rocking tripod, wreathed with a mist of spent air from the exhaust, his huge body shaking with the jarring of the iron beneath him. The machine was running unevenly, bucking like a fractious horse. The man's face was placid, absorbed as though he were listening to the noises.

A helper hurried by, dragging a wirebound air-hose. The coils caught on a rock; the man's mouth opened and his lips writhed, shaping curses; the cords of his neck swelled before the vocal effort. The oaths died soundless as they left his teeth.



Gunnysack Ryan

The line of muckers was passing down the gangway again with their laden barrows. Always the crowd of laborers was sweating at the foot of the bench, shoveling away its broken rock. Everywhere men were crowding motion into small space and steel was smiting stone. Above it all came that deep thunder from behind the rock heap, forty feet away.

They reached the place. At the base of the muck heap men toiled with short-handled shovels; over its summit black air-hose wound like snakes. From behind it came the sluggers' pulsing roar. They clambered to the top.

Ten feet ahead of them the tunnel ended. The interval was a narrow chamber, rock-floored,

rock-roofed; on three sides walls of rock, on the fourth the muck heap. In this small space four iron columns stood side by side; on each column were two great air-drills. They were horizontal like cannon, eight thundering engines bombarding the heading's breast—the sluggers.

The columns were four feet apart; between the upper and lower machines were three-foot intervals. They jammed the narrow space. In short, swift strokes the drills plunged forward and receded, ceaselessly, always turning. The air-valves spat cold, gray fog. It hung in a thick cloud. In the mist Tom saw the helpers bend and crouch among the whirling chucks that touched their fluttering garments, while the muck spouted on them from the driven holes and the valves spat black oil and ice fragments into their sweating faces. And he saw the runners, one at each slugger's crank, his face intent as though he were listening to catch the harmonies of the titanic iron chorus, his eyes set forward like the eyes of a gunner directing a rapid-fire cannon. On the low roof among the column-tops a cluster of incandescent lamps glowed through the fog, casting shadows and high lights.

Crouching on the top of the muck pile Tom felt the touch of the Gunner's elbow and saw the little man upraise his puckered face. He bent his head: "Phwat I want I sign fer wit' me hands. Watch there, now."

Following the gesture Tom saw Big Jerry at the crank of an inside machine move his free hand as though he were pulling a lever. Immediately the helper handed him a chuck-wrench. Tom nodded comprehendingly. The Gunner brought his right hand before Tom's face and twirled his fingers as though he were turning a screw. "Monkey-wrench!" he cried.

They descended into the shuddering chamber. The Gunner took the crank of the machine that hung beneath Big Jerry's. On the next column to the right Tom saw the Dynamiter frowning ahead into the reek of fog and spatter of wet muck, his reckless face stern as though he were in the thick of a battle. The Gunner whirled his crank until the drill sank to the bottom of the hole, whirled it back a few strokes and twisted the valve key. The iron engine shook and the piston plunged slowly. The little man moved the valve key again and the piston slid more swiftly. He jerked it wide open and his slugger joined its thunder with the salvos of the others. He crouched, bent-backed, his legs half-doubled. Three feet above him Big Jerry's air-drill trembled with its efforts. Twisting his head he listened to the medley of crashing noises, picking from among them those of his machine, segregating these to see that each rang true.

Tom knelt at the Gunner's back. A storm of sound waves beat upon his ears. Men touched him, leaping to heavy toil; a few feet from him they were beating steel on steel. He was in the center of a tempest of strivings, in the vortex of a maelstrom of tremendous effort. He half shrank.

Gradually the feeling went from him. The sounds ceased to oppress. He began to distinguish some of their components and to see purpose in the swift movements about him. As this came he began to desire to move himself, to take some part in this reckless labor.

The Gunner twitched his air valve shut and crawled in beside his machine. Tom watched him as he freed the run-out steel and substituted a new one; then, at the little man's sign, threw the old drill back over the muck heap. After that he was idle again, occasionally doing some slight service, during the long intervals watching and listening.

He Seized the Bench in Both Hands

When they were on the ten-foot steel the Gunner bade him take the crank. He did so and he felt all the forces trembling beneath his hand, and he twirled it forward or checked its advance as the Gunner told him. Before he had done he had got some idea of the feeling that tells how fast to feed the drill. Later in the day he crawled between the working machines and extricated steel. He was fascinated by the heavy excitements now; he had forgotten that there was any danger.

In the afternoon they finished the round and he helped the Gunner tear down the machine. He watched the other runners and their helpers loading their sluggers into wheelbarrows or bearing them laboriously away, one man at the crank, the other at the chuck. When theirs was ready he signed the Gunner to stand off, and he took the mass of iron on his shoulder. He strode down the narrow gangway to the jumbo, erect, moving easily. Men stared at him as he passed. "Strong as a mule," Big Jerry shouted when he returned to the heading. The others laughed, save Kennedy, whose lip ends drooped downward in something like a sneer.

"What's wrong wit' Kennedy?" Tom asked the car-tender when they returned to the bunkhouse that night.

"He knows the Gunner an' Big Jerry has no time fer him an' his gang," said the car-tender. "Like as not ut's made him sore at ye."

IX

"YE'RE gettin' tough," the car-tender said one evening a few weeks later. Tom grinned; he rather liked the accusation. He was working on "graveyard" now, the shift that goes on at midnight and does not come out until morning, and he had fallen into the habit of loafing for an hour or two in the white sunlight before he went to sleep, often walking down on the dump to talk with his broadfaced friend. He had done so this morning, and while they talked he had bitten into a plug of black tobacco, provoking the remark.

He had learned the habit from the men about him—eagerly as he had learned many other things. For they were to him ideals, these hardfaced men who toiled recklessly where the sluggers thundered in the forefront of the advance against the mountain. Every day, as they went to work, he stood near their little circle on the blacksmith-shop platform and listened to their talk; and in the hours of leisure he often hung around the bunkhouse stove harkening to them while they "drove tunnel," absorbing their stories of toil and death and wild debauch. The desire to learn, instinctive within him, born of the larger instincts that made him hungry to be of the men and of the place, reached out, these days, to seize new things. He metamorphosed rapidly.

The manner of his speaking was first to change. The tongue of the men of Snowslide was of mongrel origin, for the most part Irish-American. It was rich in oaths; slang born of the work lent it vigor. Fundamentally it was a language of terse expression. Tom acquired it quickly; he picked up its idioms, its oaths. He learned to swear and his voice took on depth.

Gradually his bearing was changing with his speech. The eagerness born of newness was leaving him, to be replaced by recklessness. The work was the biggest factor in this change. The tunnel was a place of huge, rapid action. They drove the hole into the mountain with utter lack of deliberation, working swiftly for progress. Where the most eager miners would have stopped to wait for timbers they went on ahead and dared the shaking roof to crash down upon them. The drill-runners drove their machines to finish each round of holes as soon as possible, racing to see who should get done first. The space between the muck pile and the heading's breast teemed with multiplied and heavy excitements; in it the simplest task was pregnant with possibilities of danger; performance of ordinary duties demanded absence of all reflection.

In this place Tom learned to worm his way between the plunging chucks with the frozen breath of the exhausts coughing against his cheeks, and he liked it. He liked the chaos of sound that shook the rock about him. He handled steel and saw it crush the granite. And when they shot he carried giant powder to Big Jerry and the Gunner and helped them whittle it for the insertion of exploders. After the shot had pulled he was always at the Gunner's heels, among the first to enter the heading, reeking now with nitro gases that made the blood pound madly through his veins.

Gradually he was acquiring knowledge. Watching the men about him and listening to the Gunner's counselings he came to know the sounds that rang true and the sounds that spelled trouble; to know by the crank's feeling what was going on in the hidden depths of the granite that his plunging steel was biting.

With the knowledge was coming greater daring. The race on his shift was a grim one. The Cœur d'Aleners and the hard-rock men made up equal proportions of the men in the heading; each element had one side of the chamber. Every day they toiled desperately to see which side should finish first. Big Jerry and the Gunner were by far the ablest runners on their side. Kennedy was the most skillful of his men. Thus thrown into the thick of the striving for prestige Tom became imbued with the spirit of the place, a spirit which demands lack of any recking.

And so he grew rather to seek than avoid danger. His mind was always on the tunnel, on rock and steel and rending dynamite, until, learning them better, it had got something of their hardness and violence. Now he swaggered slowly as he walked; he looked men boldly in the eyes.

Another month passed and they went on afternoon shift. He had his mornings to himself. But he did not spend so much time as he had planned with the car-tender. He had found new friends. Big Jerry and the Gunner were closest of these. With these two he sometimes visited the town, the row of flimsy board buildings whose flamboyant signs were always fluttering in the wind. He drank across the unpainted bars and watched the others drinking, no longer wondering at what he saw, looking at it with steady eyes.

Payday night he was on his way to the dance-hall when he met the car-tender, who looked at him curiously and repeated his comment of a few weeks before. "Ye're gettin' tough," he said dispassionately.

"Sure I am," said Tom.

"They tell me," said the car-tender, "ye rowed wit' Big Kennedy in the headin' today, an' told the boss to go to hell when he stopped ye."

"'Twas Kennedy told him that," said Tom, "not me. And 'twas no row. He'd tuk me chuck-wrench, and whin I got ut back he wanted throuble."

"Your chuck-wrench?" said the car-tender. "Humph! Anny wan wud think ye had a machine av yer own."

"So I have," said Tom. "The boss give me wan today. Come on, we'll have a drink on the strength av ut."

The car-tender grinned. "I said ye was gettin' tough," he reiterated. Tom swaggered slowly beside him down the dump. When they reached the first saloon he slapped his money on the bar-top and called Big Jerry and the Gunner to join him. They clapped him on the back and swore at his good luck. They told him he could run a machine with any of them. They bade him drink with them. It was an hour later when the car-tender got him to leave.

"'Tis not the dhrink," Tom remonstrated. "I want to see thot Dynamiter, Kinnedy. He's been sayin' he is the betther man av us."

"Never mind Kennedy," said the car-tender. "Leave that be fer the headin'. He may show ye things there yet Come wit' me now; I want to go to the post-office."

X

"THE Doctor" was a tall man, dark-eyed, with a good figure and rather handsome face. The face was marked by a bottled nose. This distinguishing feature had been slowly and carefully developed by its owner,

(Continued on Page 44)

The Cost of Living in Europe

By ROBERT SHACKLETON

AN INCREASING migration from England, startling to the English, has again begun. Every steamship carries large numbers of Englishmen bound for points in the United States or Canada. And this migration has come about through the higher cost of living in that country and the failure of earnings to keep pace with that cost.

The same conditions of cost of living confront the French and the Germans, but those nations are more successful in thriftiness than are their cross-Channel neighbors, and their land tenure and system of land ownership are vastly better. For the one million of landowners in Great Britain and Ireland there are over five million and a half in France and well over five million in Germany.

Never was there a greater delusion than that the cost of living in Europe is in any material degree less than that in our own country. It used to be low in America, and it used to be low in Europe. It has gone up and is still going up in America, and it has accordingly gone up and is still going up in Europe.

To live abroad in the same manner as at home, with the same degree of comfort and the same regard for appearances; to eat the same kind of food as at home or food equally good; to feel free to go to the theaters and occupy the best seats; to go to good restaurants and order with New York or Chicago freedom, means that fully as much money must be spent as at home and probably somewhat more—for Americans cannot economize over there as successfully as do the Europeans themselves.

To travel abroad, also, costs fully as much as to travel in the United States, if one travels as well and lives as well on the journey. Go to London or Paris on business, just as you would go to Chicago or New York, and you will find no material differences between the two sides of the Atlantic. One lives abroad cheaply or travels abroad cheaply only by the ceaseless observance of economies and deprivations. It is only on romantic pilgrimages and sentimental journeys that the facts are overlooked.

High London Prices for Low-Grade Food

THERE is a magic in Europe: there is a glamour in the mighty cathedrals, the splendid palaces, the cities famous through centuries of history, the localities made precious by literature and art. And this magic, this glamour, this charm, unite to make the visitor from our newer world oblivious to the economies and hardships that are borne by many for the sake of seeing these things or living among them. Whether the economies and hardships are worth while depends altogether upon the degree of desire to be in Europe and the amount of benefit to be derived; but, no matter how keen the desire or how deep the benefit, one should not be blind to the fact that it is only by ceaseless economy that one makes his expenses lower than for similar traveling, similar living, in America.

Advertises That Its Regular Dinners are $2.60; Inferior Dinners, $1.85; a "Little" Dinner, $1.25

But, it will be objected, there are gloves! Yes, gloves are among the things cheaper; but even gloves of good quality are not so cheap as they were a few years ago; and, in any case, man cannot live by gloves alone.

In these modern days meat is the staff of life; and one finds that the staff costs as much abroad as at home, although over there they do not clamor about the price as we do. They merely do without meat.

The cuts are different and called by different names, and the grades are endless. In England the poorest folk can buy meat or meat bones for as low as four cents or even two cents a pound. And, too, there are often poor qualities in good cuts; and the British, with characteristic impertinence, refer to the worst qualities as "American," quite regardless of their origin.

The best cuts of beef cost in London—where they are given the unattractive name of rump steak—28 to 30 cents a pound; in Paris 30 to 34; in Berlin from 32 to 38.

Bacon is tremendously dear. In France choice brands may mount to 80 cents, and ordinary brands are a trifle over 30 cents; in England bacon is now about 30 cents, but is rapidly mounting, the increasing scarcity of pigs being responsible for this. Even yet the English love to talk of what they term the "revelations" of Chicago stockyards, in spite of the fact that England is deeply stirred by stories of pork importations from China, where the porkers in life are the scavengers of indescribable streets. So insistent, a few weeks ago, did the story become that Chinese pork is imported at Liverpool, shipped to the Isle of Man, and thence sent into England as Manx pork, that formal inquiry was made in regard to it in the House of Commons, and a Cabinet Minister, far from being able to deny it, could only state that the story "had no official confirmation."

Leg of mutton in England costs over 20 cents; in France 25 to 30. Milk in Paris is 11 cents a quart; in London 8 or 9. Plain water-ices cost in London 85 cents a quart and ice cream $1.10—the portions being always minute. "It is bad for the health, don't y' know! What?"

In England good coffee averages decidedly more than in America, 35 cents being a cheap brand. In France it is very much dearer; 40 cents a pound for a really good blend being a bargain, and a *spécialité* being over 60. All common coffees abroad are loaded with chicory, which costs 10 cents a pound and adds great deepness of color to the brew.

Good tea costs less in England than in America, ranging from 35 to 75 cents. In France it is very high and always medicinal in taste, and a dealer likes to ask over a dollar and a quarter a pound. Butter ranges in all three countries from, say, 30 to 40 cents.

Sugar in England is five cents a pound; in France it is a Government monopoly and much higher. Contrary to the general belief, France is a country where confectionery is very little seen with the exception of chocolate. In London, eating-chocolate, almost as good as the well-known New York or Philadelphia makes, costs 75 cents a pound.

Food adulteration is very common throughout Europe, in spite of prohibitive laws. In a London newspaper of recent date I saw an analysis of some London chocolate made of raw starch, rancid suet, tallow, husks, nut-shell, chalk, Venetian red, brick dust, peroxide of iron and glucose. Fake Camembert is disgracefully common, even in France. Wines are often adulterated. Cider is concocted from apple parings sent from canning factories in America.

Speak with an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman, of the cost of living, and instantly he deplores the taxes. But he takes the taxes as part of the order of Nature, like rain or snow, to be complained of but not to be checked or controlled.

In England the first great tax is upon rents. Rent a house for $600 a year, and the tax collector will call upon you for some $200 a year in rates. Then there is the income tax, averaging 25 cents for every five dollars of income. Then come the inhabited-house duty, death and inheritance duties, stamp duties and customs, and excise taxes on tea, coffee, spirits and beer. The tax of 10 cents a pound on tea, cheap as well as dear, falls crushingly on the poor, for every Englishman, poor or rich, must have his tea.

Over There They Do Not Clamor About the Price as We Do

There is collected annually in Great Britain and Ireland one hundred and fifty million dollars in customs duties, another hundred and fifty million in excise taxes, and a third one hundred and fifty million from incomes, besides death duties of one hundred million, and the rates, which last item alone totals three hundred million dollars. And the population of Great Britain and Ireland is but half that of the United States.

No One Too Poor to Escape Taxes

IN GERMANY the income tax comes first, five per cent for imperial tax and another five per cent or more for local tax. Then, for the church, there falls a tax of twenty per cent of the imperial income tax. And if husband and wife be of different faiths they pay for both Protestant and Catholic. And if they be of no faith, why, they ought to be, and so are taxed anyhow, which is one of the delights of living under a paternal government. And there is a multitude of taxes besides. No income of less than two hundred dollars is taxed, but house servants, who earn from $60 to $90 a year, with a half-day off every three weeks, do not escape this tax, as the Government estimates their board and lodging. When armies and fleets are to be kept up, no cog can be slipped in the grinding of taxes.

The only way to escape great taxes in France is to crouch to humble living. France taxes you according to the house you own or rent. She taxes your doors and windows, your servants and horses and carriages and automobiles, your everything. Donnybrook-like, wherever France sees a taxable thing she hits it. She has a host of indirect taxes besides, and even taxes every pound of butter, every chicken, every quart of milk that goes from the country into a city. The little steamers on the Seine are boarded at the Paris limits by *octroi* officers, who poke rods under the seats to see that petticoats hide nothing contraband.

Every American who takes up his residence in Europe is taxed precisely as the Europeans themselves.

Building, if good, is not cheap. Even one of those tiny stone cottages, that are as unsanitary as they are picturesque, costs from $1200 up; and the ordinary small house of a small town costs from $2500 up, and city houses of any pretension are dear.

In a Berlin suburb I stood with an elderly German professor who pointed with pride to a row of new buildings. "They have been built as quickly as in America!" he exclaimed, and, indeed, they looked it. It was a case of building in haste to repent at leisure.

The average modern European villa or suburban home does not compare with the American. Europe awes us with buildings of past generations, which it has neither the desire nor ability to equal today.

In England it is always a matter of renting or leasing, not buying or building, except for the very wealthy, or for the mechanic who joins a building association.

Well-to-do Europeans do not live the simple life. See how the really rich live, and nothing in America will surprise you.

It costs such prices as $360,000, $600,000, $900,000 for a mansion on the Bois de Boulogne, or $1,000,000 for one in the Champs Elysées, or $1,400,000 for "a princely mansion in a unique situation," as the agents described it, but whose precise location I did not ask.

And I am merely referring to prices of houses that chance to be for sale today.

In Curzon Street, famous forever through Becky Sharp, a house may be purchased for $375,000; on Grosvenor Square one is for sale for $225,000. An American is now negotiating for a London house offered at $500,000. Numerous Americans have rented furnished London houses for the current three months' "season" for from $5000 to $15,000.

There are plenty of places cheaper, but wealth should be compared with wealth, and not American wealth with European moderation.

An unfurnished flat on Cavendish Square is offered at a rental of $4000; and the specification in many cases of "no repairing liability" is a reminder of the constant surprises for Americans in European property deals. In England a tenant must pay all rates and taxes and keep the house in repair unless otherwise agreed to in writing; and if he finds on taking possession that the house is quite uninhabitable, it is his own risk and loss unless he made a preliminary positive agreement that the place was to be rented to him in habitable condition. The pitfalls for lessees are many.

You may rent an apartment on Avenue Hoche for $3400; or on Avenue Sylvestre de Sacy for $2400; a fine apartment on Avenue du Bois de Boulogne for $4500; one on Rue de Longchamps for $4400. The man who chooses a few rooms on the Rue St. Antoine should compare his rent with rents of Second Avenue—not with Fifth.

European furniture is no longer associated with strength and stability. The cheaper grades are made of unseasoned wood and with much glue, and go to pieces without that American home heat that the Englishman loves to criticise, though why he deems himself capable of doing so is a mystery, as he knows nothing by experience of even properly-heated houses in wintertime.

What is termed mahogany is often, as in America, cheap wood stained. The very cheapest bedroom or kitchen chairs cost 60 to 70 cents, as with us, and prices mount rapidly and high. Cheaply-made tables, bureaus, bedroom sets, execrable in design, are common, and at no better prices than in our own department stores. There is the good and the beautiful also, but the moment you find it you find the equal of American prices.

Brass beds, in one of the largest Paris shops, cost $40 for the narrowest single bed, and thence upward. A medium-size bed, iron with brass knobs, may be bought for $14.

Plumbing costs more in Europe than in America and is vastly inferior, with meager water supply. The French, in particular, tell strange tales of the slowness and incapacity of their plumbers.

Always one is faced with the fact of European low wages and the consequent question of why things can be so dear. The average wages of British workers, skilled and unskilled, male and female, are $5 a week. Women who work in factories and workshops average $3.25 a week, and girls $1.40. Bricklayers and carpenters earn from $6 to $9 a week. On the Continent mechanics earn a little less than in England. Earnings are far lower than in the United States.

But the men do not work so rapidly as in America, and this is mainly due to their poor food. Tell a French hardwood floorlayer that in the United States a floor can be excellently laid, scraped and polished in three days, and he will think you are jesting.

At the base of the entire matter of expense of living is the fact, as with us, of the disproportionate crowding of population to the cities and the desertion of the farms. In Germany, in the last fifteen years, the percentage of population engaged in agriculture and market gardening has decreased from 50 per cent of the population to forty. The annual yields of farm produce in Great Britain have fallen off heavily in fifteen years: wheat from 59 million bushels to 52; oats from 135 million to 123; and other crops similarly. The number of farm-workers has decreased. Even the actual area of land under cultivation has decreased by over 400,000 acres. And all this with an increase of total population.

The great and insistent problem in Europe, as in America, is how to make the country and the small towns more attractive and more able to resist the magnetism of the cities.

The best hotels are quite as expensive in London or Paris as in New York or Chicago. A bath in a French hotel usually costs fifty cents.

There are hotels of medium price as there are in America; but even the good *pension* costs from $1.80 to $3 a day. First-class restaurants are as dear as in America; although, especially in France, if one is content to go to humble ones, excellent food may be had through the genius of the French for cooking.

A leading hotel in London advertises, and deems the advertisement an inducement, that its regular dinners are $2.60, but that it serves an inferior dinner for $1.85 and a "little" dinner for $1.25. Really, one does not see advantages over New York.

It is seldom that one finds a London dinner costing less than $1.50, although there are a few excellent places cheaper than that. I know of a modest one, where the cooking is unimpeachable, which charges only 75 cents for a dinner, with choice in each item of soup, fish, two meats, vegetables, cheese, fruit and coffee. Even the frankly-cheap London restaurants are not much cheaper than this, and are at the same time unbearable as to service.

(Concluded on Page 52)

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XIX

AT NINE o'clock that night Stover eluded Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan and the Tennessee Shad and went across the dusky campus, faintly lit by the low-hanging moon. Past him hundreds of gnomelike figures were scurrying, carrying planks and barrels, while gleeful voices crossed and recrossed.

"There's a whole pile back of Appleby's."

"We've got an oil barrel."

"Burn every fence in the county!"

"Who cares!"

"Where did you get that plank?"

"Up by the Rouse."

"Gee, we'll have a bonfire bigger'n the chapel!"

"More wood, Freshmen!"

"Rotten lot, those Freshmen!"

"Hold up your end, Skinny. Do you think I'm a pack mule?"

Dink pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes and slunk away, not to be recognized. He went in a roundabout way past the chapel. He had just one desire, to stand under the goal-posts they had defended and feel the thrill once more.

"Who's that?" The voice was Tough McCarty's.

"It's me—Dink," said Stover.

"I came down here," said McCarty, appearing from under the goal-posts and hesitating a little, "well, just to feel how it felt again."

"So did I."

Dink stood by the posts, taking one affectionately in his hand, and said curiously: "They tell me, Tough, we held 'em four times inside the ten-yard line."

"Four times, old boy."

"Funny I don't remember but two. Guess I was groggy."

"You didn't show it."

"It was you pulled me through, Tough."

"Rats!"

"What, Only One?" Said Slops, the Bacchanalian

"It was. There at the last, I remember when you gripped me." As this was perilously near sentiment he stopped. "I say, how many of us tackled that fellow the last time?"

"The whole bunch. I say, Dink."

"Yes?"

"Stand out here—that's it, knee to knee. Can't you just feel it behind you?"

"Yes," said Dink, surprised that in the big body there was an imagination akin to his own. Then he said abruptly:

"Tough, I guess there won't be any fight."

"No—not after this."

"What the deuce did we get a grudge for, anyway?"

"I have always liked you, Rinky Dink, but you wouldn't have it."

"I was a mean little varmint!"

"Rats! I say, Dink, we've got two years more on the old team. There's nothing going to get around our end, is there, old boy?"

"You bet there isn't!"

All at once a flame ran up the towering bonfire and belched toward the sky.

"Are you going to let them get you?" said McCarty.

"Me? Oh, no—I can't make a speech!"

"Neither can I!" said Tough mendaciously. "I wouldn't go back there for the world!"

The thin posts stood out against the sheet of flame, gaunt, rigid, imbued with a certain grandeur.

"I say, Dink," said McCarty.

"Yes?"

"I say, we're going to have some great old fights together. But, do you know, I sort of feel this will be the best, after all."

Then a chorus of thin shrieks rose about them. They started half-heartedly to run, pretending fury. A swarm of determined boyhood rushed over them and flung them kicking, struggling into the air.

"Tough McCarty and Dink Stover!"

"We've got 'em!"

"On to the bonfire!"

"They're ours!"

"Hurray!"

"Help!"

"Help! We've got McCarty and Stover!"

Boys by the score came tearing out. The little knot under Dink became a thick, black shadow, rushing forward with hilarious, triumphant shouts. Then all at once he landed all-fours on a cart before the flaming stack,

greeted by fishhorns and rattles, his name shrieked out in a wild acclaim.

"Three cheers for good old Dink!"

"Three cheers for Honest John Stover!"

"Three cheers for the little cuss!"

He drew himself up, fumbling at his cap, terrified at the multiplied faces that danced before his eyes.

"I say, fellows ——"

"Hurray!"

"Good boy!"

"Orator!"

"I say, fellows, I don't see why you've got me up here."

"You don't!"

"We'll show you!"

"Dink, you're the finest ever!"

"You're the stuff!"

"Three cheers for good old Rinky Dink!"

"Fellows, I'm no silver-tongued orator."

"Don't believe it!"

"You are!"

"Fellows, I haven't got anything to say ——"

"That's the stuff!"

"Hurray!"

"Keep it up!"

"Oh, you bulldog!"

"Fellows, they were good ——"

A derisive shout went up.

"Fellows, they were very good ——"

"Yes, they were!"

"Fellows, they were re-markably good—but *they didn't beat the old school team!* That's all."

He dived headlong into the crowd, unaware that he had repeated for the sixth time the oration of the evening.

"Good old Dink! Good old Rinky Dink!"

The cry stuck in his memory all through the jubilant night and long after, when in his delicious bed he tossed and worried over the tackles he had missed.

"It's a bully nickname—bully!" he repeated drowsily, again and again. "It sounds as though they liked you! And Tough McCarty, what a bully chap—bully! We're going to be friends—pals—what a bully fellow! Everything is bully—everything!"

. . . . . .

With the close of the football season and the advent of December, with its scurries of snow and sleet, what might be termed the open season for masters began.

A school of four hundred fellows is a good deal like a shaky monarchy: the football and baseball seasons akin to foreign wars; so long as they last the tranquillity of the state is secure, but with the return of peace fermentation and unrest are due.

The three weeks that lead to the Christmas vacation are too filled with anticipation to be dangerous. It is the long reaches after January fifth, the period of arctic night that settles down until the passing of the muddy month of March, that tries the souls of the keepers of these caged menageries.

Since those days a humane direction has built a gymnasium to lighten the condition of servitude, preserve the health and prolong the lives of the Faculty. But at this time, with the shutting of the door on the treadmills of exercise, the young assistant master arranged his warm wrapper and slippers at the side of his bed and went to sleep with one ear open.

Dink Stover entered this season of mischief with all the ardor and intensity of his nature, the more so because, owing to his weeks of strict training and his virtual isolation of the year before, it was all strange to him. And at that period what is forbidden, dangerous and, above all, untried must be attempted at least once.

Now, owing to the foresight of a wise father, Dink had never been forbidden to smoke. As a consequence, when, at an early age, he practiced upon an old corncob pipe and found it violently disagreed with him, the desire abruptly ceased and, as the athletic ardor came, he consecrated his years to the duty of growing, with not the slightest regret.

But between smoking under permission and squeezing close to a cold-air ventilator, stealthily, in the pin-drop silences of the night, with frightful risks of detection, was all the difference in the world. One was a disagreeable, thoroughly unsympathetic exercise; the other was a romantic, medieval adventure.

So, when Slops Barnett, who roomed below and was the proprietor of a model air flue with direct, perpendicular draught, said to him with an air of mannish *insouciance:*

"I say, old man, I've got a fat box of 'Gyptians. Glad to have you drop in tonight if you like the weed."

Dink answered with blasé familiarity:

"Why, thankee, I've been aching for just a good old coffin-nail."

He slipped down the creaking, nervous stairs, and found Slops luxuriously reclining before the ventilator, on a mattress reënforced by yellow and green sofa pillows that gave the whole somewhat of the devilishly dissipated effect of the scenes from Oriental lands that fascinated him on the covers of cigarette boxes.

The Rain Came Down Unheeded—Nothing Could Add to His Misery

Slops made him a sign in the deaf-and-dumb language to extinguish the light and creep to his side.

"Comfy?" said Slops, whispering from the darkness.

"Out of sight!"

"Here's the filthy weed."

"Thanks."

"Always keep the cig in front of the ventilator," said Slops, applying his lips to Dink's ear. "Get a light from mine. Talk in whispers."

Stover filled his cheeks cautiously and blew out after a sufficient period.

"You inhale?"

"Sure."

"Inhale a cigar?"

"Always."

"It's awful the way I inhale," said Slops with a melancholy sigh. "I'm undermining my constitution. Ever see my hand? Shakes worse'n jelly. Can't help it, though; can't live without the weed. I'm a regular cig fiend!"

Stover, holding his cigarette gingerly, keeping the sickly smoke at the end of his tongue, looked over at Slops' stupid little face, flashing out of the darkness at each puff. He was no longer the useless Slops Barnett, good only to fetch and carry the sweaters of the team, but Barnett, man of the world, versed in deadly practices.

"I say, Slops ——"

"Hist—lower."

"I say, Slops, what would they do if they caught us?"

"Bounce us."

"For good?"

"Sure! P. D. Q."

The cigarette suddenly had a new delight to Dink. He was even tempted to inhale a small, very small puff, but immediately conquered this enthusiastic impulse.

"Isn't this the gay life, though?" said Slops carelessly.

"You bet!" said Dink.

From down the flue came three distinct taps.

"That's the Gutter Pup signaling," said Slops, putting his finger over Dink's mouth. "Bundy is snooping around. Mum's the word."

Presently, as Dink sat there in the darkness, trying desperately to breathe noiselessly, the sound of slipping footsteps was heard in the hall. Slops' hand closed over his. The steps stopped directly outside their door, waited a long moment and went on.

"Bundy?" said Dink in a whisper.

"Yes."

"Why did he stop?"

"He's got me spotted. He's seen the nicotine on my finger," said Slops, showing a finger under a sudden glow of his cigarette.

Half an hour later when Dink crept up the stairs, homeward bound, he swelled with a new sensation. Yesterday was months away—then he was a boy; now that he had smoked up a cold-air ventilator, with Bundy outwitted by the door, he had aged with a jump—at last a man.

The next week he added to his stature by going to P. Lentz' room for a midnight session of the national game, where, after a titanic struggle of three hours, he won the colossal sum of forty-eight cents.

Having sunk to these depths he began to listen to the Sunday sermons with a thrill of personal delight—there being not the slightest doubt that they were directly launched at him. Sometimes he wondered how the Doctor and The Roman could remain ignorant of the extent of his debauches, his transgressions were so daring and complete. He stood shivering up the Trenton road, under the shadow of an icy trunk, on Sunday mornings, and met Blinky, the one-eyed purveyor of illicit cigarettes and forbidden Sunday newspapers, which had to be wrapped around his body and smuggled under a sweater.

Secretly he rubbed iodine on his fingers to simulate the vicious stain of nicotine that was such a precious ornament to Slops' squat fingers. Only one thing distressed him, and that was his invincible dislike for the cigarette itself.

Being now a celebrity, many doors were thrown invitingly open to him, invitations that flattered him, without his making a distinction. He went over to the Upper at times and into rooms where he had no business, immensely proud that he was called in to share the delights and liberties of the lords of the school.

At the Kennedy he was in constant rebellion against established precedent, constantly called below to be lectured by The Roman. In revenge for which at night he made the life of Mr. Bundy one of constant insomnia, and, by soaping the stairs or strewing tacks in the hall, seriously interfered with that inexperienced young gentleman's nightly exercises.

The deeper he went the deeper he was determined to go; doggedly imagining that the whole Faculty, led by The Roman, were bending every effort to bring him down and convict him.

The Tennessee Shad had no inclinations toward sporting life—greatly to Stover's surprise. When Dink urged him to join the clandestine parties he only yawned in a bored way.

"Come on now, Shad, be a sport," said Dink, repeating the stock phrase.

"You're not sports," said the Tennessee Shad in languid derision, "you're bluffs. Besides, I've been all through it, two years ago. Hurry up with your dead-game sporting phase, if you've got to, but get through it; 'cause now you're nothing but a nuisance."

Dink felt considerably grieved at his roommate's flippant attitude toward his career of vice. Secretly, he felt that a word of kindly remonstrance, some friendly effort to pull him back from the frightful abyss into which he was sinking, would have been more like a friend and a roommate.

This same callous indifference to the fate of his roommate's soul so incensed Stover that, to bring before the Shad's eyes the really desperate state of his morals, he appointed a Welsh-rabbit party in their room for the following night.

"Don't mind, do you?" he said carelessly.

"Not if I don't have to eat it!"

"It's going to be a real one," said Stover, making a distinction.

"Come off!"

"Fact. It is not going to be flavored with rootbeer, toothwash, condensed milk or russet polish; it is going to be the genuine, satisfaction guaranteed or you get your money back."

"With beer?"

"Exactly."

"Yes it is!"

"It is."

"Where'll you get it?"

"I have ways."

"Oh," said the Tennessee Shad sarcastically, "this is one of your real sporting-life parties, is it?"

Stover disdained to answer.

"Is that bunch of slums going to be here?"

"Are you referring to my friends?" said Stover.

"I am," said the Tennessee Shad, "and all I ask, while this feast of bacchanalian orgies is going on, is that I be allowed to sleep."

At eleven o'clock Stover, holding his shoes in his hand, went down the stairs to meet Slops in Fatty Harris' room and thence into the outlawed night. They stole over the crinkling snow, burying their noses in their sweaters, until, having climbed several fences, they arrived behind a shed of particularly cavernous appearance.

"Make the signal," said Slops, sheltering himself behind Stover.

Blinky appeared like a monster of the night.

"Hist, Blinky, O. K.?" said Slops, who, having his shoulder to Dink's, recovered his sporting manner. "Got the booze?"

"I got it," said Blinky in husky accents, with his hand behind his back. "What yous got?"

"The cash is here all right. How many bots did you bring?" Blinky slowly brought forward one bottle.

"What, only one?" said Slops, the bacchanalian, in dismay.

"All's left," said Blinky, with a double meaning.

"How much?"

"One dollar."

"What! You robber!"

"Take it or leave it—don't care," said Blinky, who sat down and hugged the bottle to him like a baby.

They paid the extortion and slunk back.

"We'll have to cook up a story," said Dink.

"Sure!"

"Still, it's beer."

"It certainly is!"

"It's expulsion if we're caught."

"And a penal offense, don't forget that!"

Somewhat consoled by this delightful thought they cautiously tapped on Fatty Harris' window and, removing their boots, tiptoed upstairs like anarchists with a price on their heads.

In Stover's room three more desperate characters were waiting about the chafing-dish—Fatty Harris, Slush Randolph and Pee-wee Norris—all determined on a life of crime, but all slightly nervous.

The Tennessee Shad, rolled into a ball on his bed, was venting his scorn with an occasional snore.

Stover held up the lonely bottle.

"Is that all?" cried the three in indignant whispers.

"All, and mighty lucky to get that," said Dink valiantly. "We were chased by the constable, terrific time, pounced on us, desperate struggle, just got away with our skins."

At this a distinct snort was heard from the direction of the Tennessee Shad's bed.

"I say, isn't it rather—rather dangerous?" said Pee-wee Norris, with his ears horribly strained.

"What of it?"

"Suppose he goes to the Doctor?"

"We'll have to take the risk."

"I say, though, let's be quick about it."

An uncongenial chill began to pervade the room. Fatty Harris, as master cook, visibly hastened the operations.

The Tennessee Shad was now heard to say in a mumbled jumble:

"Hurrah for crime! Never say die, boys—dead-game sports—give us a drink, bartender!"

The revelers stood at the bed looking wrathfully down at the cynic, who snored heavily and said drowsily:

"Talks in his sleep, he talks in his sleep, poor old Poll"

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Stover angrily. "He's a cheap wit. What are you doing at the door, Pee-wee?"

"I'm listening," said Norris, turning guiltily.

"You're afraid!"

"I'm not; only let's hurry it up."

Fatty Harris, watching the swirling yellow depths of the rabbit with evident anxiety, emptied a third of the beer into it and held out the bottle, saying:

"Sports, fill up the glasses with the good old liquor."

When the three glasses and two toothmugs had received their exact portion of the bitter stuff, which had been allowed to foam copiously in order to eke out, the five desperadoes solemnly touched glasses, and Slops Barnett, who had visited in Princeton, led them in that whispered toast that is the acme of devilment:

"Then stand by your glasses steady,
This world is a world full of lies.
Then here's to the dead already dead,
And here's to the next man who dies!"

It was terrific. Stover, quite moved, looked about the circle, thought that Pee-wee looked the nearest to the earthworm and repeated solemnly: "To the next man who dies."

At this moment the Tennessee Shad was heard derisively intoning:

"Ring around a rosie,
Pocket full of posie.
Oats, peas, beans and barley grows.
Open the ring and take her in
And kiss her when you get her in!"

They paid no heed. They felt too acutely the solemnity of life and the fleeting hour of pleasure to be deterred by even the lathery aspect of their own faces, which emerged from the suds of the beer ready for the barber.

"Dish out the bunny," said Slops, putting down his mug with a reckless look.

Suddenly there came an impressive knock and the voice of Mr. Bundy, saying:

"Open the door, Stover!"

In a trice the revelry broke up, the telltale bottle and glasses were stowed under the window-seat, the visiting sporting gentlemen precipitately groveled to places of concealment, and Stover extinguished the lights and softly stole into bed.

"Open the door at once!"

"Who's there?" said Dink with a start.

"Open the door!"

All sleepy innocence Dink opened the door, rubbing his eyes at the sudden glow.

"Up after lights?" said Mr. Bundy, marching in.

"I, sir?" said Dink, astounded.

All at once Mr. Bundy perceived the chafing-dish and descended upon it. Stover's heart sank—if he tasted it they were lost; no power could save them. Mr. Bundy turned and surveyed the room; one by one the terrified roués were all dragged forth and recognized, while the Tennessee Shad sat on the edge of his bed, reflectively sharpening his fingers on the pointed knee-caps.

Then, to the horror of all, Mr. Bundy, sniffing the chafing-dish, inserted a spoon and tasted it. Immediately he set the spoon down with a crash, gave a furious glance at Stover and departed, after ordering them to go to their rooms.

The dead-game sports, white and shaky, went without stopping.

"They're a fine sample of vicious bounders, they are!" said the Tennessee Shad. "Bet that Slops Barnett is weeping to his pillow now!"

"I'm sorry I got you into this," said Stover gloomily.

"You've brought my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave!" said the Tennessee Shad solemnly.

"Don't jest," said Dink in a still voice. "It's all up with me, but I'll square you."

"Don't worry," said the Tennessee Shad, smiling. "I may not be a tin sport, but I keep my thinker going all the time."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean you'll get twigged for a midnight spread, that's all."

"But the beer. Bundy tasted the beer."

"Taste it yourself," said the Tennessee Shad, with a wave of his hand.

Stover hurriedly dipped in a spoon, tasted it and uttered an execration.

"Murder! what did you put in it?"

"About half a bottle of horse liniment," said the Tennessee Shad, crawling back into bed. "Only, don't tell the others if you want to see how much dead-game sportiness there is in them by tomorrow morning."

The affair made a great noise and, as Stover suppressed the transformation worked by the Tennessee Shad, Slops Barnett and his companions did not exactly show those qualities of Stoic resignation that might be expected from brazen characters with their view of life.

Meanwhile, the skies cleared and the earth hardened, and the air resounded with the cries of baseball candidates.

Much to his surprise, Dink found at the end of the strenuous day no impelling desire to plunge into fast life. Still the conviction remained for a long time that his soul had been surrendered, that not only was he destined for the gallows in this world, but that only the prayers of his mother might save him from being irrevocably damned in the next. It was a terrific thought, and yet it brought a certain pleasure. He was different from the rest. He was a man of the world. He had known—*LIFE!*

The episode ended as episodes in the young days end—in a laugh.

"I say, Dink," said the Tennessee Shad one afternoon in April, as, gloriously reveling on the warm turf, they watched the Varsity nine.

"Say it."

"In your dead-game sporting days—did you ever, by chance—paint your nicotine finger with iodine?"

"How in blazes did you know?"

"Used to do it myself," said the Shad reminiscently. Then he added: "Thought yourself a lost soul?"

Stover began to laugh.

"All alone in a cold, cold world—wicked, very wicked?"

"Perhaps."

"And it was rather a nice feeling, too, wasn't it?"

"I didn't know you ——" said Dink, blushing to find himself back in the common herd.

"Me, too," said the Tennessee Shad, sucking a straw. "Good old sporting days!" Presently he began mischievously:

"Then stand by your glasses steady,
This world is a——"

But here Dink, rising up, tumbled him over.

XX

WITH the complete arrival of the spring came also a lessening of Dink's requested appearances at Faculty meetings, his little evening chats in The Roman's study on matters of disciplinary interpretation and the occasional summons through the gates of Avernus to quail before the all-seeing eye.

It was not that the spirit of Spartacus was faint, or that his enmity had weakened toward The Roman—who, of course, without the slightest doubt, was always the persecutor responsible for his summons before the courts of injustice. The truth was, Stover had suddenly begun to age and to desire to put from himself youthful things. This extraordinary phenomenon that somehow does happen was in some measure a reflex action. Ever since the stormy afternoon on which he had decided against his own eleven, he had slowly come to realize that he had won a peculiar place in the estimation of the school—somewhat of the dignity of the incorruptible judges that existed in former days. He became in a small way a sort of court of arbitration before which questions of more or less gravity were submitted. This deference at first embarrassed, then amused, then finally pleased him with an acute, mannish pleasure.

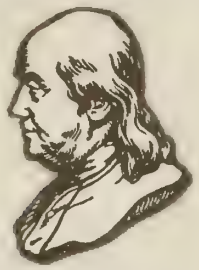
The consequence was that Stover, who had up to this time only looked forward and up at the majestic shadows of the Fourth and Fifth Formers, now looked backward and down, and became pleasurably aware that leagues below him was the large body of the First and Second Forms. Having perceived this new adjustment he woke with a start and, rubbing his eyes, took stock of his amazing knowledge of life and again said to himself that now, finally, he certainly must have arrived at man's estate.

On top of which, having been asked to referee several disputes in his character of Honest John Stover, Dink,

(Continued on Page 49)

To the Horror of All, Mr. Bundy Inserted a Spoon and Tasted It

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1910

Insurgents and the Railroad Bill

WHEN the President's railroad bill was reported to the Senate, over two months ago, Senators Cummins and Clapp filed certain insurgent objections to it. The bill proposed to create a new court, with five judges, to have especial jurisdiction of appeals made by the railroads from rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In three years and a half only twenty-six cases such as would come under the jurisdiction of the new court actually arose. "It seems to us indefensible," said the objectors, "to put upon taxpayers the burden of maintaining such a court under such circumstances." Appeals from the Commission may now be heard in any United States Circuit Court. To segregate such appeals in a special court would tend, in the objectors' opinion, to make that court a target for railroad influence.

More objectionable, the insurgents think, is that provision of the bill which makes it the exclusive duty of the Attorney-General to defend rulings of the Commission from which railroads appeal. At present, when shippers attack a rate and the Commission decides in their favor and the railroads appeal from the Commission to the courts, the Commission itself is the defendant in the court proceedings. Its practice has been to employ, as special counsel, the leading attorney for the shippers. Thus in court proceedings the shippers are represented by their own counsel, who is thoroughly familiar with their side of the case. Under the new bill, rulings of the Commission when taken into court would be defended not by the Commission itself, employing the shippers' counsel, but exclusively by the Department of Justice. "If that Department," said Messrs. Cummins and Clapp, "should happen to think that the Commission was wrong in its order it would, of course, not defend, but allow final judgment to be entered in favor of the railroad—thus constantly presenting the spectacle of a review of the orders of the Commission, not by a court, but by the Department of Justice."

Over three hundred lines of the bill are devoted to exceedingly intricate provisions, the general purpose of which is to prevent stock-watering—a purpose, the insurgents think, that might be accomplished with far greater certainty by far simpler phraseology.

Other objections have been raised. Those that run against the provision permitting the roads to make traffic agreements have attracted most attention, but are really least important; for the roads will make traffic agreements anyhow, as they always have done. Aside from that feature there is much in the bill concerning which honest and intelligent men may reasonably differ. Why it should be considered the sacred duty of the insurgents to shut their eyes and swallow the bill whole, because the President and Attorney-General approved it, we are unable to see—even after reading Mr. Wickersham's Chicago speech.

When Railroads Really Compete

LITTLE noticed by the public, a most extraordinary thing has been taking place in the railroad world. For many years the rate on imported goods from Boston to Chicago was six cents higher than the rate from Philadelphia to Chicago. Several months ago the Boston & Maine became dissatisfied with this "differential" and cut the rate from Boston to attract imports to that port. The Pennsylvania thereupon promptly cut the Philadelphia rate in order to reëstablish the ancient six-cent "differential." The New England line cut again; so did the Pennsylvania. In short, here was actual, old-fashioned, out-and-out competition between railroads—that competition which our laws seem so anxious to preserve or reëstablish.

But observe what followed. The progressive cutting of freight rates on imported goods between the seaboard and Chicago reached a point where it threatened to undermine the tariff wall—the lower carrying charges applying only to imports. On that ground, we read, President Taft himself was appealed to, and at his instance the Interstate Commerce Commission induced the railroads to suspend hostilities—that is, to stop competing. But when hostilities were suspended the Boston differential was below the old six-cent mark. Philadelphia and Baltimore lines insisted that it must be restored. As the railroads themselves could not agree they called upon various representative trade bodies of the affected cities to make an agreement for them. But the trade bodies could not agree either. Probably the Interstate Commerce Commission will have to settle the question; for when it comes right down to a tangible instance like this, every sensible person realizes that the competition must be stopped at all hazards.

How to Promote Art Cheaply

ART rises in popular favor day by day. Nearly every considerable city now has an expert commission to guide its willing feet in the path of beauty. But usually, though the city is keen enough for the path, it is somewhat staggered by the toll. Statues and paintings—even modern ones by native artists—cost something, and though art be long, the American municipal exchequer is chronically short.

Municipally speaking, we need to get a great deal of beauty for our money; and some recent utterances by the art commission at Washington suggest a most hopeful method of accomplishing that result.

Every competent critic will agree that the beauty of the national capitol may be greatly enhanced at an expense not exceeding twenty dollars. Four common laborers, at two dollars a day, armed with sledge-hammers and set at work upon the painful effigies in Statuary Hall, could accomplish more for American art in twenty-four hours than any eight sculptors could in twice the time. We are not acquainted with any American city that could not make itself more beautiful by simply purchasing half a dozen sticks of dynamite and directing that the same be exploded under certain public monuments. Indeed, next to St. Gaudens' Lincoln, Chicago's finest achievement in the statuary line consists of scraping a stodgy bronze Columbus. But only in some such rare and excruciating emergency does any city have the courage to beautify itself with a hammer.

Will Washington lead the way?

Our municipal art is regrettably prejudiced in favor of portrait statues—a difficult field, especially with modern costumes. To every city that is struggling to realize itself artistically we wish Mr. Carnegie would give something different—say, the symbolical figure of a strong workman with a heavy sledge-hammer.

At Last a Tariff Commission

A YEAR ago Congress treated the idea of an expert, non-partisan tariff commission with contempt. The only way to frame a tariff act, it insisted, was to learn the wishes of the various protected interests and then swop so many iron votes for so many lumber votes, and so many wool votes for so many cotton. That method was very popular in Washington, and an expert, unpolitical, voteless commission, digging into cost of production and so on, would obviously mix it all up.

As a sop to the President, Congress did permit him to appoint a tariff board, which was supported by a small appropriation, but it added that the board should confine itself to questions of discrimination against American products abroad.

The other day the House, on motion of Mr. Tawney, appropriated a quarter of a million dollars for the board and expressly authorized it to ascertain the difference in cost of production here and abroad of all articles covered by the tariff. In other words, it embraced that very idea of an expert, non-partisan tariff commission toward which it had been so chilly a year before.

Meanwhile, of course, Congress had been hearing from the country and it had learned that the political, log-rolling tariff method, although popular in Washington, was decidedly unpopular nearly everywhere else. When making laws Congress lives in Washington, and Washington, to a considerable extent, lives on Congress. Thus there is created a peculiar local atmosphere in which almost everything that Congress may do appears to be warmly supported by the people. Indeed, many members of that body are still astonished because their constituencies are so strangely out of harmony with public opinion as it exists in the committee-rooms, clubs and restaurants of the capital. For this failure on the part of the people to understand real public opinion they are inclined to blame the newspapers.

Savings in the United States

OF THE total population of Belgium, France, Germany and Japan nearly one-third have savings-bank accounts, and of England over one-fourth; while in the United States only one person out of ten is a savings-bank depositor. Moreover, sixty per cent of all the savings-bank depositors in the United States and sixty per cent of all the savings deposits are in three states—Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Outside of those three states we have only one savings-bank depositor to every twenty-four inhabitants, and the average savings-bank deposit per capita is about sixteen dollars. This record is beaten by Hungary, where one person out of twelve is a savings depositor, and the average deposit per capita is nineteen dollars. Indeed, among great Powers, Russia alone fails to beat it.

It is easy to say that the heavy savings deposits in the three states named are due to their large industrial population. But Ohio, for example, is a greater industrial state than Connecticut, yet has fewer savings depositors and only forty per cent of the aggregate of savings deposits. The mutual savings banks, which are practically public institutions, have developed, comparatively speaking, the full saving power of the three states. In many other states that power is more imperfectly developed. To develop it in every practicable way is an art of true economic statesmanship. We are very glad to hear a report that the American Bankers' Association is likely to drop its short-sighted opposition to postal savings banks. But reports of our Bourbon friends in the House of Representatives who have the postal savings bill in hand are somewhat less cheering.

The Case of Ballinger

IN THE long Ballinger investigation a ton or so of evidence has been presented. Much of it is of a technical sort, difficult for the uninstructed layman to appraise and weigh. Not a little of it is squarely contradictory. The newspapers have published only brief excerpts, usually selecting whatever seemed most dramatic or picturesque. Perhaps not a hundred persons outside the committee-room are really qualified to form a judgment based upon the whole testimony.

But a few facts nearly everybody knows—namely, that Pinchot, a zealous public servant, opposed the Cunningham claims; that Secretary Garfield also opposed them; that Ballinger, before his appointment as Secretary of the Interior, acted as attorney for some of the Cunningham claimants; that the Guggenheims had made a tentative agreement with those claimants to supply capital for the development of the coal claims, in consideration of a half interest therein.

Upon those facts, probably, public opinion will be formed—in the middle a valuable body of public lands; on the one side Pinchot, deservedly popular; on the other side the Guggenheims, deservedly less popular. In this very simple setting of the case Secretary Ballinger appears on the Guggenheim side. Eminent legal authority asserts that the law also is on the Guggenheim side and, so far as any evidence shows, the Guggenheims in fact withdrew from the enterprise some time ago. But it is doubtful how much weight, in public opinion, the latter two circumstances may have.

For the Old Homestead

ENGLAND produces twice as much wheat to the acre as we do, and in twenty years the average yield per acre has risen seven per cent. In Ireland, in forty years, the average yield has risen fifty-five per cent. But in the period named the English wheat acreage has declined twenty-five per cent and the Irish eighty per cent. That the increased yield per acre is partly due to the abandonment of less productive land seems probable.

Within three hours' ride of New York City, in what was once the second wheat-producing county in the United States, only two village houses have been erected in forty years, and the population is said to resemble that of a home for the aged. About as near to the city, farm lands once worth a hundred dollars an acre may be had, with buildings, for less than half that. Indeed, President Brown, of the New York Central, says that very good land within sight of the State Agricultural College may be bought for twenty dollars an acre.

Nearly every city clerk dreams of a farm nowadays and reads, perhaps, of some of the newer agricultural enterprises—oranges in California, onions in Texas, apples in Washington, peaches in Colorado, and so on. May there not be a chance for him on the old New York or New England homestead in plain old wheat-raising, guided by modern, intensive methods?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Currency Doctor

RISING negligently at his desk in the House of Representatives one afternoon not so long ago, the Honorable Charles Newell Fowler, of New Jersey, exuded some 123,380 words on the subject of a Financial and Banking System for the United States. Those who know Mr. Fowler, and have followed his career, were astonished he did not make it an even 200,000 just for luck; but he did not. He restrained himself. What he had in mind for that afternoon was a mere paragraph of 123,380 words, and he heroically held himself down to those few remarks.

To be sure, the Honorable Charles Newell Fowler did not exude the 123,380 vocally, then and there. He wanted to, but the House of Representatives wouldn't stand for it. It was the unanimous opinion that one vocal hour would be about all for Charles, and the rest of it might be extended in the Congressional Record, where, two days later, said extension took place to the extent of seventy-eight of those sprightly pages. This was a sad blow for Charles, for it would have afforded him keen delight to hurl each angular one of those 123,380 words at the head of the ancient Speaker, provided the Speaker would have left his head within hurling distance, which he would not. Still, as the Naval Appropriations Bill was under consideration and other patriots had several topics to talk about, such as Government lands, and the tariff, and the rules, an hour was all that could be spared.

You will understand from this little foray into oratory by Charles that he is somewhat of a financial authority. He is. He understands all about Finance from wampum to clearing-house certificates. He is the sole author of a bill to establish a complete financial and banking system for the United States, penned by his own hand, and also the author of a bill creating a currency commission. Embodying, as they did, the very last word on these complicated subjects and affording immediate relief, should they be incorporated into law, it has so fallen out that about all this eminent economic enthusiast has been able to do toward bringing about said relief is to stand up and make an occasional brief exposition of his theories, like that compact little slug of 123,380 words. The fact is that they are working Mr. Fowler in the House of Representatives under a strong pull, as the racing men would say. Or, still lingering in the realm of sports, every time Mr. Fowler tries to make a shot they put the reverse English on him. It is probably not a betrayal of confidence to write that Mr. Financial Fowler does not like Mr. Speaker Cannon, nor is it more than a loosely guarded secret that Mr. Speaker Cannon isn't particularly strong for Mr. Financial Fowler. Up to date Mr. Speaker Cannon has had the better of it, still retaining a modicum of his czarish powers. Indeed, it is quite possible that so long as any of the present persons remain in control of our legislative destinies, at either end of the Capitol, Mr. Fowler's reform of our currency and banking system will be entirely declamatory.

The Student Turns Reformer

AMONG the various brands of reform affected by our leading reformers there is none more popular than reform of our currency and banking system. You can dig up a financial reformer who has the panacea in his head, at his fingers' ends and scribbled on the back of an envelope, at almost any crossroads, and you couldn't get all the pamphlets and books written on this subject, by persons who have the only genuine cure, into Madison Square Garden if you stood them up edgeways. It seems unhappily the case that so soon as a man begins to study our financial system he, simultaneously, discovers a cure. Also, he begins to talk and write on the subject. Also, again, he is convinced that his is the only way.

It happens that, for some time previously to the present Congress, Mr. Fowler was chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency. It happens that Mr. Fowler is not chairman of that committee at the moment, and reposes snugly in the Committee on Insular Affairs, down low on the list. The reason is simple. When Speaker Cannon made up his committees for the present Congress he left Mr. Fowler off, put the kibosh on him, as it were, and stuck Mr. Vreeland in the eminent place occupied by Mr. Fowler, Mr. Vreeland being a financial authority himself, but coördinating more closely than Fowler to the ideas of Uncle Joe.

Now, Fowler, being a student of finance, became, ere long, a reformer of finance. He formulated his reform. Then, as chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency and in various oratorical episodes, he remarked that he had the only Simon-pure cure, all others being spurious, and none genuine without the sign manual of Doctor Fowler. It worked with him just as it has worked since the days when some prehistoric financial reformer wanted to reduce the issue of clamshells and put out more arrowheads as the medium of exchange, and proclaimed that his method was the only way to get things on a scientific basis.

Mr. Fowler was sure. Others were not so sure. Then came along the plan for a monetary commission, hailed with great delight by the celebrated Nelson W. Aldrich as the haven of rest for him after his many weary years in the Senatorial harness. Mr. Aldrich had his plan. Mr. Fowler merely said, in a few mild paragraphs of several thousand words each, that what Mr. Aldrich proposed was barbaric, ignorant, unscientific and un-Fowlerian, and he insisted on the Fowler method. The result of it all was that Mr. Aldrich had his way, that Mr. Fowler was deposed as chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and that, after a period of introspection in his New Jersey home, Mr. Fowler handed to the press one night a few remarks concerning the venerable Speaker, in which he called the Speaker every name in the dictionary down to zopilote, explaining, casually, that in addition to all this the right way to reform the currency was the Fowler way, and none other.

Mr. Fowler is an earnest man. He is about as humorous as a protested note. Convinced that the Fowler way is the real way, he had nothing to say about the monetary-commission legislation except that it is ignorant, iniquitous and repudiated, and that what he announced on this subject went double for N. W. Aldrich and J. G. Cannon.

So he bided his time, and then came that afternoon when he got the floor. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I deem it my duty, as I deem it the duty of every other man who has given the subject serious study, to come forward and present my views on this all-important subject"; and he came forward and presented his views to the extent of 123,380 words, and had, in reserve, a few more views—say about two million more words' worth. Passing rapidly from the opening sentence to appendix forty-six of said views I can only say that if there is any species of currency that is not reformed in that effort it is poor, worthless, depleted, shiftless currency, and cannot be reformed anywhere or anyhow.

But that was not all that was concerning the mind of Mr. Fowler. In the moments of leisure he allowed himself during the arrangement of his 123,380 words in serried ranks he had a few other thoughts, principally on the subject of his former friend, but present obsession, Joseph G. Cannon. Having participated in the warfare, as an insurgent, on the afternoon when they tore Uncle Joe from the Rules Committee, he demanded more. One morning he arose and announced he had a question of the highest privilege to present to the House. It turned out to be a simple little resolution that did nothing but take away all the committee-appointing power from the Speaker and give that power to the House. "What," Fowler undoubtedly thought, "is the use of chopping off merely a casual leg or arm from the Speaker? Why not decapitate him and be done with it?" Of course he didn't get anywhere, but his intentions were good just the same.

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Called the Speaker Every Name in the Dictionary

A Conservative Captain

CLARENCE MOORE, M. F. H. of the Chevy Chase Hunt, lives in the summertime on the North Shore of Massachusetts.

He is much impressed with the extreme conservatism of the sailor folk thereabout. One summer some friends of his came up the coast in a yacht. It was a mighty rough trip. There were times when it looked like shipwreck. But, finally, they got into the harbor and slid alongside a float. The captain was reaching out with a boathook to get a ring, and when the hook was halfway to the ring one of the men aboard said: "Well, we're all right now—eh, Captain?" "So fur," said the captain.

An Irrelevant Question

A MAN who had a country place on Long Island came to New York one morning to do a little speculating. He was a great believer in tips.

On the ferryboat it came to him that he had had, somehow, a tip on oats. He couldn't remember just what it was, but somebody had told him to buy oats. So, when he reached his broker's office, he looked into oats a bit and bought some. Oats was active. He pyramided skillfully and by the close of the market was seven thousand dollars ahead.

Of course such luck as that had to be celebrated, and it was. As the celebration went on the oats-buyer told the story several times and each time took on importance in the recital as an oats-buyer, until he finally became the Oats King. He reached his railroad station somewhat late and found his stableman waiting for him with a trap.

"By the way," said the stableman, "did you remember to get that five bushels of oats I asked you to buy this morning?"

The Silent Offender

TWO golfers at Pinehurst, one of them an amateur who had been runner-up in several big tournaments, were starting out, and a friend from Chicago, who was leaving that afternoon and had packed his clubs, started to walk around with them.

"You can go," said the classy amateur, "if you won't talk. You've got to keep quiet."

They started. The tournament player hooked his drive into the high grass off the first tee, had a lot of trouble getting it out, made a bad put when he did reach the green and, all in all, looked a fearful duffer.

He topped his ball on the second tee and it rolled off a few feet. The friend from Chicago was standing by. He had not said a word.

"Dod-gast you!" shouted the unlucky amateur. "I know you haven't said anything; but stop your thinking!"

The Hall of Fame

℄ Ambassador Bryce, from England, dotes on heroic poetry.

℄ Representative Duncan E. McKinlay, of California, began life as a carriage-painter at Flint, Michigan.

℄ Representative Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of Colonel Roosevelt, plays the violin, the piano, the oboe, the saxophone and squash.

℄ William B. Hibbs, the big Washington broker and owner of the Hibbs Building, has a special greenhouse at his country place at Leesburg, Virginia, for mint.

℄ Senator Frank Brandegee, of Connecticut, collects Colonial furniture, but he isn't fussy about it. He is never so happy as when one of his guests breaks through a lovely old chair—except when one of his guests doesn't.

℄ Washington is familiar with great men. Mr. Justice Harlan, Samuel Gompers, Admiral W. S. Schley, Attorney-General Wickersham and General Clarence Edwards were all on the very short block on Fifteenth Street between G and New York Avenue, at the same time the other day, and not a passerby turned to take a second look.

The Best of All

"THE tomato," says Professor Charles Wickenham of Guy's Hospital, London, "is the best of all vegetables as an article of diet.

"It is a food for the athlete, and a delicious dish for the invalid; a food for the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the leisurely and the laboring. For the sick, especially if they suffer from stomach troubles, it is a gift from heaven."

All that this wise doctor says is doubly true of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Our farm is right near our factory so that we can pick the finest and freshest tomatoes, red-ripe from the vines every day. Such quality and flavor are impossible to obtain in tomatoes picked green and transported on trains.

Our improved condensing process—exclusive with us—preserves all the original life and flavor of this sound and perfect fruit. And its nourishing properties are heightened by blending with other fine ingredients of equally perfect quality.

You could not obtain such an ideal food in any other form for many times the price.

All Campbell's Soups are sold "money back if you want it." Why not send your grocer a trial order today?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

There's hardly a day when Campbell's Menu Book doesn't come in handy. We'd like to send you a copy free.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Don't interrupt me. I'm busy.
Go play with Lucy and Lizzie.
But give me enough
Of this Campbell's Soup stuff,
And I'll waltz the three of
you dizzy.

The Senator's Secretary

MR. TAMA JIM WILSON, our permanent Secretary of Agriculture, recently came marching boldly to the front with a cure for the present high cost of living. "Eat muskrats," said Tama Jim. "They are fine, fruity animals, found in almost every locality, and they can be rendered into various toothsome dishes.

"It is my opinion," he said, "that if more of our people, instead of foolishly requiring beef and mutton and lamb and pork, with an occasional mad dash after a chicken, would eat muskrats—and there can be no more delightful morsel—there would be less talk of the inability to get good food at reasonable prices. The economic value of the muskrat has been greatly underestimated. Many a man who has toiled and moiled to secure meat for his family might get the benefits of fresh air and outdoor exercise by going out and trapping a few muskrats and bringing them home to grace his table, as well as sustain his family, at slight expense. It has been declared by a writer that the muskrat is game worthy of an epicure and, indeed, a number of persons have likened its flavor to that of the famous terrapin of the Chesapeake. Go to it," he concluded; "catch a few muskrats and eat them. Never mind the musk. Think only of the rat."

Then Tama Jim suggested a few ways for cooking muskrats, and it does not require the imaginative eye to see the denizens of the great cities industriously hunting the succulent muskrat wherever it may occur among the busy marts of trade. It is expected that Mr. Wilson will come along in a few days with some remarks on the woodchuck, which every boy who lived in the country cooked once, at any rate, when camping out. It is quite likely that if Tama Jim can get the muskrat and the woodchuck popularized he will have done much to relieve the widespread dissatisfaction caused by the high cost of the necessities of life, and will, thereby, put over something tangible and concrete for the Administration to which he belongs—the first tangible and concrete aid rendered by any member of the present Cabinet along those lines, by the way.

The Perpetuity of Tama Jim

Nor is this all. Recently Tama Jim put out a cookbook, not containing his muskrat recipes, but containing many ways to cook other foods, and the demand was so great there was almost instantly a new printing. This, also, helped some by way of making the people think this Administration has not gone entirely to the bow-wows, and thereby Tama Jim acquired great merit, especially in that portion of the press that has been nobly struggling to say a few kind words about the present outfit, and has been finding subjects on which to hang those pleasant garlands few and far between.

So far as the Secretary is concerned he seems as irremovably cemented to his job as hitherto. There are constant rumors that this man or that man has been selected to succeed him. It was said at the beginning of the Taft Administration that Mr. Wilson's ambition was to serve but another year, which would make thirteen consecutive ones for him as a Cabinet member, thus beating all records—and that he would then retire. Undoubtedly, it was Wilson's ambition to serve longer than any other as a Cabinet member, but after he achieved that ambition there seemed to be no disposition—either on his part to stop, or on the part of the President to stop him there. On the contrary, it now appears that the old Scotchman will stay in the Cabinet as long as Taft stays at the head of the Government—a situation, not to put too fine a point on it, that Wilson himself has fostered with exceeding skill.

The mind of this astute old Scotchman has lost none of its vigor. He has no desire to quit public life and go back to Iowa to live. Nor, indeed, has he any intention of doing that thing. The farmers are behind him. When you come to think how large a percentage of the vote in the normally Republican states is farmer vote it will occur to the most superficial observer of politics that in these times of insurgency, revolt, unrest and general soreness nothing that will offend the farmers will be done purposely, especially when it is just as easy to retain Tama Jim as it would be to let him go—in fact, a great deal easier; for it is likely Mr. Wilson would make a protest that would cause a good deal of trouble, inasmuch as he has come to think there is something in the Constitution that guarantees him control of the Department of Agriculture for ever and ever.

So far as Congressional politics is concerned, it became apparent during the long and oftentimes absurd debate on the railroad bill, in both House and Senate, that neither the Republicans nor the Democrats in Senate or House seem to have a working majority. Of course there is, in reality, so far as political affiliations go, or party brand, a Republican majority in the House and one in the Senate; but there are enough insurgents in each chamber to make the Republican supremacy on any question doubtful if the progressives choose to vote with the Democrats. Similarly, there is a disposition to stray a bit among some of the Democrats, so that in the sense of a compact organization on either side, an organization that will vote unitedly, neither party can control its votes.

If the House Goes Democratic

Congressional conditions in early May were chaotic. The few regular leaders of the Republicans in the Senate and House worked incessantly to accomplish something, but the rank and file apparently did not care whether school kept or not. The discussion of the railroad bill, which is one of Mr. Taft's particular measures, was desultory, and amendments were adopted or defeated in a haphazard manner, usually by combinations of Democrats and Republicans voting together. Of course, the plan of the Democrats was to load the bills up with any foolish sort of an amendment that came along, just to make it more difficult for the Republicans; but, at that, nobody seemed to care, and there were many votes taken, especially in the House, when the members, or a lot of them, did not know what they were voting on, and did not care.

The Democratic leadership in the House is not particularly brilliant. Champ Clark, who is a good speaker, a good fellow, and a good fighter, is not a good parliamentarian. The three Democrats who are strongest are Underwood, of Alabama, Sherley, of Kentucky, and Fitzgerald of New York. Fitzgerald is the better parliamentarian.

The idea is that the Democrats, if they do get control, will have to do something along the lines of tariff revision. The Republicans will goad them into it if they do not take the initial steps themselves. Then, the Republicans assert, the true tariff condition of the Democratic party, as it is represented in Congress, will come out, for there is no doubt that there is a great deal of protection sentiment among the Democrats, and especially among the Southern Democrats. The Republican argument is that when the Democratic party gets to making a tariff for revenue only it will find itself in a mess that will help the Republicans in the election that will follow, in 1912, when a President will be elected as well as another House.

But, harking back a bit, the entire debate on the railroad bill and the other Taft measures showed how little impress Mr. Taft has made on the Congress. His recommendations were received with indifference. There is no doubt the Republican leaders, Aldrich and the rest in the Senate and Cannon and his crowd in the House, tried as hard as they could to get what Mr. Taft wanted, and to get it expeditiously. They could do nothing with the rank and file. Their former followers refused to be led. Instead of well-officered, well-disciplined organization the spirit in the Congress was that of individualism—every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

The men who usually follow, who usually do what they are told, are scared. They have been hearing from home. Many of them think they will be beaten for reëlection if they train with the old crowd any longer, and yet many of them hesitate to cut loose and join the insurgents. They are all in blue funks. The bye elections in Missouri, Massachusetts, and at Rochester, New York, scared them stiff. They are trying to devise ways to get in out of the

Its Own Guarantee

The name Snider on a bottle of Catsup is like "Sterling" on silver. Both guarantee purity and excellence—a quality that the skill of man, or perfection of methods cannot excel.

Only the choicest perfectly ripe and sound tomatoes, granulated sugar, and specially imported spices are used—materials that do not require artificial coloring or chemical preservatives.

Its color is perfection—it keeps indefinitely and its mild, spicy flavour has never been equaled in any other Catsup.

Snider Catsup adds enjoyment to steaks, chops, roasts, and fish—soups, gravies, sauces, salads, etc.

The factory in which Snider Catsup is made is like a huge kitchen—sweet and clean, with the sunlight streaming in from all sides, and every detail has the untiring care of the most skillful Catsup Chef on earth. It more than complies with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The proof of these facts is in every bottle of

Snider Tomato Catsup

"It's the Process"

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

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is due to causes over which the consumer has little control *except by making his own products*

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You can make butter in one minute

with the TURN-A-MINIT churn ——from either sour or sweet cream. By using sour cream you can save from 10 to 15 cents per pound. At the same time you get a *purer, sweeter butter than you ever tasted* before, seasoned as you want it, doing away with expensive *store butter,* that may have been kept for months in cold storage.

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You *need* the TURN-A-MINIT churn for your convenience, your health and for economy. Quart size $2.50. Gallon size (jar of porcelain instead of glass) $7.50. *Dairy thermometer furnished free with each churn.*

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Keeps cold liquids cold 3 days

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Saves the trouble of heating milk for the children at night. Beautiful plated and leather-covered cases. Glass inside, easiest to clean and replace. Sanitary. Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom.

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wet and are not paying much attention to what any President or any leader wants. Their particular concerns are to find out what the people back home want, and do that. Thus, this present session of the Sixty-first Congress has presented a good many of the aspects of a mob.

The joy of the Administration over securing Governor Hughes to fill the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court caused by the death of Mr. Justice Brewer was pathetic. Here was one time, they exclaimed, when politics of the highest kind was played, and when the best man available was secured. They thought the appointment of Hughes would strengthen the Administration before the people. Probably it has and will, but there was nobody in the Administration, after it had been decided to ask Governor Hughes to take the place, who thought he would take it—not even the President himself. That, perhaps, is too bald a way of stating it so far as the President is concerned. He had doubts.

FASHION NOTE—So great is the grief of one of the younger set over a bereavement he has recently suffered that he now appears on the golf links clad in a black golfing suit, black stockings, a black cap, a black shirt, wears a black stock, and refuses to use any but a negro caddie.

Newcomb's Version

IN AN article which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March 19, entitled, What is There in It for Me? the following reference was made to State Senator Josiah T. Newcomb, of New York: "There was a Senator named Newcomb in the conference. Newcomb had formerly been an editorial writer on a New York newspaper. He went to that newspaper, told the editor what he had heard, and the editor wrote a letter to Allds, telling him of the information in the hands of the newspaper and asking Allds what he had to say. Up to this time the information was not public, nor the charge." Senator Newcomb takes exception to this version of the affair and makes the following statement concerning it:

"Conger's story was told on the night of January 4. The same night it was communicated by a member of the Hotel Ten Eyck conference, not myself, to Senator Wainwright. On January 5 it was communicated by Senator Wainwright to Allds in the presence of Senator Hamilton. The evening of January 5 it was discussed in my hearing by six men on a railroad train, none of whom had any information from me. On January 12, when the session reconvened, it was a matter of common conversation in the corridors. On January 7 I had a conversation with Oswald Garrison Villard, president of the Evening Post Publishing Company. He is not the editor of the newspaper. He is well known as a man of public spirit, connected with civic organizations for betterment. As a result of our conversation he left New York City for Clinton, New York, with a letter of introduction to Senator Davenport from me, as follows:

"NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1910.

"HON. F. M. DAVENPORT,
"Clinton, N. Y.

"*My dear Davenport:* This will introduce Mr. Oswald G. Villard, president of the New York Evening Post Company. I have been thinking constantly, since the revelations of Tuesday night, of the responsibility placed upon those who heard Conger's statement; I think it is a very heavy responsibility. Knowing Mr. Villard's public spirit I have discussed the matter with him. I do not think we have any right to ignore the knowledge which came to us without any solicitation on our part. I have no feeling that there is between Senator Conger and myself any confidential relation. I do not believe that you need so to feel. It is my hope that you will be willing to discuss this matter freely with Mr. Villard, especially as he and I both agree that nothing of a public nature should be done in this matter until we have reasonable grounds for believing that what we do would be effective.

"Very truly yours,
"(Signed) JOSIAH T. NEWCOMB."

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Anyone who has a screwdriver can quickly put them up. They are easily raised or lowered and may be fastened at any desired height.

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Fill out Coupon attached or say "I want to know" on a post card, and we will send you (free) our beautiful Vudor Booklet describing and illustrating, in actual colors, Vudor Porch Shades and Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks, together with name of nearest dealer who sells our goods.

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Hough Shade Corporation, 228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
Please send your book and tell me where I can see or buy Vudor Porch Shades.

Name .....

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YOUR SAVINGS

Interurban Bonds as Investments

TWENTY years ago the steam railroad practically had a monopoly on fast cross-country traffic; today, and especially in the Middle West, nearly every county is gridironed by interurban electric lines. Ohio alone has about five thousand miles; Indiana, Illinois and Massachusetts each have approximately three thousand miles, while California has twenty-five hundred miles. Nor is it all short hauling, either. You can get a through trolley from Toledo to Dayton, a distance of one hundred and sixty-two miles, and make the trip comfortably in about six hours. You can board an electric car at Louisville and whiz to Indianapolis, one hundred and seventeen miles away, in less than four hours. To get another idea of the widening scope of interurban traffic you have only to go to the hub of cities like Cleveland Detroit and Indianapolis and see the crowds that come and go from the country in the big, easy-running passenger traction cars that look exactly like the best-equipped day coaches of the steam roads.

These interurban lines have brought the farmer and the country-dweller generally much closer to the city and have helped to give him and his family the benefits of the theater, the library, the school, the market and all the other agencies of uplift and profit. Likewise their development has brought an opportunity to the investor for the safe and profitable employment of his savings or other funds, and it is with this phase that we are concerned.

In their organization and general conduct the interurban electric lines do not differ from other kinds of transportation companies that use rails. Yet no kind of bond needs more discretion in the purchase than does this particular type. Many of the prosperous lines had a precarious start. The early days of the interurban roads were fraught with hardship. There were costly errors in construction. In many instances the equipment and roadbed were not suitable to the country, and until the service was perfected there could be no successful competition with the steam systems. That era of experiment is now past. Interurban traction expansion has reached the point where it is essential to the life and progress of most communities; and interurban bonds, when brought out by well-managed and thriving companies and sold through houses of the highest integrity, sometimes afford an excellent investment.

Passengers Preferable to Pigs

Many people think that the same rules that apply to the selection of ordinary public-service corporation bonds govern the buying of interurban bonds. Though the same precautions regarding security and earnings apply to all bonds there are some conditions peculiar to the interurban type. In cities, for example, the street-car lines have a natural monopoly; in the country there is frequently competition with steam lines.

This leads to the first and foremost fact in the consideration of interurban bonds as an investment—which is the population of the country traversed or the cities connected. And here, incidentally, you strike the first real difference between the interurban road and the steam line. The steam roads depend on freight for their principal revenue. The late President Sloan, of the Lackawanna, used to say, "I would rather haul pigs than passengers." With an interurban road, on the other hand, it is just the reverse. It is a case of passengers rather than pigs. The freight and express business plays a small part.

Since the passenger traffic is the backbone of the interurban business it is important for the investor to know what the traveling capacity of the country is. This, of course, depends upon various local conditions, but some general rules may be laid down which the investor will find of value no matter where he lives or invests.

Where a traction line connects two cities of good-sized population it must be prepared to furnish such a fast, efficient and comfortable service as to enable it to compete successfully with the steam roads. For distances over fifty miles, the average traveler is willing to pay more for good facilities and will use the steam road. The ideal population conditions do not consist of having a big city at each end of the line, but in having a thickly populated country all along the way. A large number of small towns or prosperous hamlets scattered up and down the road are far more profitable than a city at each end. When these small towns have many mills and factories, or if there are mines adjacent, the conditions become all the more favorable.

The millhands and miners usually do a lot of traveling. They go to the nearest town at night for theater and other diversions. If the road passes through a rich farming region, as a successful one usually does, the farmer takes the trolley car to town and saves his horses for the farmwork. It is this "pick up and set down" traffic, as it is called, that is the life blood of the prosperous interurban line, and a bond in a company that enjoys such business is often very desirable. Here the traction line has the advantage over the steam road. It has a better schedule—often there is a car every half-hour—and it stops almost at the farmer's front door. The fare is lower than that of the steam line, too. Many steam-operated roads are realizing the folly of competing with the interurban roads on the short haul, and are either buying the roads or abandoning the field to them altogether.

Yet, like many other good aids to safe investment, the matter of population has another side to it, as the ill-starred case of the New York-Philadelphia electric line showed. Here is a concrete example that shows how the population argument may be applied wrongly and it conveys a very helpful lesson for the average investor who contemplates buying an interurban traction bond.

An Ill-Advised Undertaking

As most people know, there is a great deal of traveling between New York and Philadelphia. Two big steam roads run a good many trains every day. A certain banking-house in Philadelphia controlled an electric line from Camden to Trenton and another from Trenton to New Brunswick, both being on the natural road from Philadelphia to New York, and they conceived the idea of a through electric line connecting these important cities.

To show the very absurdity of this project it is only necessary to recite the experience of a man who tried to make the trip as outlined in the circulars. The proposed line did not even start in Philadelphia, for the passenger had to take a ferry from the Quaker City to Camden, where he got a car for Trenton. At the Trenton line he had to change, cross that town, then change again for the car to New Brunswick. Here another change had to be made to the trolley for Bound Brook, where another line was boarded for Elizabeth, where still another car was taken for Newark. Here a car had to be taken to Jersey City, where a ferry finally took the weary traveler to New York. Altogether, counting the various ferries, there were nine changes to be made and more than six hours were consumed in making the trip.

This enterprise had the usual fate of such undertakings. All the companies concerned defaulted interest on the bonds and receiverships followed.

It may be helpful now to turn to an interurban line which is the reverse of the one described and which has features that the careful investor should demand in the corporation whose bonds he buys. This line begins at the largest city in one Middle-Western state and runs to a large city in another state. It traverses one hundred and fifteen miles of track and owns the right-of-way for one hundred and eight miles of it. The remainder of the mileage is through cities and towns and is secured by franchises, the shortest of them extending fourteen years beyond the life of the bonds. The bonds are secured by an absolute first mortgage on half of the property owned by the company. The replacement value of this property is more than twice the amount of the outstanding first mortgage and refunding bonds, and the net earnings are one and three-fourths times the fixed charges. The road passes through a populous and prosperous farming region that

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Garden Hose represents the economy of durable, dependable materials; superior construction; old-fashioned regard for perfect workmanship.

It will not crack, split, kink or burst.

Electric Hose is made by vulcanizing tubes of pure rubber and jackets of braided seine twine into a solid, unified fabric—not by the ordinary methods of wrapping or "lapwelding" strips of rubber and strips of canvas. Tremendous difference.

There is no other hose like Electric—can be no other. It is protected by United States patent laws.

Before it leaves the factory every foot of Electric Hose is tested by a pressure from ten to fifteen times as great as the highest hydrant pressure, which frequently bursts ordinary hose.

Electric Hose costs but little more than other kinds—lasts three times as long.

Electric is the hose you should have on your place.

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Send for our "Garden and Lawn Cyclopedia"—a booklet of great value to every home owner. It is free. Address Dept. A.

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We can help you to save by our $10 a month system. No phenomenal profits but no risks, just $10 a month from you and 4½% interest from us.

You are secured by Guaranteed First Mortgages on New York City real estate, the best security there is. Write us for our free booklet "The Safe Way to Save."

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See That Joint? *Patented Aug. 5th, 1907.*

A jointed artificial minnow in beautiful natural colors. Has all the movements of a live minnow and swims just like one, in casting or trolling. Guaranteed absolutely water proof and your money back if it don't swim.

Made in ten styles and sold by principal dealers; if your dealer cannot supply you with the 1910 model, we will send prepaid. **King of Casting Bait, $1; Minnowette, $1.** New catalog free for the asking.

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The "Individual Key Ring"

Silver-Plated. The only chain key ring which holds one or more keys distinctly **separate from the rest.** (Study the cut.) New, novel and practical. Saves time and temper, saves fumbling in the dark. Best silver chain, securely locked, will not pull apart. Silver-Plated 25c. Gold-Plated (24 kt.), 50c. MODEL PRODUCTS CO. 17 Milk Street Boston, Mass.

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Mississippi to the Front If you want a small farm, or a big one, at from $7 to $12 per acre, send for my free, illustrated Mississippi booklet. Facts vouched for by State Department of Agriculture. Investors and Land Companies desiring large tracts at wholesale prices also please address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Northern Representative, G. & S.I.R.R., 279 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

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RARE BARGAIN—SIBERIAN BRISTLE, SOLID BACK HAIR BRUSH, made in rosewood, with bristles set in silverized solid plate, sent prepaid to any address for dollar bill mailed to SILVER BRUSH CO. NO. TROY, N. Y.

produces large amounts of cereals and much livestock. There are fifteen towns along the line and many of these have mills and factories whose operatives use the cars every day. The entire area is underlaid with rich coal deposits, which are attracting new industries each year. Thus the future of the region is assured.

The company operates its electric cars under the steam-railroad law of the State of Illinois, which means that it has a perpetual right to operate 94 per cent of its mileage, that being the extent of the trackage in that state. An item of great significance for the investor to heed is that any future bonds issued under the mortgage can be for only 80 per cent of the cash cost. This means that for every dollar of new actual property acquired or built only 80 cents in bonds can be issued against it. Investors will do well to demand this stipulation in mortgages of public-service corporations, for it prevents indiscriminate issuance of bonds with little or no security behind them. Equally important is a restriction that no new bonds can be issued until the gross earnings for the twelve months preceding have equaled five times, and the net earnings at least one and three-fourths times, the interest charges on all outstanding bonds and those proposed to be issued. Here, then, you find real security for an interurban bond.

There are various other points to be watched in interurban bonds. In some instances companies have been wrecked by extravagant expenditures on road and property. Be sure to find out if the equipment and construction are adapted to the needs of the country. There is no reason why a road that goes through a sparsely settled region should be as luxurious as one that plies in New England, where there is a much denser population. It is important for the company to set aside a portion of the gross earnings, usually 10 per cent, for a depreciation fund. Thus the property can be kept up to a high and continuous earning efficiency without an increase of obligation. Wherever possible the company should own its right-of-way, because this ownership prevents annoying litigation.

Most of the best types of interurban traction bonds have a face interest rate of 5 per cent. They sell around par, although in some cases very good bonds bring 95; and the average yield is a little over 5 per cent. Many of the bonds in prosperous companies are owned "at home"—that is, by people who live along the route. This is a very good kind of ownership both for road and investor, for it establishes personal relation. The road knows it is being watched and therefore keeps up its service. As a rule the market for interurban bonds is not wide.

Barnum Stranded

A TUMBLER, getting forty dollars a week with the Barnum and Bailey circus, in the days of Barnum, took part in a flipflap exercise over a lot of elephants.

One of the elephants was a comedian and did some funny stunts during the somersaulting. Usually this elephant did her funniest stunt just at the time the tumbler was doing his flipflap. There always was applause—for the elephant.

After a week or two on the road the show reached Sandusky. The tumbler went in to see Barnum.

"Well?" said Barnum.

"I'm Smith the Tumbler. I'm getting forty dollars a week. I am the hit of the show. From now on I'll get a hundred or I'll quit."

"Smith? A tumbler, eh?" said Barnum. "And the hit of my show? Let me see about that."

He took out his book, looked down the long list of performers and finally discovered the name of "Smith, tumbler; forty dollars a week."

"Smith," said Barnum, "I have a hundred tumblers and you'll not get any extra money. I think we can spare you if you are not satisfied."

"I tell you I'm the hit of the show. I'm getting all the applause. I guess I'll take that hundred a week, Mr. Barnum."

"You'll not get it. Get out," said Barnum.

The tumbler looked at the showman in astonishment. Then he said: "Oh, very well. I'll quit. This is where, Mr. P. T. Barnum, I cut out and leave the Barnum and Bailey show stranded flat in Sandusky, Ohio."

PHOTO. BY BELTIN., ROME

CARMEN MELIS
A new and brilliant Grand Opera prima donna

PHOTO. BY WHITE, NEW YORK

STELLA MAYHEW
One of the hits of "The Jolly Bachelors"

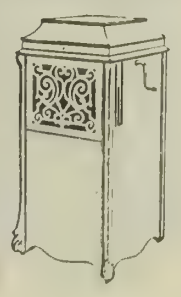
It isn't a question of whether you prefer Carmen Melis, grand opera prima donna, or Stella Mayhew, musical comedy "scream"—the instrument is the thing and the instrument that is best able to bring both of these great artists into your home is the

On the one hand the arias of a Melis; on the other the clever nonsense of a Mayhew—such is the range of entertainment and such the kind of talent that is giving Edison Phonograph owners the best there is in songs, music and fun through

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Edison Phonographs range in price from the Amberola at $200, down to the Gem at $12.50. The Amberola has the sweetness, clearness and faithful reproducing powers that characterize all Edison instruments and, in addition, a case that is a masterpiece of the cabinet maker's art. It comes in either mahogany or oak. Whoever buys a Gem, Fireside, Home, Standard or Triumph gets everything that the genius of Mr. Edison has been able to devise. All have sapphire reproducing points that do not scratch or require changing; all have silent long-running spring motors. Each is a perfect instrument, playing both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Any Edison dealer has the line. Go and hear them or write us for complete catalog.

National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



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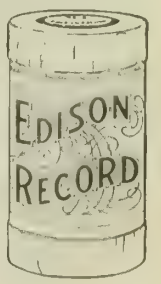
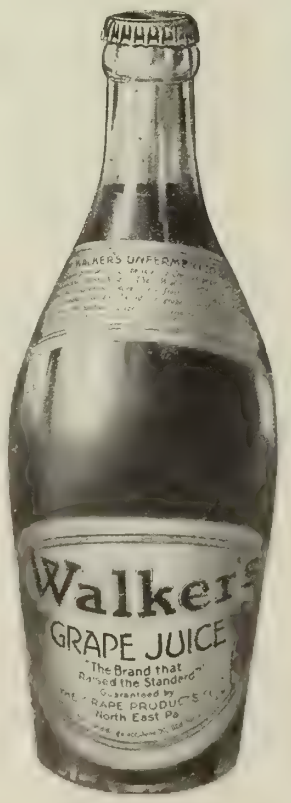
Edison Records are of two kinds—Standard and Amberol. Amberol Records play twice as long as Standard Records. They give you another verse or two of the songs you like, a waltz or a two-step that is long enough, a monologue that gets somewhere and Grand Opera that is not cut or hurried. Edison Records afford a clearness and sweetness of tone not possible in Records made in any other way. They always do justice to the singer, band or orchestra—that is why the great singers and musicians prefer to make Records for the Edison Phonograph. Edison Records can be bought of any Edison dealer—Standard Records at 35 cents each; Amberol Records 50 cents each; Grand Opera Records 75 cents to $2.00.

National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.





Wall

GRAPE J

"It's Clear Becau

THE term "pure grape juice" may be very broadly and yet truly used. Extracts of the grape skins and seeds as well as of the pulp may be called "pure grape juice"; fibre and sediment that come from the grape itself cannot be classed as foreign matter. Probably all bottled grape juices are pure in the sense that they contain nothing that does not come from the grape.

But when we say Walker's Grape Juice is pure we mean more than the common standard of purity;—we mean a new kind of purity that excludes everything but the clear, brilliant juice of ripe Concord grapes. The tannin that comes from over-pressed seeds and skins and that gives some other grape juices their puckery after-taste and cloudy appearance is kept out by *Walker purity*.

Walker's Grape Juice has a rich, full, smooth flavor, devoid of the slightest astringency. It is clear, brilliant and glowing; when held to the light it radiates the deep translucent tone of a ruby. Turn a bottle upside down and no sediment falls from the bottom. It does not discolor teeth, lips nor tongue.

THE GRAPE PRODUCTS COMP

er's

ICE

Pure"

It presents, by reason of its rich color and brilliant clarity, an appearance that embellishes the social function, tempts the invalid and adds to its refreshing effect on the thirsty and fatigued.

Walker's Grape Juice, being a purely natural beverage, makes the ideal outdoor drink; especially appropriate to the next-to-nature summer season. At porch parties, picnics, motor outings, boating trips, Walker's is the most satisfactory thing that you can serve. Not only does its uit flavor refresh, but its high food value makes it invigorat- sustaining against enervating heat, while its mild fruit acids ry beneficial effect on the stomach.

for the Walker Recipe Book and learn how to make many drinks and dainty desserts with Walker's Grape Juice. Mint nch, Sherbet, and a dozen others.

grocer and your druggist have Walker's Grape Juice in quart bottles, and smaller sizes. It is served at soda fountains. is always bottled in the "Ten-Pin" bottle shown at the left. to-day for the Recipe Book.

Y, North East, Pennsylvania.

The Grape Juice that "Made Good"

If you are a grocer or a druggist—this is for your reading.

Walker's Grape Juice is doing something that no other grape juice has done.

It is upsetting all standards of sales of popular drinks.

It is doubling and trebling profits for grocers.

It is making live, profit-bringing fountain counters out of "money-losing" ones in thousands of drug stores.

It is pulling the trade from the dealer who is not prepared to fill the insistent popular demand, to the dealer who carries it in stock.

Each person who drinks it becomes a valuable advertiser for this clear, pure, delicious grape juice, and for the retailer from whom it is purchased.

This is the grape juice that is doing things — not only promising increased profits to the dealer who has yet to stock it, but making profits (and big ones) for the thousands of dealers who are now selling it.

Our advertising campaign has helped, but the quality of Walker's Grape Juice is the strongest factor that has contributed to this remarkable result.

Promoted

This man has just been promoted. He's happy, but he ***knew*** it was coming, because he knew his special training demanded it.

How about ***YOU?*** Are you on the promotion list, or are you condemned to tag along with the crowd through lack of training? Get out of the rut. You ***can.*** The International Correspondence Schools have a special way by which you—***YOU***—can become an expert in your chosen line of work.

Have you enough ambition to learn all about the special I. C. S. way that so exactly meets your case? Then mark the attached coupon. No matter who you are, what you do, or where you live, the I. C. S. can train you in your spare time.

Finding out costs you nothing, and does not bind you in any way. So, mark the coupon. Three hundred promotions VOLUNTARILY reported to the I. C. S. every month. 302 were reported during March.

The I. C. S. imparts the training. The training WINS you PROMOTION. ***Mark the coupon.***

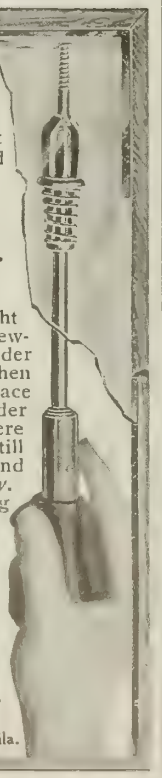
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertising Man	Mechanical Engineer
Show Card Writer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Commercial Law	Civil Engineer
Illustrator	Building Contractor
Designer & Craftsman	Architec'l Draftsman
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Structural Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Banking
Electrician	Mining Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Concrete Engineer
Mechan'l Draftsman	Automobile Operator

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

In driving screws in a cramped corner,
or high overhead, or down a hole, or where you must hold on with the other hand—you need the



"Yankee"
Ratchet Screw-driver
with Screw-holder attachment

You can use this tool right alongasa regular ratchet screwdriver, with the Screw-holder moved back on the blade. Then when you get into a tight place and need it, the Screw-holder grips the screw, places it where you want it to go, holds on till the screw-head is flush and then releases *automatically.* Justas convenient in drawing screwsfromawkward places

No 110. As illustrated. Right and left hand, and rigid. Ratchet-shifter working lengthwise with the tool.

No. 111. Same, except Ratchet-shifter moves across the tool.

Five sizes: 3-in. Blade, 65 cts. 4-in Blade, 70 cts. 6-in. Blade, 85 cts. 5-in. Blade, 75 cts. 8-in. Blade, 95 cts.

Your dealer can supply you

Every man who works with tools should have the "Yankee" Tool Book. Sent free.

NORTH BROS. MFG. COMPANY, Phila.

ROSE-FEVER

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Everybody stand fast, please," said Newman, "and breathe deep."

There was a long and luxurious silence. It was broken by a brisk crepitation which Milholland recognized as Miss Norbrook's voice. All she said was:

"At-choo!"

There was another silence; and Newman felt a violent convulsion shake the form at his elbow and once more he heard the fatal words;

"At-choo! At-choo!"

He waited for her to calm herself long enough to understand the rapture in the air. But now the velvet suspense was broken by an outcry:

"Let me out! I'm suffocating! I'm—at-choo!—I'm dy—at-choo—ing! Help! Hel—at-choo—p!"

The bewildered Newman exclaimed:

"One moment, Miss Norbrook, while I turn on the light."

"Don't you dare turn on the lide—at-choo. I dode wand anybody to see be. I—at-choo!—I'b goig blide. Oh, Ded, Ded! Ded Bidhoddad!"

Milholland groped toward her: "Are you speaking to me, Gwen?"

"Ob code I'b speagig to you. Dode you dough your ode dabe?"

"Yes, dear; what is it?"

"Tage be oud ob did roob at wudse. Oh—huddy, huddy!"

By this time the agitated Newman had reached the electric switch and the room flashed into view in all its flowery glory. But Miss Norbrook flashed into view also. Her eyes were streaming, her face contorted. She was doubled up and snapped out with sneezes.

The vision of the rosy multitude threw her into a rage of hysterics. She thrust Newman away from the electric button and put out the light once more. And once more her voice wailed:

"Oh, Ded, Ded! Tage be oud ob did hoddibud doob."

"Yes, Gwen dear. Shall I take you to your own room?"

"Dough! Dough!! Dough!!! I dode wad eddybody to see be. Tage be oud od de veradda id de bood-dide."

He took her by the arm and led her through a door-window to the moonlit piazza. Newman followed in a panic of anxiety. But she cried: "Go away. Dode you ebba speag to be agedd!"

Milholland waved Newman back with magnificent disdain and guided his blind and swishing cousin to the farthest peninsula of the veranda.

"Who id did bad Doobad, eddyway?"

"I beg your pardon," said Milholland.

"Who id did bad Doobad?"

"Doobad?"

"Chad Doobad!" she shrieked. "Cad you udderstad Igglish? I say, who id did bad Doobad?"

"Oh, Newman, you mean?"

"Yed."

"He was only trying to please you."

"Why didn't you ted hib I can't stad roded?"

"You made me swear I wouldn't. I wanted to. But I had solemnly promised. And he told me you loved him and he wanted to marry you, and ——"

"Baddy? Be baddy dad bad?"

"He said you were going to. Do you know what he is?"

"Dough! What id he?"

"He's a florist."

"A fodid!"

"Yes, and he raises roses."

"Raided roded! Ad he expegs be to baddy hib?"

"So he said. But you won't, will you, Gwen dear?"

"Be! Baddy a bad like Doobad! I'd like to budder hib."

"So would I. And I will murder him if he ever speaks to you again, sha'n't I, Gwen dear?"

"Plead! If you dub be!"

"Love you? You know I love you. And now that he's disposed of, won't you reward my devotion? I've loved you for years, and if you'll marry me I'll watch over you and protect you, and see that no horrible roses ever darken your path again. Won't you be my wife, Gwendolyn? Mrs. Gwendolyn Milholland—what a beautiful name for what a beautiful girl! Won't you say yes?"

"Biddid Gweddodyd Bidhoddad. Yed, Ded; it id a dice dabe."

Crash!!—another wax record gone to smash!

If you own a Phonograph or Graphophone (Edison or Columbia) get ***one*** Indestructible Record from your dealer. It **can't break** and it **won't wear out.**

Or if the dealer cannot supply you, let us mail one to you;—35 cents (for the 2-minute) or 50 cents (for the 4-minute), postage free, and a catalog with it. Give it the hardest possible test. Lend it to the youngsters. Toss it on the table. Drop it on the floor. Kick it across the room. Leave it in the sun. Then play it and hear a finer, clearer, purer, stronger reproduction—better music in every way—than your machine ever gave out before. Play it every day for ten years and you will still have it, good as new. Almost too good to be true? Try it! Prove it! Send for one!

By Mail
Postage free if your dealer cannot supply you.
Send for Free Catalog.

Prices in Canada plus duty
Address, 264 Yonge St., Toronto

Six Hits!

If your dealer cannot supply you, select any or all of these six "best sellers" and we will mail them to you direct, postage paid, on receipt of money order, cash or stamps—your money back if you don't like the records.

2 Minute—35 Cents

1305 Cubanola Glide.
1326 Mandy, How Do You Do.
1330 By the Light of the Silvery Moon.

4 Minute—50 Cents

3065 That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune.
3071 Moonlight in Jungle-Land.
3064 Let Georgie Do It.

Send for big 40-page catalog listing all Columbia Indestructible Records — free.

Dealers Wanted — Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.
151 Nassau Street New York City

O'Sullivanize Your Walk

And Gain a Little Every Step

The More You Walk The More You Gain

(See Diagram of the Normal and Abnormal Walk Herewith.)

The Proper Walk

In the proper walk the feet should be carried parallel with one another so that a line from the center of the knee would pass through the second toe.

If this line hits the inner side of the great toe the walk is abnormal.

In the proper walk you strike the heel first, bear your weight on the outer edge of the foot, using the ball of the foot as the fulcrum by the aid of the calf muscles to lift the body.

O'Sullivan Heels of Live Rubber encourage the proper walk. It is easy, graceful, natural—the live rubber energizes your step. With the same effort you can walk brisker and farther on the Live Rubber Heels.

There is so much difference between Live Rubber and junk rubber that we must repeat our warning to refuse substitutes for O'Sullivan's.

When Live Rubber is so essential to restore nature's resiliency to your walk and junk rubber is so worthless for the purpose, it seems criminal that some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of the little extra profit foist the inferior article on you—unless you insist on O'Sullivan's.

The price of crude rubber has advanced, but the O'Sullivan Rubber Co. will not advance their price—50c. always. Shoe dealers everywhere.

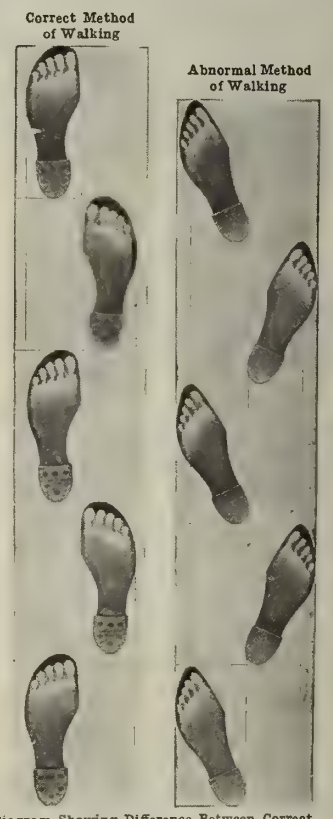


Diagram Showing Difference Between Correct and Incorrect Methods of Walking
Copyright 1910 by Humphrey O'Sullivan

O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

50c Per Pair *for* Pure Silk Hose

WHY WEAR hose made of cotton lisle or coarse yarns when you can buy genuine silk half-hose at 50c?

Phoenix Pure Silk Hose

are genuine silk—every thread is guaranteed to be the purest cocoon silk—heel, toe, top and body. The heels and toes are reinforced by our exclusive Duo-Weve process, imparting remarkable wearing qualities.

Phoenix Silk Half-Hose are seamless. They are the first genuine cocoon silk half-hose to sell at 50c. The purchase of the silk output of several mills enables us to reduce manufacturing cost.

The exquisite, light, soft, lustrous texture of Phoenix Silk Hose is a decided contrast with the hard, coarse, common hose of mixed yarns that sell at the same price.

Phoenix Silk Hose are not mercerized cotton, or silk and cotton mixed, but every pair is guaranteed pure silk throughout.

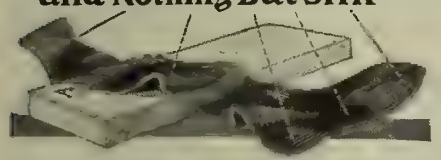
Ask your dealer first for Phoenix Hose, but, if not easily obtainable, we will fill your order direct and give you an absolute guarantee that every thread of these socks is pure silk, or money refunded.

A trial will convince you of the excellent wearing qualities of Phoenix Silk Hose. You will never go back to common hose when you can get pure silk ones like the Phoenix for 50c a pair.

Can be had in the following colors: black, tan, maroon, green, grey, taupe, burgundy, navy and helio. Six pairs, plain or assorted colors, in handsome box, prepaid $3.00, or 50c per pair—sold with a positive guarantee for wear. If not as represented money will be refunded. State size and color wanted.

Phoenix Pure Silk Knitted Neckties to match hose . . 50c each.

All Silk, Pure Silk and Nothing But Silk



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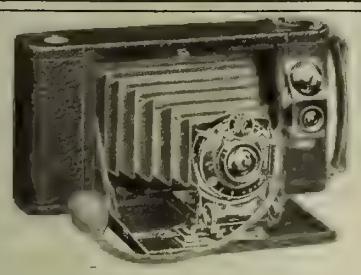
245 Broadway Milwaukee, Wis.
You'll want Phoenix Mufflers next Fall



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BLAIR CAMERA DIVISION,
Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

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CUSTOM CUTTERS Learn Garment Cutting AT HOME—BE A CUSTOM CUTTER. They earn from $25 to $50 per week. Our Booklet will tell you how. WRITE TO-DAY.
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NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE COMPANY
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory: Chester, Pa.

CULTURE OR COMMON-SENSE

(Continued from Page 14)

country school back to the farm with no specific preparation for his work. He learns what he knows of the business of his life from his father, who learned it from his father, and that all on the same farm.

We need schools where the boys and girls who are to spend their lives on the farm can be taught the science of agricultural and home economy while they are boys and girls, while they are not forced to earn a living and while their minds are eager to learn and open to impressions and teachings that determine habits of life and occupation. If we are to have scientific farmers we must train them—literally make them out of the young people of the nation just as we make our doctors and lawyers. In the rare communities where this has been done, notably Minnesota, Alabama and California, the plan has met with a marked degree of success. But these schools are dealing with twenty thousand, whereas they should be reaching millions. The way has been pointed out. The kind of school has been wrought out. The thing needed now is to supply them in the needed number. The problem is not alone for the state; it is for the nation as well.

Congress through its aid to state agricultural colleges—by land grants and direct appropriation of money—has decided that the Federal Government shall properly aid in the solution of the all-important problem of the food supply when the states cannot work out the question by themselves. And the plan for the next step—agricultural and vocational schools—has been carefully worked out by a group of patriotic educators. The bill that will start the machinery for its accomplishment bids fair to become a law at this session of Congress. The bill has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, and is numbered S. 4675. It has been introduced in the House by Representative Davis, of Minnesota, and is called H. R. 20,374. It has been indorsed by the National Grange, the American Federation of Labor, the National Educational Association and many other similar organizations, both state and national.

States to Share Expense

The vocational education bill inaugurates a national policy by which, under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges, the vast fund of information gathered by the Department and the state experiment stations can be used in the training of farmers. For every dollar of Federal money expended, between ten and fifty dollars is to be expended by the state and locality benefited. The provisions of the bill are simple. It provides for three kinds of schools and for some branch experiment stations. It appropriates for all these purposes eleven million dollars annually. Upon the suggestion of the Secretary of Agriculture it has been provided in the bill that, in addition to the agricultural colleges, the state normal schools shall be fitted out to educate teachers for the proposed agricultural high schools. The agricultural colleges, under the provisions of the Nelson act passed in 1907, get a million dollars a year for this purpose, and the Davis bill gives another million for such teachers' courses in the state normal schools. This million dollars annually becomes available July 1 of this year, and is to be used for three years in the preparation of teachers before the funds for the high schools become available. The appropriation for teachers, of course, continues annually.

The bill carries ten million dollars, half of which is for the city high schools and half for educating farm boys and girls. Agricultural studies are not excluded from the city high schools, but they will naturally use most of their money in preparing boys for the trades and industries and in teaching girls the economics of the home. The five millions for the city schools, as also the money for the state normal schools, is to be allotted to the states in proportion to their population as shown by the census of this year, and provision is made for the small states. The money can be used only for distinctive vocational studies, and the bill contemplates that separate schools, or separate units in existing schools, shall provide courses of instruction that will specifically fit the city boy for his vocation.

RALSTON WEEKLY CATALOG

You insist that your clothing be of the latest cut and shade. Why not be equally particular about your shoes? Shoe styles change from season to season. "Ralston Authority Styles" will keep you posted as to the correct ones.

Ralston foot moulded lasts enable us to fit your feet as perfectly as your custom-maker can—better, in fact, for we follow Nature's own lines. The saving in price is also worth considering.

$4

Style No. 183
Sterling Pat. Colt "Answer" Last
High Arch Shank and Cuban Heel

Send for Ralston Book
AUTHORITY STYLES
Spring and Summer, FREE

Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men

Sold in over 3,000 towns — Ask your dealer

Dealers—Shoes illustrated in this Weekly Catalog series are carried in stock by us. See our offer in "The Shoeman."

Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

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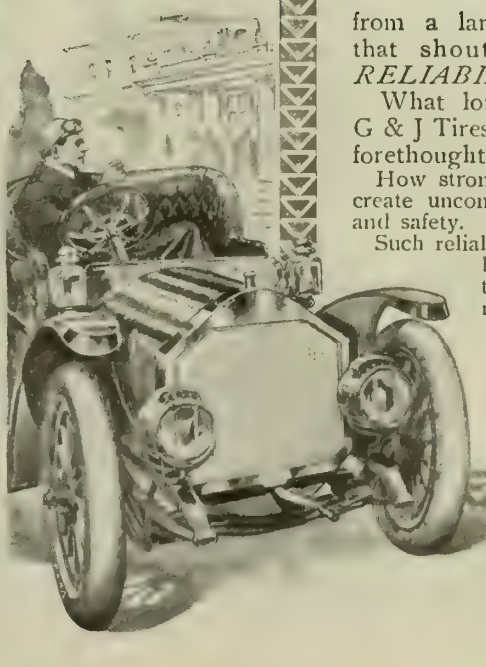
ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

G & J

Look for this mark on the tires you buy

"ABLE to so far forget tires as to drive two or three thousand miles without pump, repair kit, or extra inner tube." A great expression of confidence in

G & J TIRES



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What long service and satisfaction G & J Tires must have given to dispel all forethought of punctures and blowouts.

How strong and durable they must be to create unconsciously this feeling of sureness and safety.

Such reliability is worth everything to you, but its very presence proves G & J's the most economical tires on the market.

There is more evidence along similar lines in our new catalogue.

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Branches in All Large Cities

The
Marlin
New Model 25
Repeating Rifle

The gun to take camping, boating or on any outing.

It handles all .22 short cartridges and C. B. caps; is an excellent gun for small game and target work up to 50 yards. You quickly save the price of your rifle in the reduced cost of ammunition. It conforms to the high quality standard of all *Marlin* repeaters, yet sells at a surprisingly low price.

The solid top and side ejection are always a protection, keep shells, powder and gases from your face, allow instant repeat shots. Quick take-down construction—easily cleaned—takes little space and brings greatest pleasure at small expense.

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Send 3 stamps postage for the 136 page *Marlin* catalog

The Marlin Firearms Co.
19 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.
If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York

Agents Earn Money

Selling our Perfect Hand Vacuum Household Cleaners. Within easy reach of every home. Cleans thoroughly with the minimum of physical effort. Housewives snap it up. Big margin of profit for salesmen and women.

Send for descriptive circular and terms

Utility Import & Exp't Co.
381 4th Ave., N. Y.

"Continuation courses," that will broaden his grasp on his work after he has left school, to be given mainly in high schools, are also provided for.

Of the other five million dollars carried in the bill, four millions are to be used in establishing state agricultural high schools, one for each district of not less than five nor more than fifteen counties—practically one for each rural Congressional district. As in the city schools, the money can be used only for distinctive studies, but in this case they are agriculture and home economics only. The state must provide the land and the school and, as in the city schools, must provide for all general studies to make a well-rounded course of study to prepare the boy for his lifework.

This means that the agricultural high school will be large enough to support a group of highly-trained vocational teachers, each with his special equipment of lands, crops, livestock, laboratories, shops and so forth. The other million dollars, with a similar amount required from the states, will provide branch experiment stations at the agricultural high schools. These not only will be useful in securing new information in breeding plants and animals, but will add very greatly to the facilities for general instruction. The agricultural high school and branch experiment station will have an annual income of between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars or more, about half of which will be furnished by the Federal Government under this bill. The state will provide the rest and can make as large an appropriation as it sees fit. The Secretary of the Interior is charged with the general administration of the proposed law, through the Bureau of Education and through coöperation with the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. The Secretary of Agriculture is to aid in relation to instruction in home economics and agriculture, and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor in relation to instruction in the trades and industries.

An Educational War Measure

If the bill should become a law it would solve the riddle of what to do with the boys who eventually become farmers in the country and mechanics in the cities. Take the case of the farm boy under the proposed system. He would finish his elementary school at about the age of fourteen. Then he would go to the agricultural high school in his district. Here he would find strong fellows and strong teachers and courses of instruction that would train him for his work. He would learn about the chemistry of the soil of his farm; the diseases of his livestock; economic and successful methods of planting and harvesting his crops, and numerous other things that he now has to pick up for himself in a slipshod sort of way.

While Senator Lodge has been struggling with the riddle, Senator Dolliver seems to have got hold of the real answer. The bill has been held up in the House, heretofore, by Speaker Cannon and Representative Scott, of Kansas, chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. But Scott has been seeing the light recently and his committee is getting more independent. It is within the realm of possibility that, with favorable action by the Senate, Scott's committee might override its chairman and Speaker Cannon and finally secure the enactment of the law. Many members of the House are interested in the vocational education bill. Several of them have asked at this session if there is not some way of spending less money on the army and the navy and more for the development of agricultural pursuits—on training farmers rather than soldiers and sailors. Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, has declared that 72 per cent of the revenues of the Federal Government are expended in paying for past wars and in preparing for future conflicts. Andrew Carnegie declared recently that he would suggest that we stop building warships and win wars by simply closing our bread basket to any nation that would fight us. The world is declared by economists to be living but a few weeks ahead of its supply of food, and it has been figured out that if all production of food were suddenly to stop in the United States we could not exist more than fifteen days without outside help, unless we shortened our rations, and not more than two months at the outside. Maybe the vocational education bill could be passed as a war measure.

1835 R·WALLACE
SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR

THE charm of simple, graceful lines, so well expressed in the new Marquette Pattern in 1835 R. WALLACE SILVER PLATE, that *resists* wear, will appeal to the woman whose home and table bear the mark of thoughtful taste.
With all the refinement and distinction of solid silver, it embodies service insurance in additional plate applied to the parts most exposed to wear. And it bears an unrestricted guarantee, for we will replace every piece bearing the trade-mark "1835 R. WALLACE" that does not give absolute satisfaction.
Ask your dealer. A postal will bring you a catalog of this and other features, and a new edition of our delightful book, "How to Set the Table."

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MARQUETTE PATTERN

Plan *NOW* to have a *Comfortable* Home for Winter

There's a vast distinction between ***comfortable,*** and just WARM. Most heating systems rely solely upon their ability to heat. The "*Jewel*" system gives you warmth plus comfort. Comfort, because the warmth from a "*Jewel*" Furnace is vitalizing, stimulating, invigorating, makes you feel awake, alert, active—as opposed to the drowsy, sleepy effect of HOT WATER and STEAM systems.

A "*Jewel*" Furnace properly installed will last as long as the house in which it stands. Its first cost will be but a fraction of the cost of any other system; while its annual fuel cost will be no higher, and in most cases much less. How and why these FACTS ***are*** facts is told in our new FREE book. Send for it.

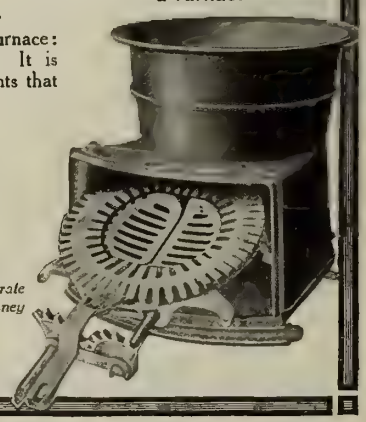
JEWEL WARM AIR FURNACES

are neither an experiment nor a makeshift. They are the product of "The Largest Stove Plant in the World," and in their construction is embodied the skill and experience of the most expert heating engineers.

The Grate is the Soul of a furnace

Every part is scientifically designed—exact in size, shape, thickness, etc.—correctly proportioned in relation to other parts.

There are only THREE vital points in a Warm-Air Furnace: the FIREPOT, the GRATE, the warm-air DOME. It is the wonderful simplicity and efficiency of these three points that make "*Jewel*" Furnaces better.



Send for FREE Book

"How I Saved Money with My 'Jewel'"

Shows plans for new home building and tells some surprising, but nevertheless truthful, things about Warm-Air Heating. Post yourself and write now.

Detroit Stove Works

The Jewel Grate Saves You Money

"Largest Stove Plant in the World"

1322 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Hunt's Quality Fruits

"THE KIND THAT IS NOT LYE-PEELED"

Are The Highest Priced Canned Fruits In The World

Why?

Because, Being California's Finest, They Necessarily Cost More To Pack

Now Listen To This, Mrs. Housewife:

Did it ever occur to you that the **saving** in the cost of canning fruits falls entirely upon the **contents of the can** which is the only part you want? There is no saving on the can—or the box—or the transportation charges—or the dealer's profit. It's all in the method of packing and the **contents** is what suffers.

We could **save thousands of dollars annually** by using cheap methods, such as peeling peaches the common way—with boiling lye—but we could not use the delicate tree-ripened, full flavored fruit, which is the only kind used in *Hunt's Quality Fruits.* Besides, the lye would paralyze the flavor.

That saving in cost which makes some goods cheap is so insignificant when applied to a single can, that nine times in ten **you** probably pay just as much for the cheaply packed kind as for *Hunt's Quality Fruits.* Now do you see the point?

We do not claim to pack the most, but we do pack the best, and our pack is necessarily limited. If this interests you and you want to insure getting some of these delicious fruits, place your order with your grocer **now** for an assorted case of this season's packing, to be delivered **next Fall.**

Now Mr. Grocer, Look Here:

Your Customers Want Just Such Canned Fruits As Hunt's Quality Fruits

Two or three cents a can is nothing to them, but it makes a lot of difference in what goes into the can. They are writing to us from all over the country, asking what grocers carry *Hunt's Quality Fruits.* Let us add your name to the list. Put in a stock and let it be known. You'll be surprised at the result and your customers will realize, perhaps for the first time, the deliciousness of

Real California Canned Fruits

Read the "handwriting on the wall" that before long all labels covering lye-peeled fruits will have to state that fact.

RESOLVED That the National Council of the Consumers League condemns the lye-process of peeling Fruits and urges that the process be required under the National law to be stated clearly on the label.

The above resolution was adopted by the National Council of the Consumers League, Milwaukee, March 2, 1910.

Be on the safe side. Place your order **now** with one of the following

Distributers of Hunt's Quality Fruits

ARKANSAS
Plunkett, Jarrell Gro. Co. . . Little Rock
Plunkett, Jarrell Gro. Co. . Hot Springs
Plunkett, Jarrell Gro. Co. . . . . Hope
Plunkett, Jarrell Gro. Co. . . Morrillton
Plunkett, Jarrell Gro. Co. . . . . Hoxie
Plunkett, Jarrell Gro. Co. . . Russellville
Reynolds, Davis & Co. . . . Ft. Smith
Reynolds, Davis & Co. . . . Van Buren

CALIFORNIA
Sussman, Wormser & Co. . San Francisco
H. Jevne Co. . . . . Los Angeles

COLORADO
The C. S. Morey Mercantile Co. Denver
P. S. Hessler Mercantile Co. . . Denver
Henkel-Duke Mercantile Co. . Pueblo

CONNECTICUT
Stoddard, Gilbert & Co. . . New Haven

DIST. COLUMBIA
John C. Letts Gro. Co. . . Washington

FLORIDA
C. W. Bartleson Co. . . . Jacksonville
Peninsular Naval Stores Co. . . Tampa

GEORGIA
Ogelsby Gro. Co. . . . . Atlanta

ILLINOIS
Sprague, Warner & Co. . . . . Chicago
Guyer & Calkins Co. . . . . Freeport
National Gro. Co. . . . . Decatur
John W. Bunn Co. . . . . Springfield
Rockford Wholesale Gro. Co. Rockford

INDIANA
Indianapolis Fancy Gro. Co. Indianapolis
National Gro. Co. . . . . South Bend
Parsons & Scoville Co. . . . Evansville
E. Bierhaus & Sons . . . . Vincennes

IOWA
Warfield, Pratt, Howell Co. CedarRapids
Warfield, Pratt, Howell Co. Des Moines
J. T. Hancock Co. . . . . Dubuque
Letts, Spencer Smith Co. . . Mason City
H. L. Spencer Co. . . . . Oskaloosa
C. Shenkberg Co. . . . . Sioux City

KANSAS
Ridenour-Baker Gro. Co. . . . Topeka
Jett & Wood . . . . . Wichita

KENTUCKY
Curry, Tunis & Norwood . . Lexington
Louisville Gro. Co. . . . . Louisville

LOUISIANA
Nicholas Burke Co. Ltd. . New Orleans

MASSACHUSETTS
Haskell, Adams & Co. . . . . Boston
Lemuel Sears & Co. . . . . Holyoke

MICHIGAN
C. Elliott & Co. . . . . Detroit
National Gro. Co. . . . . Detroit
National Gro. Co. . . . . Cadillac
National Gro. Co. . . . . Lansing
Gustin, Cook & Buckley . . Bay City
Musselman Gro. Co. . . . Grand Rapids
Musselman Gro. Co. . . . Traverse City
Jackson Gro. Co. . . . . Jackson
F. Saunders & Co. . . . . Ft. Huron
Phipps, Pennoyer & Co. . . Saginaw
Carpenter, Cook Co. . . . . Menominee

MINNESOTA
Winston, Harper, Fisher Co. Minneapolis
Griggs, Cooper & Co. . . . St. Paul
Western Gro. Co. . . . . Albert Lea
Stone, Ordean, Wells Co. . . Duluth
L. Patterson Mercantile Co. . Mankato
Theopold Reid Co. . . . . Faribault

MISSOURI
Ridenour-Baker Gro. Co. . Kansas City
Letts, Spencer Gro. Co. . . St. Joseph
Goddard Gro. Co. . . . . St. Louis
G. D. Milligan Gro. Co. . . Springfield

NEBRASKA
Paxton & Gallagher Co. . . . Omaha
H. P. Lau Co. . . . . Lincoln
Donald & Porter Co. . . . Grand Island

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Haskell, Adams & Co. . . . . Dover
Woodworth & Co. . . . . Concord
Daniels-Cornel Co. . . . Manchester

NEW MEXICO
Chas. Ilfeld Co. . . . . Albuquerque
Chas. Ilfeld Co. . . . . Las Vegas

NEW YORK
Seeman Brothers . . . New York City
Kaenig & Schuster . . . New York City
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co. New York City

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo Mercantile Co. . . . . Fargo
Bismarck Grocery Co. . . . Bismarck

OHIO
The Chas. C. Higgins Co. . . Cleveland
A. Janszen & Co. . . . . Cincinnati
The Samuel Stevens Co. . . Columbus
V. T. Hills Co. . . . . Delaware
Bindley Gro. Co. . . . . Marion
Jas. Carson & Co. . . . . Springfield
W. W. Harper Co. . . . . Zanesville
Mosel-Johnson Co. . . . Steubenville
W. L. Adamson Co. . . . . Dayton

OKLAHOMA
Ridenour-Baker Mer'tile Co. . Oklahoma
Hale-Halsell Gro. Co. . . . McAlester
Hale-Halsell Gro. Co. . . . Coalgate
Hale-Halsell Gro. Co. . . . Durant
Hale-Halsell Gro. Co. . . . Muskogee

OREGON
Lang & Jones . . . . . Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Githens, Rexsamer & Co. . Philadelphia
Westmoreland Gro. Co. . . Greensburg
Westmoreland Gro. Co. . . Uniontown
Westmoreland Gro. Co. . Connellsville
Jas. A. McAteer & Son . . . Pittsburg
Love & Sunshine Co. . . . Johnstown

RHODE ISLAND
H. Midwood's Sons Co. . . Providence

TENNESSEE
J. T. Fargason Co. . . . . Memphis
Phillips, Trawick Co. . . . Nashville

TEXAS
Waples-Platter Gro. Co. . . . Denison
Waples-Platter Gro. Co. . . . Dallas
Waples-Platter Gro. Co. . . Ft. Worth
Wm. D. Cleveland & Sons . . Houston
Cooper Gro. Co. . . . . Waco
Cooper Gro. Co. . . . . Temple
Cooper Gro. Co. . . . . Hillsboro
Blair & Hughes Co. . . Wichita Falls
Blair & Hughes Co. . . . . Quanah
Blair & Hughes Co. . . . . Amarillo
T. S. Reed Gro. Co. . . . . Beaumont
T. S. Reed Gro. Co. . . . . Center
Western Gro. Co. . . . . San Antonio
Paris Gro. Co. . . . . Paris
Paris Gro. Co. . . . . Sulphur Springs
Paris Gro. Co. . . . . Clarksville
John Bremond . . . . . Austin
J. A. Dick Co. . . . . El Paso

UTAH
Kahn Bros. Co. . . . . Salt Lake

WASHINGTON
National Gro. Co. . . . . Seattle
Northern Gro. Co. . . . . Bellingham
Benham & Griffith Co. . . . . Spokane
Younglove Gro. Co. . . . . Tacoma

WEST VIRGINIA
Jos. Speidel Gro. Co. . . . . Wheeling
Gulland, Clarke Co. . . . . Elkins
Ruffner Bros. . . . . Charleston
Morris Gro. Co. . . . . Clarksburg

WISCONSIN
Gould, Wells & Blackburn Co. . Madison
Janesville Wholesale Gro. Co. . Janesville
Joannes Bros. Co. . . . . Green Bay
A. Kickbusch Gro. Co. . . . . Wausau
Roundy, Peckham & Dexter Co. Milwaukee
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Paxton & Gallagher Co. . . . Cheyenne

Largest Canners of Highest Grade California Fruits

HUNT BROS. COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Canneries located at Hayward, Los Gatos, Gridley

Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

"Dainty Desserts" made with Hunt's Quality Fruits
a number of splendid recipes, mailed free for the name of your grocer

THE NAÏVE MR. DASHER

(Continued from Page 5)

"Wha's that, Dash?" he queried off the back of his hand.

"You're a' right. She's clappin' and rootin' for yuh. You've killed th' jinks—you've broke it!"

Forgetting the injunction of his manager the southpaw turned to assure himself and caught the full dazzling cross-fire of the landlady's daughter, who was, in reality, looking at Montague Dasher and no one else. With a desperate shudder Magoon tried to shake off the effect, but his eye was strangely ablaze, his grip uncertain, and as he cut loose the ball McGuigan, watching him as an executioner would the mortal signal, started from the bench, hands held up invokingly.

Too late! The wildest of wild pitches, barely touching the catcher's mitt; a scurrying of runners as two tallies went over the plate; an ensuing slaughter that taxed the tongue of disappointed fan and sarcastic scribe! Oh, ye hard hearts! Ye cruel, cruel rooters!

As the shades of night curtained that massacre thousands upon thousands tramped down the long runways, some stolid, some jeering, some swearing. "Game had been fixed," was the cry. Only one little body, her glowing cheeks shaded under a wide-brimmed pink hat of lingerie, her eyes cast down, shed a tear for the double defeat. Behind her a brute of a man was shouting to his friend: "Dasher started th' whole blame thing with them two errors. Swell head—that's what's a matter with him—he ought t' be canned!"

The tail-end of the crowd was still shuffling through the gate when a bang fell upon the door of that proscribed sanctum, the Wolves' dressing-room, and in bounced President Thayer. For a moment he could not speak, so choked was he with fury.

"Well!" he screeched. "What in —— is the trouble now?"

If one dropped a lighted match in a barrel of giant powder the result could hardly have been more violent. Twenty-five naked athletes, some dripping from the shower, rushed the magnate to a corner, threatening his very life.

"Trouble! Trouble!" they all howled. "You old billy-goat, you hamfatter, you blank-blank old gold-digger, you piece of cheese! Trouble!"

Vaguely Eben Thayer afterward recalled that the bat-boy hurled a soaked sponge at him and the trainer brandished a cake of soap.

"Trouble! We had a jinks! A jinks, d'ye hear?" The magnate did not understand.

"Jinks! A hoodoo! Cross-eyed girl in pink, settin' over by third base! Didn't you see her, you son of a dead skunk, you misbegotten bonehead, you, you ——! A jinks! A hoodoo! Trouble?"

A swirl of naked, damp bodies that rocked the clubhouse, and Eben Thayer found himself chucked out of the door, and as the uproar waxed and fist blows resounded he tottered to the counting-room. Flopping in a chair he vented his feelings upon Evans, secretary of the club and buffer for the president.

"Fire 'em, Evans!" he cried hysterically. "Fire th' whole damned shootin' match! McGuigan's a loafer, an incompetent, chicken-hearted loafer. What d'ye think?—says they were hoodooed! Ever hear of such nonsense in y'r life? Two games lost—knocked out of first place. Evans, wire all the bush leaguers we got strings on. Bring 'em here. I'll get a whole new club. I'll show 'em who owns the Wolves. Put me out of th' clubhouse—my clubhouse! They did. Hoodooed—that's their excuse!" His ironical laugh suggested the madhouse.

Tactfully the secretary endeavored to sympathize and point out that if an Englishman's home is his castle the dressing-room of a big league ball club is a veritable bastile. "I'd just let them alone, Mr. Thayer; they'll fight it out among themselves. They always do. Anything for an excuse, but you know they are the most superstitious people. I remember ——"

"Well, I tell you one thing I won't have," interrupted the magnate with an emphatic whine. "They got to keep this quiet, Evans. You go tell 'em. We'll be the joke of the league, a laughing-stock from Dan to Beersheba. You tell 'em that, Evans. Just think what that sneaking reporter, Curtis, would do to us, always boosting the other club!" Blustering and fuming around the room, Eben Thayer finally climbed into his motor car and departed.

In his duty of handy man to a baseball magnate Secretary Evans had encountered many an unpleasantness, but this new task—the chasing of a hoodoo, keeping the story from nosing reporters, propitiating the players and his employer day after day as the team met successive defeats—soon began to rack his nerves. Twice he filled up the front rows with "paper," gave tickets to the park attachés and friends of the groundkeeper, thinking to blot the jinks from view. But Nona was easily spotted several rows back, with the usual result. Mr. Evans also ordered a couple of the good-looking substitutes to stand at the gate and strike up a flirtation with the jinks. But Nona never even looked at them, or—did she? As for charms, amulets, emblems of good luck, Evans bought them by the score, charging the expense to "grandstand repairs," fearing otherwise that the magnate would "throw another fit."

Meanwhile, at the park, in his office, at the restaurant where he dined nightly, Evans had to answer questions, questions, questions. Was it that "cliques" had disrupted the club? Had the pitchers gone lame? Were the Wolves in a "batting slump"? Was McGuigan "incompetent"? Some twitted him about his sudden generosity in giving away passes, for, with the Wolves dropped to fourth place, patronage had dwindled miserably.

There were no fights in the clubhouse now, no pepper, no kidding or pleasantry. Like the dream of Brutus before the battle of Pharsalia, the hoodoo had produced a species of irresolution and despondency which was the principal cause of their losing one battle after another. Montague, sitting before his locker pulling on his stockings, glanced around the circle and was moved to repentance.

Here and there he saw a teammate, married and with family, who so blithely a week ago had talked of the pennant prize—what he would do with it. The only player with whom he was at all intimate had a consumptive sister who received a moiety of his wages.

Begun in a joke, his scheme had "worked" with unthought-of success. Revenge, after all, was not so sweet, and besides, it brought him no nearer to his goal—a raise in salary. But more than that ——

Dasher, always a quick dresser, had left the clubhouse and was walking meditatively down the avenue. His thoughts were upon Nona and they disturbed him acutely. His conscience cried aloud against his despicable ruse of employing her to attain a selfish end. What a charming companion she had been in the evenings as they walked together or attended shows! How regardful she was of his comforts—a flower on his dresser, a button sewed on his coat, a picture on the wall—and he making capital of her misfortune!

"You dog!" gritted Montague. "You ought t' be ashamed ever to look her in the face. You'll certainly get——"

"Hello, Dash—always first man to the dining-room, eh?" It was McGuigan, his hair grayer, more lines in his countenance. He assumed cheerfulness.

"You beat it before I saw you, an' missed the news. Don't laugh, now." He playfully squeezed The Dasher's shoulder. "But I was just tellin' the boys what our friend Eben handed me last night. He's gettin' so bughouse over this—this slump—that he says he'll give five hundred dollars cash to any of the boys who c'n chase th' jinks! What d'ye think of that, eh? Ain't that a good one?"

"Chase her!" exclaimed Montague with apprehension.

"Well, you know, meet her someway an' keep her away. The old goat thinks she's responsible for the whole thing, an' I'll admit she's a jinks—worst I ever saw. But we was due for a slump, anyway, that's what I think; just happened to start that first day you piped her off. An' I was just sayin' to myself, as I saw you ahead here: 'Dasher'd be the guy.' Go on; I'll give yuh a day's leave of absence. Be a detec', follo' her home, see where she lives. If I was as good-lookin' as you I'd do it. Maybe the [prefix of hardy adjectives] old gold-digger'd come across on a raise. Hey, why don't you go to it?"

The Soap that keeps Time Away

A smooth, clear skin means a youthful appearance. Sallowness and other blemishes are Time's Best Weapons.

In using common soaps you are injuring your complexion. For common soaps—"just soaps"—remove the surface dirt only. They do not cleanse the pores. Instead they clog with impurities, redden and roughen the skin and cause blemishes.

Craddock's Blue Soap will freshen the skin and do much to restore and retain the complexion of youth.

It not only removes the surface dirt, but it reaches the pores—drives out impurities—soothes with its healing, hygienic qualities—leaves the skin in the wholly clean, clear state Nature intended.

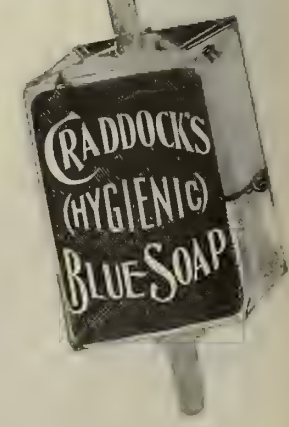
CRADDOCK'S BLUE SOAP

For the face and hands three times a day.
For the daily bath—
For the baby's bath—
For the shampoo—
For the beauty complexion—

Craddock's Blue Soap is beneficial, where common soaps are injurious.

Its odor is delicate, clean, fragrant and lasting.

At 10 cents the cake it is the most economical soap made—the first high grade toilet soap to sell at a moderate price.



Get the genuine. If it isn't Craddock's, it isn't "Blue Soap."

At All Druggists' and Grocers'. Made in Cincinnati, O.

Many Smokers Tell Me

that my advertising has "educated them." They have always known when they liked a cigar but there was a time when they didn't know why. Necessarily they bought blindly.

They learned from my advertising that the best cigar tobacco in the world is grown on the Island of Cuba and that tobacco grown from Cuban seed in Porto Rico, Florida, or anywhere else, fails utterly to retain the rich flavor peculiar to Cuban or Havana Tobacco. They learned that an all Havana cigar is too "heavy" for many smokers, but that a Havana filler with a wrapper of real Sumatra tobacco makes a delightful smoke. They learned that mechanically rolled cigars, or those rolled by indifferent workmen, are the kind that "draw bad" and burn up on one side.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

I have said all this at different times when talking of my Shivers Panatela, which I manufacture in my own factory located in the business center of Philadelphia. The filler used in my Panatelas is tobacco grown on the Island of Cuba. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra. If there was a simpler, more emphatic way of making these statements, I would use it. Because I am anxious to impress the fact that my cigars are Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, hand-made by expert workmen.

I could sell these cigars through the "regular channels" and they would cost you ten cents each. Instead I sell to the smoker. Every cent of middleman's profit and expenses is eliminated. By this plan I can offer my Panatela for $5.00 per hundred.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I make this offer so that you may risk absolutely nothing to try my cigars. I couldn't offer to do more without being *impudent*. I am not trying to force my cigars on anyone, but I do want every man who smokes to give them a trial.

In ordering please inclose business card or send personal references. State which you prefer, light, medium or dark cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Concord—with Ara-Notch
Evanston—with Buttonhole

THE NEW
ARROW COLLARS

FOR SUMMER. High enough for looks—low enough for comfort and plenty of room for the tie to slide in.

15c. each, 2 for 25c.

Cluett, Peabody & Company ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents

GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION PROJECTS
Free Map of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Colorado as requested. Send two cents in stamps to pay postage. Maps are complete, geographically correct and show U. S. Reclamation Service locations. Mention magazine.
Judson Freight Forwarding Co., 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Montague walked on in silence. At the corner he halted, and facing the other he said solemnly: "I been to it, Mac!"

"What's that—you got a line; you——!"

"I met her last night, that's what I mean. I—think—I can fix it," replied Montague thoughtfully. "Is that right about the old robber? How do I know if he'll make good? Think he will?"

"Think it! I know it, Dash. No, I'll say this for him—he keeps his word on them things. If he says he'll raise a man a certain time he does it. He's stingy, but you can rely on him that way."

"Well, you fix it up with him, Mac. An' remember this is under y'r belt an' his. Don't let any of the boys know anything about it. I ain't sayin' I can pull it off, mind you. I jest happened to meet her with some friends last night—that's a fact. I'm just thinkin'. I don't know how I c'd do it now."

McGuigan puckered his face and meditated. "You c'd take her to th' beach or somewhere th' next couple of days. I c'd use Cartwright at third. We go West then; you know how we are on the road—better'n on the home grounds. But then that last series here finishin'. If she came up again ——! Well," sighed McGuigan, "see what you can do, Dash. I'll take care of the other part. S'long."

. . . . . .

Three days afterward, late at night, a small party of steadfast rooters at the Grand Union station bade the Wolves good-by on their trip West and reflected some of the animation that rioted inside the special car—rioted because of two hard-fought victories which had broken the string of ghastly defeats. Like children the big leaguers lifted their voices in song, "rousted" the porter, fired pillows at one another and laughed for sheer joy of hearing themselves laugh. It was a new deal.

"Soon as I come up," shouted an outfielder, "an' seen she wasn't there it seemed as if I c'd hit anything. A spitter, too, Wiggs give me—that un I rode for three bases. Say, she was breakin' some!"

"'Member when I crossed old Parker on the hit an' run? Say, I'll never ferget his face—had him by three weeks at second!" The backstop's throaty chuckle was sweet music to the soul of Manager McGuigan. Every one talked at once.

As the fast train whizzed through town and countryside and the players, one by one, stretched out in their berths, Pitcher Miller for the tenth time related fondly: "A minute more an' me an' The Dasher'd mixed it up—that's th' way I felt. Then what'd yuh say, Dash? Oh, yes, he says: 'Fergit it; you'd do th' same with a pair o' eyes like that ——'"

"Shut up—cut it out," chorused a dozen voices. "That's all in th' book. Cut it out—th' hay fer yours, Yeggman."

Manager McGuigan was last to bed. "It's a road team, this is," the men heard him say; "I want seventeen games—we'll go through 'em like a rat up a pump."

Following hard upon a sporting tragedy that had convulsed a whole nation the Wolves' striking reversal in form quickly became known in big headlines—"Champions Win Three Straight"; "Wolves Hit Their Gait"; "Wolves Will be Contenders, Says McGuigan"; "Wolves: One, Two, In The Race." Nothing could stop McGuigan's men. Their pitchers made strike-out records; their sluggers broke fences, took all sorts of chances on bases and got away with them, and always was Montague Dasher the brightest star in a dazzling firmament.

So swiftly does hero worship ebb and flood that when the Wolves returned home in second place a crowd of many hundreds panted to satisfy their gaze and mark each individual player as the train pulled in.

"That's Brewster—tell by his scar—see him?"

"Looky, th' Yeggman—pitched a no-hit game against th' Prunes!"

"Where's Th' Dasher—that him?"

"No, it's Carroll, th' new infielder."

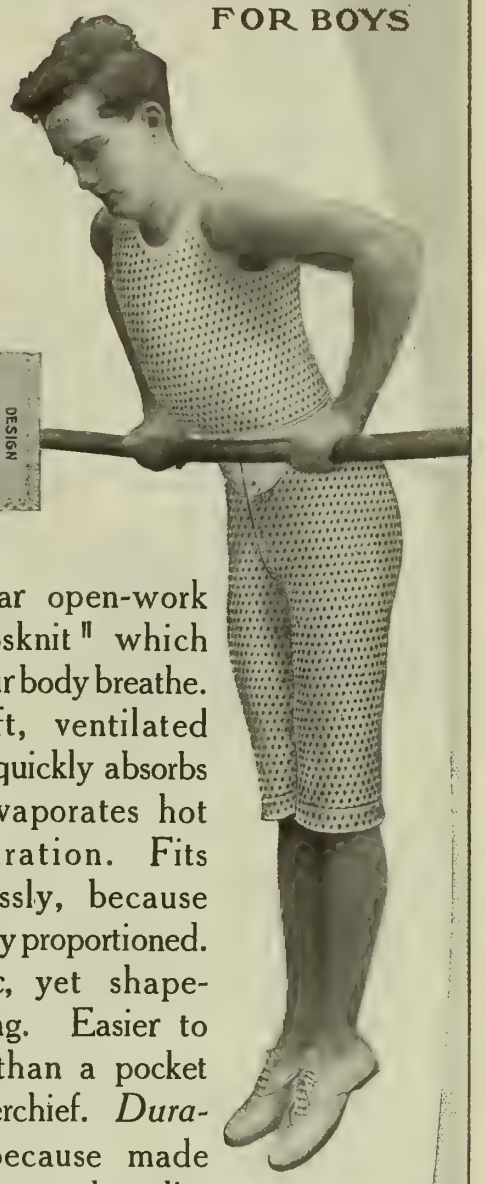
"There goes McGuigan—every one together now: three cheers for McGuigan!"

Through this press the big leaguers, timid of such near applause, waded unceremoniously. Shrewd judges could see that they were on edge. Every ounce of muscle, every drop of blood, every particle of brain had been exerted in their desperate fight to reach first place. But their eyes were clear.

As for third-baseman Dasher, he escaped by a roundabout way, hurriedly refreshed his toilet, and twelve o'clock found him

"Porosknit"

Summer Underwear
FOR MEN FOR BOYS



You wear light, cool summer clothing, because it allows the body heat to escape. Apply the same principle to summer underwear.

Buy underwear by this label

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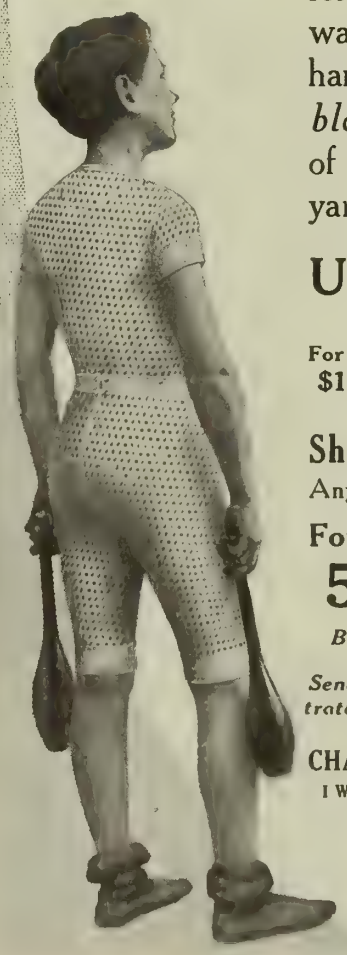
Wear open-work "Porosknit" which lets your body breathe. Its soft, ventilated fabric quickly absorbs and evaporates hot perspiration. Fits faultlessly, because properly proportioned. *Elastic*, yet shape-retaining. Easier to wash than a pocket handkerchief. *Durable*, because made of *extra* good quality yarn.



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approaching a huge graystone building that bore the legend: "Eye and Ear Hospital." He was up the steps in a bound.

With some labor he wrote on a card "M. Dasher," and shoved it over the desk. "I'd like to see Miss O'Hara," he asked eagerly.

The smug official did not even glance at the inscription. "Say, don't you know that th' visiting hour is one o'clock?" He waved to the gauntlet of anxious faces, mostly women, who sat along each side of the wide hall.

"That's too bad," answered Montague, crestfallen. "I got to go t' work pretty soon. I thought—thought maybe I could see this party. I got t' go to work ——"

"We don't show no partiality here," sharply from the other. "Take your turn with the rest."

"That's too bad," reiterated Montague helplessly. "I couldn't wait that long. We got a double-header today. We ——"

"A what?" exclaimed the desk man interestedly. He looked at the card, then at the petitioner. His mouth gaped foolishly, his eyes bulged. "This ain't—ain't The Dasher?" he asked.

"That's what they call me," replied Montague seriously.

The desk man almost fell off his high stool and skipped upstairs. He returned fawning and important. His long absence was accounted for by the silent adulation of nearly every employee in the hospital who had been acquainted with the visitor's identity—scrubwomen, nurses, surgeons, convalescents peeped from doors, lingered in the halls, hung over banisters. Dasher saw none of them.

Reaching their destination the desk man opened the door to a darkened room. "It's all right for you," he grinned and scraped. "Doctor Stevens says you're to go right in."

For a moment Dasher could see nothing.

"I'm 'way over here," spoke a soft voice. There was something in the warmth, music, pathos of the notes that gave the ball player a sudden thrill. Tiptoeing to the front of the room he could distinguish the form of the landlady's daughter partly stretched out on an invalid chair. Wide blue glasses shielded her eyes. Her hand, white and slender, reached toward him. Dasher took it in both his rugged "bread-winners." Unknowingly he manipulated it like a hot grounder.

"Ouch!" cried Nona; "you squeeze something awful." Both laughed and The Dasher was more at ease.

Again he took her hand, but tenderly.

"Was that right—what your mother said in her letter? Did—did they fix you up?"

"Oh, Mr. Dash ——"

"Say," pleaded Montague, "if it's just th' same, why don't you call me 'Monte' —you did one night."

The girl was silent.

"Was there much pain?" he asked huskily.

"No; I don't suppose so," answered Nona with a shiver. "They gave me some drug when they—operated, cut the cords, you know. Afterward, though, it hurt, hurt ——"

Her small hand tightened within his two. In that fragment of time a mighty wave of desire, a whelming sense of protectiveness, a fierce yearning flooded the ball player's soul. His very spine chilled. He scarcely heard her as she went on:

"It'll only be a week or so when I can go out in the daylight, but I'll have to keep the glasses on a couple months. The doctors have been perfectly sweet to me."

"Young fellows?" Montague recovered abruptly.

"Oh, no. Doctor Stevens is over fifty, and Doctor Sparks is forty-five at least. They're in that next room. They want to see you. They read all about you to me every day. They are so kind. Everybody is so good—oh, Mr. Dasher"—her voice trembled—"I don't know why you ever went to this expense for me. I don't know how we're ever going to repay you. I would have had to go through life—always. The girls used to cross their fingers when they met me. No one would sit with me at school. My mother ——"

There were great tears in the ball player's eyes. He silenced her with a strong grip. "Promise me," he begged, "that you will never say anything about—about me doing this. You promise? Don't—don't thank me. I had th' money—I never done anything much for anybody—always lookin' out f'r myself. An' I guess I'm happier th'n you. I guess I am," he said with emphasis. Her hand lay limp.

With the quick determination his profession had engendered Montague rose to his feet. "We got a double-header today, Nona," he said. "You'll excuse me, won't you? I'll be back soon as it's over. I got t' go. It's a double-header."

He opened the door briskly, cleared his throat, and addressed a pair of twinkling eyes that had been fixed on a microscopic lens. "I'm the man," he announced with a note of pride and holding his head high, "that's paying Miss O'Hara's bill." In business fashion he counted over five one-hundred-dollar bills and laid them on the table.

"Well, sir, I am certainly glad to meet you, Mr. Dasher." The bald-headed surgeon, without even glancing at the money, offered his hand. "First time we ever saw you at close range." He gestured toward his confrère, who grinned with a rooter's grin. "Both fans, we are, worst in the world. Never miss a game when we can get off. And, what do you think—Doctor Sparks there has bet me one hundred dollars that the Wolves won't win the pennant?" It was questioning.

Montague, with his dislike for fanning, touched the greenbacks. "I just wanted to ask you, Doctor, is that right? Will her eyes be straight now—will they be like—like any other girl's?" His countenance was mistrusting and anxious.

"My boy," assured the surgeon, "she's all right now; the operation was entirely successful. All she needs is to be a little careful for some time not to strain her eyes. You're a lucky chap, Dasher, confounded lucky. A braver girl I never saw. Everybody fell in love with her here." He folded the bills and handed them back. "Put that in your pocket, sir. Do you think we'd take a cent from you? Why, we're thirty-third degree fans, aren't we, Doctor?"

"Well, I should say so—the original article, Dasher." Doctor Sparks rubbed his hands gleefully. "Only way you can repay us is to win that pennant. I've made a bet with Stevens here, but that's nothing. I'd give five times that to see you come out on top."

Montague, astonished, glanced from one to the other. "S-say, you're not kiddin' me?" he asked.

"No, no!" returned the bald-headed surgeon peremptorily. "You and Mrs. Dasher"—he dug the third baseman in the ribs—"use that five hundred for your wedding trip." He winked and laughed.

The ball player colored from the top of his white collar to the edge of his sunburned forehead. He felt a moisture in his eyes and was overcome. Gripping the surgeons until they winced he fled as abruptly as he had entered.

"Well, I swear!" exclaimed specialist Sparks; "that fellow really appears to have some feeling. You'd never think it! He's a sullen demon in a game."

"Rats!" jeered the other. "If you weren't such a dried-up old cynic you could see that the Wolves' third baseman is head over heels in love. That's what's the matter with him."

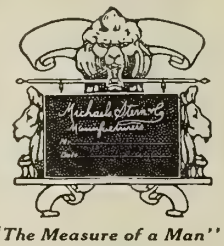
"By jingoes!" ejaculated Doctor Sparks sorrowfully; "I'm afraid it's good-by pennant then, Stevens. He'll never be able to get his mind on the game."

"Nonsense," snapped Doctor Stevens, turning down his cuffs, the rooter's light of battle already in his eyes. "Nerves of steel—forget all about her when he gets in the game. Come on; it's nearly time to start. If you want to make that two hundred, I'm willing."

. . . . . .

Two weeks later Montague Dasher marched into the Wolves' headquarters and with dignified gesture introduced: "My wife, Mr. Thayer!" The magnate beamed, bowed as eloquently as his fat body would permit and paid suitable compliment to the rosy cheeks and blue goggles. While his world-famous third baseman was signing a new contract at a thousand dollars advance in the secretary's room and getting a check for five hundred dollars extra, President Thayer entertained himself and Nona with a sprightliness quite unusual.

"Too bad, Mrs. Dasher, you couldn't 'a' seen that last game. Your husband won it for us—won th' pennant. Say, it was a wonder, a heartbreaker! You may know—one man dropped dead from the excitement—had to cart him away in th' ambulance. Exciting! Gee-whiz!



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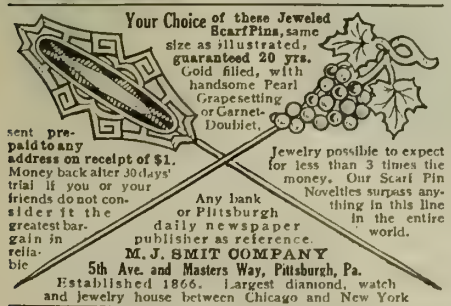
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"Imagine! Score two to two, last inning, one man out, Monte on first. He can score from second on a long single, you know. But that blockhead Carter had to raise a fly! Fly, mind you; confound—— Oh, well. Did the best he could. Right field she went, and Dasher was off soon as Hagan caught the ball. One chance in a thousand. Hagan—grand thrower. Put my hands over my eyes—thought sure it was all over. Then a yell broke loose. Holy Christmas! Dasher was there on second. Beat th' throw. Only man in fast company could 'a' done it.

"Little Barry come up, weakest hitter on th' club. Thirty-two thousand there—crazy—just crazy, that's all. I was worse th'n any of 'em. Bit right through that cigar-holder. See there! Given to me by th' Masons, too. Didn't look as if there was a chance in th' world. Our pitchers were all in; another inning they'd 'a' gone to pieces. McGuigan said so himself. Dasher takes a big lead, and th' minute Hepburn turns to throw to second, Dasher shoots like a coyote, like a coyote, Mrs. Dasher, fall-away slide—steals third.

"Course you heard about him stealing home? What! He's a queer fellow! Talk o' the whole country. Most wonderful thing ever happened in baseball." Eben Thayer pranced about the room on his short legs, his face crimson with the exertion, his pig eyes dancing, as he illustrated this historic event, what every player did, how the Gaycats tried to assault the umpire, the arrival of police, and the parade over the field of ten thousand fans bearing Dasher aloft on shoulders.

"By gracious!" He sank down on the revolving chair out of breath and mopped the perspiration on his forehead. "Too bad, too bad," he condoled, "you couldn't 'a' seen it, Mrs. Dasher." Recovering presently, he inquired: "Didn't you see any of the games this season?"

Nona, her face flushed with pleasure at hearing the recital of her husband's prowess, frowned whimsically. "Well, yes, I did, Mr. Thayer," she admitted; "but it was the strangest thing. Every single time I went the Wolves lost. I began to think I must be a hoodoo. And, oh, I did root so hard for Monte, and—and all of them."

"Eh—eh, what did you—when was that? Was it in August you went up?—August—middle of August?"

"Yes," answered Nona, startled by the magnate's intense concern; "that's just when it was. I wouldn't 'a' gone up if it hadn't been for Monte——"

"Hey there, what yuh doin'—taking my name in vain?" The Dasher, folding his contract and check, stepped in, laughing, heart-free. Then, noting the ashen, flabby face of the Wolves' president, he sent a flash of inquiry:

"Wha's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Nona. "Mr. Thayer's been terribly interesting, describing to me all about the last game. I was telling him about my being a hoodoo. I——"

"Wha's that—he said you was a hoodoo?" The Dasher took a step forward, and the magnate crowded against the back of his chair.

"No, no," corrected Nona; "I was telling Mr. Thayer how the club lost every time I went up, until I began to think I was a hoodoo. It was strange, wasn't it?" she appealed to both.

Slowly the color returned to the magnate's putty cheeks. A hard loser, he could not but have some respect for this sort of shrewdness. Rising abruptly, his eye evaded The Dasher's, and he tried to peer through those blue goggles. "I bid you good-by," he breathed heavily. "I hope you have a pleasant journey."

Outside, in the marble-flanked hallway, as they were waiting for the elevator, Nona lifted the glasses a moment and tilted her chin.

"Monte, Mr. Thayer looked at me so queerly. Tell me, honest and true, are my eyes straight—just—just like other girls'?"

"Well," said Montague, tenderly replacing the glasses with one hand, his right fist unconsciously hardening, "I'd like to see the guy that says they ain't."

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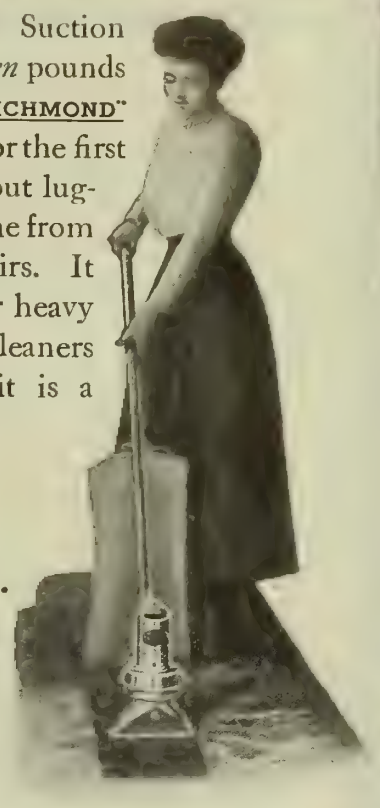

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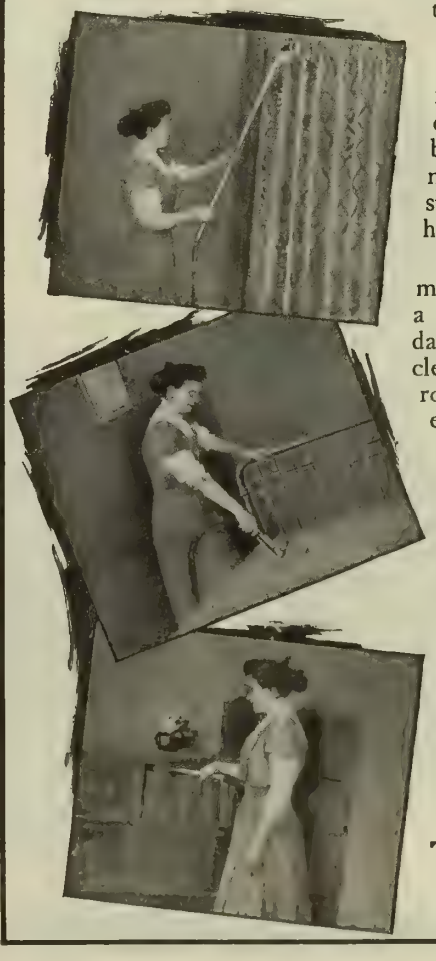

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The Overland Year

Even our rivals must now concede that this is the Overland year. The sales by Overland dealers average now over $200,000 per day.

We believe that never in the history of automobiles has any other car even approached such a sales record. Yet the Overland sale is only beginning. The car is but little more than two years old. Most of you had never seen an Overland until a few months ago.

We are making five times as many as last year, and twenty times as many as two years ago. But dealers' contracts for next year—where we have made them—average over twice the same contracts for this year.

The largest sales are where Overland owners have had one or two years' experience. There are many such sections where Overlands outsell all other cars combined. Next year there will be hundreds of new sections where Overlands will be just as well known. There will be 20,000 new users telling others about them. On the present basis, what will the sales be then?

The Coming Car

The Overland is still the coming car. It may take two more years before all buyers know it. For we largely depend on the cars themselves to create their own demand. But, when all buyers know what thousands now know, we shall need several additional factories.

The claims that we make are not going to sell Overlands. Nor will mere claims sell the cars that compete with them. People must see for themselves how much it means to own a simple and trouble-proof car.

It is actual comparison that sells Overland cars. And not until all buyers have made these comparisons will the Overland fully come into its own.

No Possible Rivals

The lessons of this year—the Overland year—will show other makers what buyers must have. There will be other simple cars, made with fewer parts, and free from the present complexities. We realize that the Overland will not continue to be the only car of its kind.

But there will never be a car, in all probability, which gives what the Overland gives for the money. Our plants are equipped with modern automatic machinery. Over $3,000,000 has been invested to produce Overland cars economically.

Having four factories, we can devote a whole factory to one model alone. That greatly lessens our costs. We make the parts which other makers buy, and we save fully half on some of them.

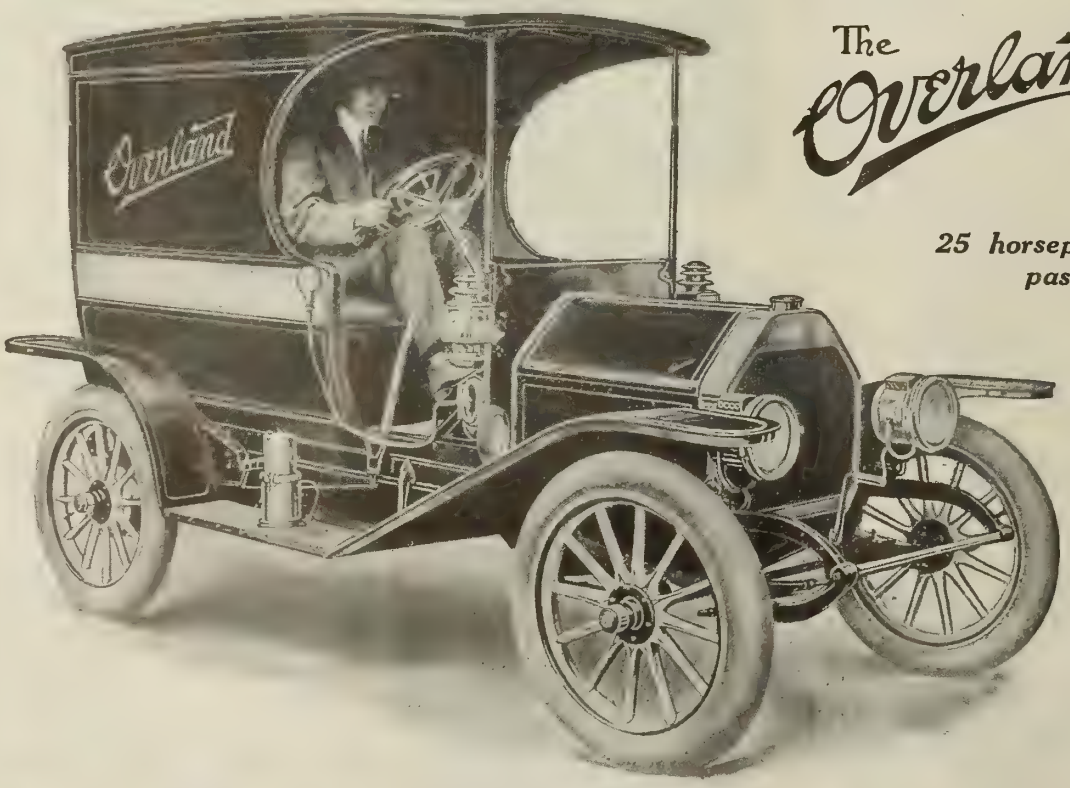
Then our enormous production minimizes cost. In none of these ways can other makers compete with us. So the Overland will probably continue to hold the pinnacle place it has gained.

New Delivery Car

Another factor in our output will be our new delivery cars, for the Overland simplicity opens up this new field. One man on an Overland can do the work of three men and three horse-drawn vehicles.

These delivery cars—like most of our passenger cars—operate by pedal control. Any man or boy can operate and care for them. On any road or in any weather one is sure they will always keep going. For they are built on the regular Overland chassis, but with larger wheels and springs.

The demand for these delivery cars will be enormous when men begin to learn their economies. For who will use horses for light delivery when an Overland car will do three horses' work?



The Overland

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25 horsepower — 102-inch wheel base. Capacity, two passengers and 800 pounds. Speed, 4 to 40 miles per hour. Gas lamps and generator $25.00 extra.

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We are now ready to supply these cars to others who want such reliable service. Correspondence invited.

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Something over a year ago we bought the famous Marion car, now known as the Marion-Overland, prince of the Overland line.

We bought the Marion because it contained some immensely desirable features which no other car ever had. We needed those features, and needed the men who designed them, to bring the Overland line to the pinnacle place which it holds.

One was a silent transmission which never gets out of alignment. There is no oscillation, no grinding of the gears, no scraping when the gears are shifted. One can run on the gears to the limit of speed as quietly as on direct drive.

Another is a steering gear protected from accident, and acting without lost motion.

Another is a system of four powerful brakes, expanding within large, well-protected drums. They are wonderfully effective, and they cannot, like most brakes, get out of commission.

These features of silence and safety—the most important in a motor car—gave the Marion a vital advantage.

Made Great Records

The makers of the Marion combined their inventions with the best of all other features brought out by engineers. They selected the best from European models and the best from American.

Then they put the car to a test in some great events and won over all competitors. We, as well as all others, quickly recognized a rival who had to be reckoned with.

So we bought the car and employed the men who made it. Then we brought to bear on the car all the experience, skill and facilities of our enormous organization. The result is the Marion-Overland—prince of the Overland line.

The Marion-Overland is the best car that the largest concern in this line can produce. Of no car in existence—no matter what its price—can more be said than that.

The price is $1,850, with touring car or close-coupled body, or made in roadster style. The price includes headlights, magneto and Prest-O-Lite tank, in addition to the usual equipment.

Imagine This Car

This year we are selling for $1,000 a large and powerful car, with 25 horsepower and a 102-inch wheel base. For $1,250 we are selling a 40-horsepower Overland with single rumble seat—112-inch wheel base.

Imagine then what the Marion-Overland gives for $1,850. Imagine the finest possible production of the great engineers who created the Overlands. It is such a car that our dealers will show you if you ask to see the Marion-Overland.

Faithful as Watches

Overland cars are made—as watches are made—by modern automatic machinery. Thus we get exactness to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. Over $3,000,000 has been invested to build these cars in this exact and economical way.

As a result, Overlands are as faithful as watches. No expert is needed. Even a child can operate and care for them. One always feels sure of his Overland, no matter what the road, the distance or weather.

Thousands of owners have told these facts to others. In that way alone has the Overland reached the topmost place in motordom.

You should know these cars. Please send us this coupon, and check the information wanted. We will then send you all the facts, and direct you to the nearest dealer. There are Overland dealers in 800 towns. Cut out the coupon now.

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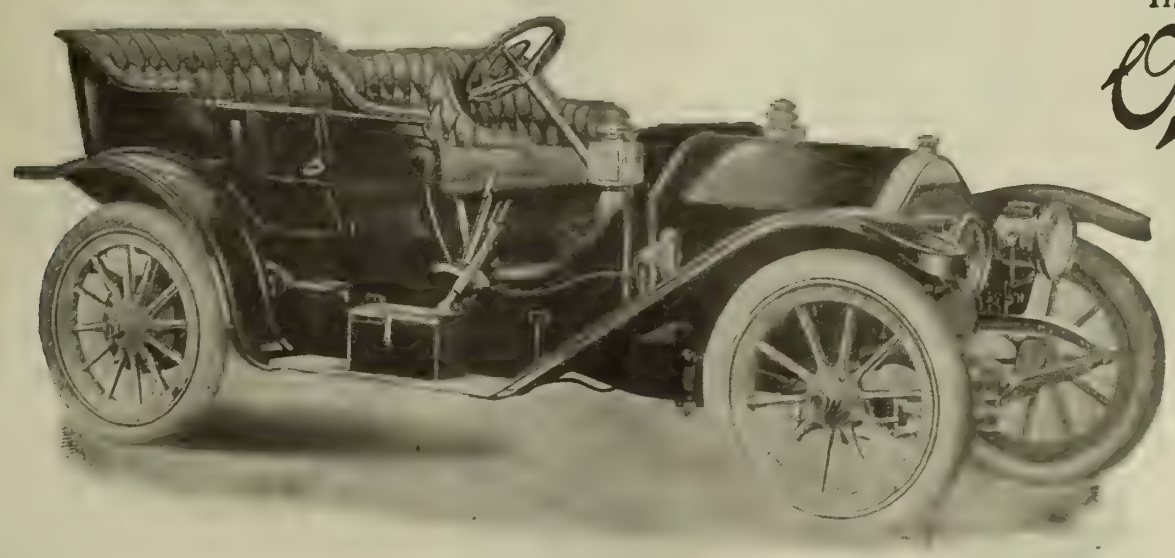
Prince of the Overland Line



The Overland

This Finest Car in the Overland Line Sells for $1,850

Licensed Under Selden Patent

Other Overland Models: 25-horsepower cars for $1,000, $1,050, $1,075 and $1,100, according to style of body. 40-horsepower cars, $1,250, $1,300, $1,400 and $1,500, according to style of body, etc. All lamps and magneto included.

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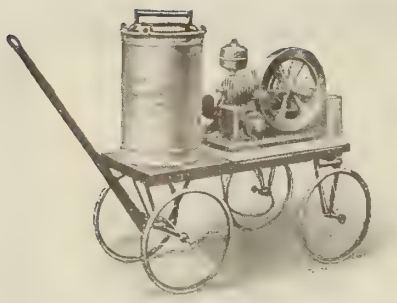

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We will print unique and attractive advertising matter in *your own name*, that *will get the business*. You can use the machine long enough to *prove* it will do what we claim, before purchasing on *small monthly payments*. We take all the risk.

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Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

The three men had killed MacRae and Allen and driven off the sheep. They had taken the greatest pains carefully to eliminate every trace of their crime. They did everything that human ingenuity could think of to obliterate completely every evidence of this homicide. Nothing was overlooked. Nevertheless, when they had finished, when they had taken every precaution, there remained this fragment of lint on the trail.

The confession of James Calder shows the patience, care and deliberation with which this homicide was accomplished. In the heart of civilization it would seem that all this precaution would insure secrecy; in the desert one does not see how it could fail. The whole story with its elaborate details will be found in the opinion of the Supreme Court of Montana. James Calder said that, on the afternoon on which they had gone out hunting, his brother proposed that the three of them should kill MacRae and Allen and steal the sheep, suggesting that their possession of the sheep could be explained by saying that MacRae had hired them to drive the sheep away. He said that he had objected, but was induced by threats to aid in the crime.

Immediately after the conspiracy was formed the three started toward the ranch of one Lewis, which was about two miles from the MacRae cabin, at which ranch MacRae, not having a pasture of his own, had left his wagon and horses for a few days. On the way there they saw MacRae at a distance, alone with his sheep. When they were near the house of Lewis, James Calder and Fisher stopped while William Calder went into the house and talked with Lewis. Upon his return the three went immediately to MacRae, who was then about a mile from Lewis' ranch and a like distance from the MacRae cabin. Fisher had one of the guns, James Calder the other. They went close up to MacRae and had a talk with him about the sheep, and asked where he intended taking them. The three stood in a row—Fisher being next to William Calder, and James Calder next to Fisher. William Calder was six feet from MacRae and fronting him, seemingly waiting and watching for an opportunity to shoot while the eyes of MacRae were not upon him.

Concealing the Crime

The conversation lasted about twenty or twenty-five minutes, and finally MacRae dropped his eyes and looked at his hands, in which he held a very small pocket knife and a little stick. Then William Calder took the gun from Fisher and shot MacRae, who, in the graphic words of the witness, "had a word in his mouth when he was shot."

William Calder complained of the failure on the part of his companions to act, saying that they were "too slow," since he had expected them to shoot. One brother took MacRae's silver watch which, with its buckskin string, he appropriated to his own use and wore until he was apprehended.

Near by was a pony of MacRae's. From it James Calder, at the command of his brother, took a quilt and a rope and, wrapping the former about MacRae and attaching one end of the rope to him and the other end to the horn of the saddle, he led the horse and dragged MacRae a mile to the cabin. In the trail were left bits of lint from the quilt.

Fisher then shot Allen, who was about fifty feet in a direct line from the cabin. He was also dragged in the same manner as was MacRae, to the cabin. Then both men were wrapped in tarpaulins, taken from MacRae's cabin, and placed behind an adobe chimney. The sheep were then put into the corral and Calder and his associates went home. The next morning they returned to the cabin and William Calder went to Lewis' ranch and got the wagon and horses left there by MacRae.

The remainder of this story is taken from the opinion of the Supreme Court of Montana:

"Into the wagon they put the food found in the cabin, and also a chest with iron handles, a shovel and some other things of MacRae's. Then they put the bodies, still covered with tarpaulins, into the wagon.

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Price for Heyl's Humus, F.O.B. N.Y., per 100 lbs., enough for one acre, $2.00.

Price for Heyl's Concentrated Nitrogen Producer, per bottle, $2.00, 80c and 50c.

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It was the intention of the defendant, William Calder, to sell the wethers at Forsyth and ship the remainder of the flock after reaching the railway. In pursuance of this purpose they then began their wagon journey to the Musselshell River, on the afternoon of Sunday, September 25th, taking with them the sheep and three of MacRae's horses and one belonging to the witness, James Calder. On Monday afternoon, September 26th, the Musselshell River was reached. On the bank of the river, and five or six feet from the brink, they built a great fire of logs to burn the bodies and placed them, together with the chest and its contents taken from the cabin, upon the fire. The clothing worn by MacRae and Allen at the time they were killed had not been removed. From two o'clock to twelve o'clock midnight of that day the bodies burned, and the defendant and his companions from time to time replenished the fire. Daylight revealed only ashes and cinders. These the defendant and the witness cast into the river by means of the shovel taken from the MacRae cabin, leaving no apparent evidence of the fire except the marks on the ground where it had been.

"The débris floated down on the surface of the stream a short distance, and was stopped by the still water in a hole. Commanded to do so by the defendant, the witness waded into the water and dislodged the cinders. They then proceeded on their journey, having first buried a tin box, a large knife and a gun, which had also been taken from the cabin—the difficulty of consuming these by fire being the reason they were buried and not burned with the bodies and chest. Before reaching Forsyth the defendant and his associates were captured by a *posse comitatus*."

Such cases make it evident that all human dealings and transactions are a vast context of circumstances interwoven and connected with each other, and also with the natural world, by innumerable mutual links and ties. No one fact or circumstance ever happens which does not owe its birth to a multitude of others, which is not connected on every side by kindred facts, and which does not tend to the generation of a host of independent ones, which necessarily coincide and agree in their minutest bearings and relations, in perfect harmony and accord, without the slightest discrepancy or disorder. It is obvious that all facts and circumstances which have really happened were perfectly consistent with each other, for they did actually so consist.

Another Celebrated Case

This comment has been made by almost every writer on evidence. It is repeated here in the exact language of Starkie. It is the sum of the experience of all those who have examined the subject of crime.

One of the most striking cases illustrative of the fact that the truth will be supported by facts, the effect of which no human sagacity could foresee, is that of William Richardson, cited by Best. (Best on Evidence, Vol. 2, 540.)

A homicide was committed in a remote district in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. It was said that about the time of the killing a boat crew from Ireland had landed on that part of the coast near the dwelling of the deceased, and that some of this crew might have committed the act.

The thing was a complete mystery. The most careful examination of the premises failed to reveal the slightest clew. There was not even a conjecture as to the identity of the assassin. The ground about the dwelling was searched in vain for any traces of the criminal agent. Finally, in a bog near by was found a single footprint. The bog was crossed by stepping-stones; it appeared that some one, going over on these stones, had made a single misstep into the mire, by which he must have been wet nearly to the middle of the leg. The print of the footstep was accurately measured, and an exact impression taken of it; it appeared that it was that of a person who must have worn a shoe, the sole of which had been newly mended and which, as is usual in that part of the country, had iron knobs or nails in it.

At the funeral a number of persons of both sexes attended, and the stewart-deputy thought it the fittest opportunity of endeavoring, if possible, to discover the murderer conceiving rightly that, to avoid suspicion, whoever he was, he would

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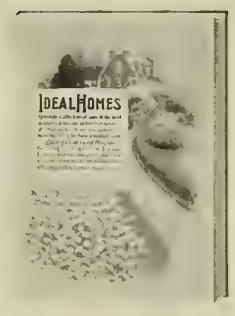

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not on that occasion be absent. With this view he called together, after the interment, all of the men who were present, being about sixty in number. He caused the shoes of each to be taken off and measured; one of the shoes was found to resemble pretty nearly the impression of the footsteps hard by the cottage. The wearer of this shoe was the schoolmaster of the parish. On closer examination, however, of the shoe it was discovered that it was pointed at the toe, whereas the impression of the footstep was rounded at that place. The measurement of the rest went on and, after going through nearly the whole number, one at length was discovered which corresponded exactly with the impression in dimensions, shape of the foot, form of sole, apparently newly-mended, and the number and position of the knobs.

William Richardson, the young man to whom the shoe belonged, on being asked where he was on that day, replied, seemingly without embarrassment, that he had been all that day employed at his master's work—a statement which his master and fellow-servants, who were present, confirmed. This going so far to remove suspicion, a warrant of commitment was not then granted; but some circumstances occurring a few days thereafter having a tendency to excite it anew, the young man was apprehended and lodged in jail.

He still adhered to what he had said, of his having been on that day employed constantly at his master's work, at some distance from the place where the deceased resided. But in the course of the precognition it turned out that he had been absent from his work about half an hour, the time being distinctly ascertained, in the course of the forenoon of that day; that he called at a smith's shop under pretense of wanting something which he had no occasion for; that this smith's shop was on the way to the cottage of the deceased.

A Clew Followed Up

His fellow-servants now recollected that on the forenoon of that day they were employed with Richardson in driving their master's carts; and when passing by a wood, which they named, Richardson said that he must run to the smith's shop and would be back in a short time. He then left his cart under their charge, and they, having waited for him about half an hour—which one of the servants ascertained by having at the time looked at his watch—they remarked on his return that he had been longer absent than he said he would; to which he replied that he had stopped in the wood to gather some nuts. They observed at this time that one of his stockings was wet and soiled, as if he had stepped into a puddle, on which they asked where he had been. He declared he had stepped into a marsh, the name of which he mentioned.

A search was then made for the stockings he had worn that day. They were found concealed in the thatch of the apartment where he slept, and appeared to be much soiled. On examining the mud or sand upon the stockings, it was found to correspond precisely with that of the mire adjoining the cottage, and which was of a very peculiar kind, none other of the same kind being found in that neighborhood. The shoemaker was then discovered who had mended his shoes a short time before, and he spoke distinctly of the shoes of the prisoner, which were exhibited to him, as having been those he had mended. Before his execution Richardson confessed that he committed the deed.

The sole fact that led to the detection and execution of Richardson was that he made a single misstep in crossing a bog. If his foot had not slipped on the stone no one would ever have suspected him. Here was one of those significant memorials which Wharton says that crime always leaves behind it.

It is beyond the power of human subtlety to create a false consistency of circumstances beyond a very limited extent.

Every criminal agent in the perpetration of a crime exposes himself to two certain perils: the first is, that he invariably leaves behind him memorials; the second is, that he cannot so grasp the whole scheme of human affairs as to enable him to fabricate a series of events that will fit at every indenture into the serrated edges of reality.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper of Mr. Post's series, Mysteries of the Law. The third paper will be printed in an early issue.

Wilbur Wright at Governor's Island.

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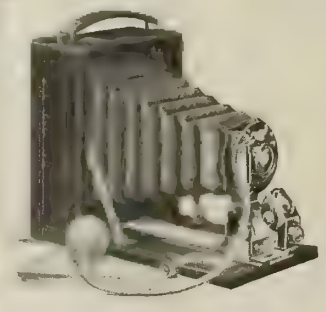

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TOM MORTON

(Continued from Page 17)

who was rather proud of it than otherwise. To him it suggested associations like an honorable scar. It was a perpetual reminder of past victories. For the Doctor cherished the tradition that a gentleman must be a man of hard head—"a good drinking man" was the way he put it. During the years he had spent in following the railroad's progress this idea had strengthened until he had come to a point where he used an alcoholic test on his acquaintances, and abided by its result in determining their proper position in life. At first he carefully scanned every man who roused his interest; then tried him out with Scotch whisky of a special brand, which he imported by the case. After the candidate for friendship had undergone this process he was always spoken of by the Doctor with varying degrees of warmth as merely "a drinking man," "a good drinking man" or—this last in rare instances and always pronounced admiringly—"an excellent drinking man." A very few, whose talents or accomplishments in other lines of life made up for their shortcomings over the bottle, he retained, but always shook his head a little sadly when he mentioned their names.

The tests were always conducted in the Doctor's little parlor back of the store. Like initiations to certain secret fraternities they were always carried out as the result of invitations from the initiator. The novice was never apprised of the ordeal's approach. He found himself some day asked to sit down and have a chat, and then he saw the bottle and the glasses placed before him. After that it was a case of temperament and physical endurance. As soon as he showed the first symptoms of succumbing he found himself dismissed most courteously; the test had been completed—he was listed in his category. He departed—the Doctor bidding him a hospitable farewell and at the same time making the new mental entry in his classified blue book.

In this manner many men had drunk beneath the Doctor's watchful eye, he keeping pace beside them, glass for glass. He was almost as democratic as the bestowers of the Victoria Cross. One or two bench and heading bosses had high places on his roll. On the other hand, the resident engineer, who had left the drug-store a little uncertainly one evening, remained thenceforth among those who were never again invited into the sanctum; and this in spite of the fact that he was the one man on the work to whose word the superintendent had to give heed. It was whispered that there were men now high in the general offices in St. Paul who still boasted of the creditable manner in which, during days of the road's construction, they had emerged from the Doctor's sitting-room.

The payday on which Tom got his first machine remained memorable with several people. On that day the Old Man underwent initiation. Ryan had been in Snowslide more than a year, and he had never been invited to the test before. The importance of his position and the aggressiveness of his personality had made the Doctor slow to act. This thing was too grave to undertake in any hasty spirit. He had waited, and, waiting, he had come to close acquaintance with the Old Man, who had visited the post-office nearly every day of his life. With any one else this acquaintance would have long since become friendship, but the Doctor held reserve. He studied Ryan, almost gloating in the anticipation of what was to come. This afternoon he decided that the time was auspicious.

It was raining outside, a mountain rain, fitful wet gusts with intervals of quiet clearness. The Old Man carried his umbrella; it was a silk umbrella with an ornate gold handle whose heavy knob was known by almost every one in camp. Ryan stood it in a corner when the Doctor conducted him into the little parlor. He sat down and watched the bringing forth of the bottle and the glasses. "Lord!" he said in a dismayed tone, "my wife's lukkin' fer me back in the half-hour."

The Doctor smiled—there was something inexorable in the smile. He had heard similar protests before. The Old Man read the look and knew what lay ahead of him. He rose and removed his overcoat; he laid it carefully over the back of a chair, sat down and sighed heavily. The Doctor raised his eyes.

"There's some things," explained the Old Man, "ye don't want to take wit' a run and a jump. Best go to this serious, like a man does a day's work, takin' his dinner-bucket along."

The Doctor smiled at the tribute and filled the glasses.

"I just come from the roadmaster's private car," said Ryan tentatively. "He was up on the sidin'. We had a few bottles av beer together. I misdoubt but ——"

"A good drinking man," said the Doctor impressively, "never lets a little thing like beer disturb his mind." He raised his glass.

There was a glint of fire in the Old Man's eye as he raised his own. "Here's how!" he said.

It was more than two hours later when Ryan and the Doctor rose from their chairs. "Me elbow," said the former, "is lame wit' crookin' ut." The Doctor gazed at him admiringly and shook his head. "You are a wonder, Mr. Ryan," he said slowly.

The Old Man struggled into his overcoat and picked up his hat. Of a sudden he changed color. "My wife!" he said. "I'd clean fergot; I must be goin'."

Halfway up the dump it occurred to him that he had forgotten his umbrella. He halted to retrace his steps, then changed his mind. "I'd best be gettin' home now," he muttered, "and have a bite av supper." He hurried to the house and found it empty.

In the little parlor the Doctor rubbed his hands and thought of Ryan. "My word!" he said. "What a head!" His own head rang a little; it was the first time in many years. The more he thought of it the more his admiration grew. His eye lit on the umbrella by the door. He chuckled; that was the only sign of weakness he had discovered. He took the umbrella and placed it on the counter, determining to send it to the Old Man by the first drill-runner who might come in. Then he busied himself sorting the mail for the eastbound train. As he worked he hummed a song that he had heard in a music hall twenty years before. It was a catchy song, not too polite.

He smiled frequently to himself. Never had there been a test like this. He grew enthusiastic thinking of it. He was in a mellow mood; a wave of good feeling toward mankind in general had come over him, and details were of small importance. The rain had come on again. It whipped the windows angrily. The door opened and Snowslide Ann came in.

Like the Doctor, Snowslide Ann had followed the railroad many years. She had sung in every dance-hall from the days of McCarthyville, when they were driving the tunnel through the summit of the Rockies. She had always been a good customer, and the tradesman part of the Doctor liked her. The two had an impersonal acquaintance that had grown close with time.

He looked around the little barrier of lock-boxes and saw her.

"Hello, Ann!" he said. "My word, you're wet!"

She shook the rain from her flimsy gown. "Lend me this umbrella, Doc?" she asked.

"Certainly," he said, and waved his hand; "with pleasure." Gesture and words were at once courtly and savoring of comradeship. She giggled.

"Thanks, awfully," said she.

"Don't mention it, Ann," replied the Doctor. "And, I say, see that I get it back as soon as possible, will you, please?" He went on sorting the mail, humming the impolite song as she departed.

Outside the door Snowslide Ann raised the umbrella. Her eyes fell on the ornate handle. "Gee!" she said, "that's swell." Carefully she grasped the handle well up so that the gold knob would be sure to show in all its splendor. She held it against the red gown and her eyes dwelt upon the combination of the two colors as she walked proudly past the restaurant and the grocery store. Looking thus, with admiration fixed and pride swelling within her, she did not see the red-faced, broad-shouldered woman whose gaze was hardening on the big knob. The two of them would have collided had not Mrs. Ryan

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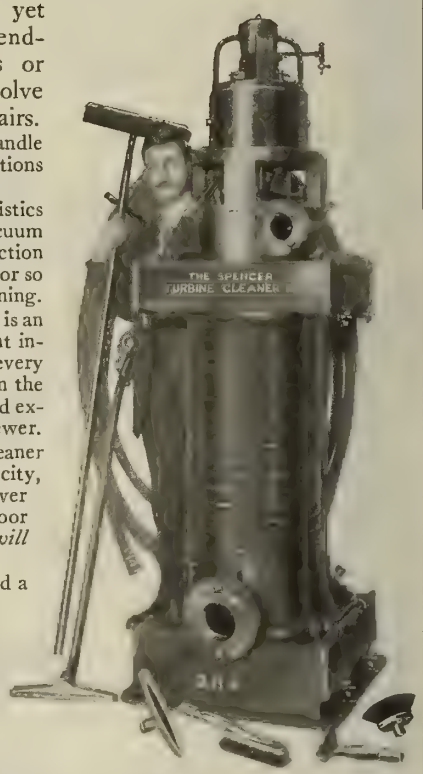

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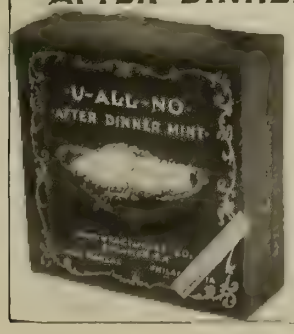

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somewhat elaborately drawn aside, holding her skirts close to her.

When she had passed Snowslide Ann Mrs. Ryan turned and stared at woman and umbrella. Then she spoke to the girl beside her. "Come, Nora," she said through tightened lips. "We'll be going home. If your father's not there now we'll wait for him."

An hour later, when Snowslide Ann sent the umbrella back to the post-office, the Doctor was talking to Tom and the car-tender, who had just come in. He looked up, a trifle disturbed as he took it, and turned to Tom. "Mr. Morton," he asked, "would you mind doing me a favor?"

"I will that," said Tom. The Doctor handed him the umbrella. "Just take this to Ryan's house," said he, "and give it to him with my compliments." When Tom had gone he sighed relief. "I'm glad he didn't come back after it while she was gone with it," he reflected.

On the front porch of Ryan's cottage Tom stood for a brief moment, waiting for the answer to his knock, the car-tender beside him. Nora opened the door, and her eyes lit upon the umbrella handle in Tom's grasp, then went to Tom. Her face grew very cold. Tom caught the look. His hand had gone to his squam hat; it lingered there awkwardly while he began to deliver the message. "I brought ut," he was saying, "fer ——" A heavier foot than Nora's sounded in the doorway, and Mrs. Ryan pushed her daughter aside. She said nothing; her face was very red. She reached out and snatched the umbrella from Tom's hand. Then she slammed the door.

For a moment Tom stood staring at the closed door. He turned to the car-tender and saw him staring, too, open-mouthed. He wheeled and walked away, the car-tender at his heels. The latter was first to speak.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "what was wrong?"

"Wrong?" growled Tom. "There's nawthin' wrong. They think they're too good fer the loikes av us; that's all."

XI

IN THE murky heading the runners cranked the roaring sluggers, elbow to elbow, knee to knee, as jockeys ride the last stretch of a close-run race. As jockeys urge their horses to a final bursting effort so they crowded the steel to its uttermost into the ringing granite. For the first man down was the best.

Always there was this rivalry, with prestige for the swift, and for him who fell behind too often relegation to the tripods of the bench. And prestige spelled mastery as plainly in Snowslide as in other places. Until the advent of the Cœur d'Aleners Big Jerry and the Gunner had always held the lead, and the others had always looked up to them. Now that there were the two factions, the hard-rock men and these exiled miners led by Kennedy, the race had come to be between the Dynamiter's machine and the Gunner's.

Tom had keenly felt the spirit of this race. He had bent his back eight hours a day, doing his part to help win it. And watching it he had studied each man's method. Toiling at the Gunner's beck, hearkening to his instructions, Tom had learned many things from the little one-eyed man. With his eyes on Kennedy he had seen also the deliberation of method, the absolute certainty before going ahead that characterizes the men of the mines. Like the Gunner, the Dynamiter had a knowledge of the rock that was almost uncanny, that made his fingers as they touched the jarring crank see for him into the granite where the hidden steel was plunging. Some of these methods of judgment Tom had got from him. It was only from the sides of his eyes that he had got them. For the rivalry between the factions was stern, and often when Kennedy withdrew his steel from a clean hole Tom saw his fierce eyes, alight with quiet triumph, glancing at the Gunner, still busy on a twelve-foot length. They had no speech together, only these sidelong looks of triumph or contempt.

The morning after payday Tom entered the heading to find a change. The Gunner and Jerry were not there. Tarrying downtown with them in the dance-halls were the two other runners on their side. Taking the places of these Tom saw men from the bench, unaccustomed to the sterner conditions of the heading and its heavier machines. The shift was finishing

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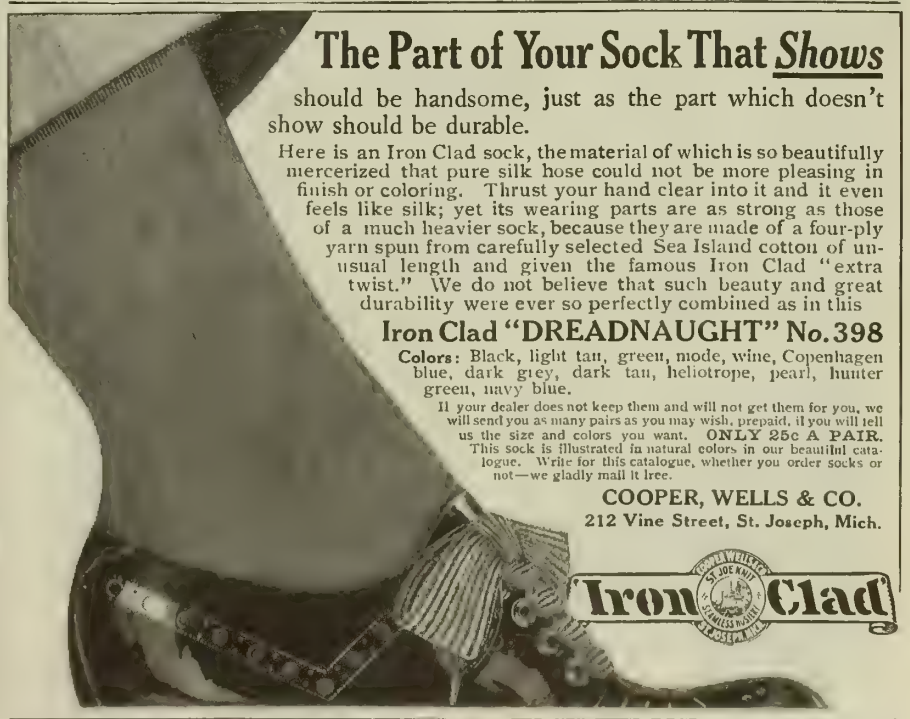

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the setting up, and there was no tumult of sound to drown their words. Kennedy, in the midst of his Cœur d'Aleners, was able to make himself heard plainly as he growled, "It's up to us to do what runnin's done, byes." He looked at Tom as he said it and smiled unpleasantly.

For all the anger that flared within him Tom felt as a boy feels, learning to swim, when the hand beneath his body has been suddenly withdrawn and he finds himself floundering alone. As he busied himself bolting up his machine, then pointing it, he realized how easy working at another's command had been; how heavy was decision.

He realized it many times that day, with a raw helper always looking to him for orders, often failing to comprehend them. And he had a hopeless feeling long before Kennedy ran down his last steel, grinning at him in open derision. It was a full half-hour later when he finished his.

The Cœur d'Aleners loaded the round whenever that duty fell to the day shift now. Usually they began it while one or two of the hard-rock contingent were still sweating to tear down their machines. There was no racing now. The month went on; Big Jerry and the Gunner did not come back. The former drifted to another shift; the latter took the place of the bench boss who had been injured by a falling rock, and Tom saw him only going out or coming in to work. The heading limped along unevenly. The walker fell to coming in to hasten matters; he would stand behind the slower runners, frowning at them between heavy brows, occasionally roaring curses that carried through the thunder of the sluggers. The thing became known through the camp; off the work, men from other gangs gibed Tom and his companions. Tom said nothing to them, though the discrepancy between his own machine and Kennedy's was greater than that between any other two. But he talked to the Gunner about it almost every evening, listening carefully to what the little man told him. And he talked to his helper. Sometimes he stopped his drill to do it in the midst of the work.

Toward the end of the month a change began to come. The bench men had learned their business now and were crowding their steel along until they ran a close race with the Cœur d'Aleners. But Tom still lagged behind the Dynamiter and seemed content to let Kennedy win easily. The heading boss came to scowling as he looked at them. Then the month ended and they went on "graveyard."

The first night, as they gathered in the shadows on the blacksmith-shop platform, black-clad giants in a somber place, Tom drew his helper aside and whispered at length into his ear. The helper listened and at intervals he nodded earnestly. He had learned his business now.

Kennedy saw it and laughed a sneering laugh. But when he reached the heading he lost no time in hurrying to his machine. And the others seemed to feel it, for they watched the two men as they prepared to start.

It was shaky rock, full of slips and faults. From these seams where the granite had rotted water streamed. This is the hardest of running; it requires most careful judgment. Overhead, the roof hung precariously. For two days huge masses had been peeling away, crashing down in spite of blocking. Half a dozen men had suffered injuries, and several had leaped aside from the path of annihilation. In spite of the hour the Old Man was inside with the walker, looking at the timbering above the bench. The two of them stayed while the heading machines were starting. They came to the muck pile and sat upon its summit, watching them.

There were only four machines running in the heading this night. Tom and the Dynamiter stood at the two inside ones, four feet apart. Each of them was at his hole's beginning. They stood, two broad-backed giants, the big shoulders of each bent slightly forward as he watched his helper, while the two helpers sprang upon the chuck nuts and grunted, bending their bodies to the long-handled wrenches. Standing thus, one big hand on the idle crank, one on the valve key, the face of each was motionless, intent upon the helper. Each held his lips tight shut, his head thrust slightly forward upon the corded neck. About them the other sluggers beat huge diapasons; thick drops fell on them from the sweating roof. The fog of the spent air mantled their black-clad bodies. Oil

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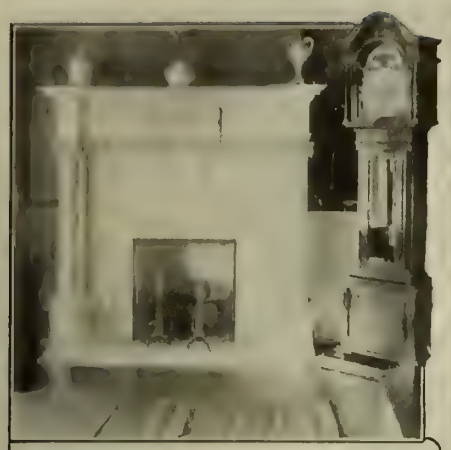

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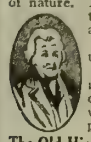

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blackened their faces; it gleamed beneath the incandescents upon their cheeks.

The two helpers sprang back. The two arms whirled the easing cranks. Their hands twitched at the valve keys. The sluggers muttered sullenly like ugly animals of iron, and beat the granite in slow strokes. The hands upon the valve keys twitched again. The mutter loudened and the blows increased. Again the twitching of the big hands, and the drills roared, tearing their way into the heading's breast.

"It seems to me I know the face of him," the Old Man cried into Tarpy's ear. "Who is that mick, Jack?"

"Gunner Flynn's old helper," shouted the walker. "The wan that licked them Polacks."

The Old Man nodded and shifted his eyes to the roof. At once he nudged the walker with his elbow and pointed upward. A mass of rock had loosened; the seam showed where it hung, a suspended menace. It might fall the next minute; it might endure for hours. Tarpy saw and called the heading boss.

Tom and Kennedy were on their four-foot steel when the heading boss stepped between them and touched each of them on the shoulder. With him were two laborers who bore a huge, thick post. Both runners followed the foreman's gesture and glanced at the roof. The suspended rock was fair above them. Whether it would fall—if it fell—between them or upon them both was an open question. Their eyes lingered briefly on it and grew scornful. They turned to the heading boss, and the Old Man saw them arguing. The Dynamiter clenched his fist and shook it in the foreman's face.

"What's this?" Ryan shouted.

The heading boss came over to the walker. "They will not stop," he cried, and the thunder of the two machines, starting in unison, drowned the rest of his sentence. He raised his voice. "They're afther seein' who is best man," he shouted.

"Oho!" crowed Ryan. "Go to it, then, ye divils!" he yelled at the two broad backs. "Let's stay and watch ut," he called in Tarpy's ear.

The walker laughed. "A merry race," he cried, and jerked his thumb at the impending roof. "Let the best win."

Neither Tom nor Kennedy even looked around. Their eyes were straight ahead. They were running neck and neck; and, a moment later, both helpers ducked in together to withdraw the four-foot drills and clamp the six-foot steel in the resting chucks. Together they slipped back, and the two sluggers again began their crashing song. Halfway down this length Kennedy withdrew his drill and slipped an iron nut into the hole. In this manner a runner makes his steel bite into the face of the rock where it is parted by a seam. The interruption gave Tom a marked advantage. He was well down toward the end of the six-foot when Kennedy began again. But a moment later he stopped his machine and did as the Dynamiter had done.

"The rock is stayin' even wit' them," shouted Ryan. He whipped a look at the roof, and the exultation faded from his face; it became very grave. The hanging mass had separated a hair's breadth from the rock that held it; a barely perceptible interval had begun to show. Even as he looked it seemed to widen a little. He nudged Tarpy.

"Lave them be," the walker called back. "They'd fight the man that touched either av them. Lave them run ut out as they please." Ryan shook his head, but he made no answer. After that he watched the patch of shaky roof as much as he did the two men beneath it—as though the mass of rock were a third contestant in the race.

On the eight-foot length Kennedy forged ahead. He was running in even, hard rock, and he cranked her down as fast as the steel would bite its way. Tom's drill, hampered by some soft ground, was progressing haltingly and he lost precious time nursing it along. On the ten-foot the Dynamiter struck a small fault which Tom did not find, and they drew together again.

The Old Man bent to Tarpy's ear. "If that mick don't beat this here mine-wrecker," he cried, "I'll trow him aff the end of the dump in the marnin'." His face was aflame with excitement. Then he cast his eyes overhead and became silent; he frowned uneasily.

Neither Tom nor Kennedy had looked anywhere save into the murk before them.

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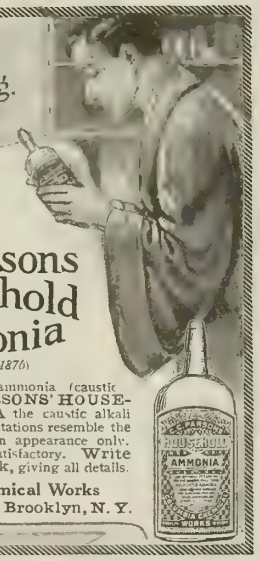

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They were holding their idle cranks now while the helpers clamped the twelve-foot steel, and the Dynamiter for the first time let his eyes wander. He saw the Old Man staring at the ceiling. He laughed and spat, then he touched Tom on the shoulder and pointed to the loosened rock. It hung as it had hung for some time, beginning to peel away, ready to rend free at any moment and crash down upon them. Tom glanced at it, then looked at the Dynamiter's face, cleft deep with scowling lines, black with oil, derisive. His eyes narrowed and without any other change of expression he turned to his machine.

A moment later they were pounding down the twelve-foot steel. Both machines were running fair and free, to all appearances, swaying slowly, regularly from side to side with their even play, when Tom shut off his air. His drill slowed in a midstroke and stopped. He touched his helper on the shoulder and gestured briefly with his right hand. The man crawled in beside the slugger—Kennedy's chuck touched his loose oilskin coat as it tore its whirling way—and began loosening the nuts that held the drill.

"Green!" the Old Man shouted. "Thinkin' of slips when there is none. He's beat now."

"Wait a bit," the walker told him. "Gunner Flynn says the lad knows all he does. Be aisy."

Tom was holding the drill by its flaring end, looking at the bit. He nodded to the helper; while the man got a fresh steel from the pile behind them, Tom fumbled in his pocket and took out an iron nut. He crept forward and rammed this into the driven hole. The helper slipped in the new drill after it. Tom half opened his air-valve and let this one pound slowly against the piece of metal. He looked across at Kennedy and smiled. The Dynamiter was withdrawing his steel, run now to its full length. He met the slow, sure smile with a sneer. A shower of loose particles fell from the hanging rock; it rattled down between them. Neither noticed it; or if he noticed, neither heeded.

While Kennedy was feeding the fourteen-foot steel Tom looked again. His own machine was running full speed on the last of the twelve. The Dynamiter's air-valve had begun coughing irregularly. As Tom looked the helper sprang forward, crouching, a bar of iron in his hand, and began beating upon the binding drill.

The walker nudged Ryan. "What did I tell ye?" he cried. "He's struck that slip."

"Struck ut?" growled Ryan to himself. "I think he's been on ut this five minutes without knowin' ut. 'Tis that that hurry does."

"Stuck fast," he muttered a moment later.

Kennedy's machine was now still. The Dynamiter was wrestling alongside his helper to free the drill from the hole in whose recesses it had wedged itself.

While the two men were still striving, Tom's helper tossed the last drill back over the muck heap. When Tom came back from the jumbo, where he had borne his inert slugger, the Dynamiter closed his air-valve for the releasing of the fourteen-foot length. He stepped aside just as the mass of granite crashed down where he had been.

"That," said Ryan to Tarpy on their way to the portal, "is the last bit of foolishness I'll stand fer. If ever ye see or hear of anny fool doing the likes again, and don't fire him on the spot, I'll fire ye."

The walker listened gravely. "'Twas wort' the watchin', annyhow," he said, "even if ut did keep us up till daylight."

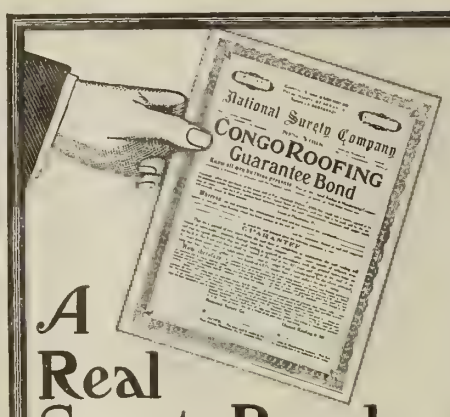
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Maid o' the True Heart

Maid o' the True Heart, you and I
Have watched the wrecks of many years
Drift down the tide of human tears
That ebbs into eternity;
But what care we for mortal fears,
Because the present cannot last,
Or that a life wreck disappears
With some lost soul lashed to the mast!

Our bark will ride the billows whether
The gales of life breathe loud or low:
Let fleets of hopes sink lost below,
Our sail will stretch to sunny weather.
Love holds the helm, and storms may blow,
But you and I through every clime
Shall voyage till the tides are low,
And anchor in the port of Time.

— *Calvin Johnston.*



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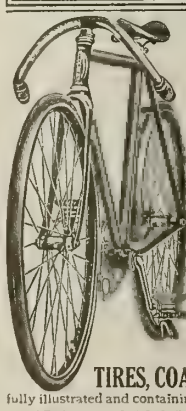

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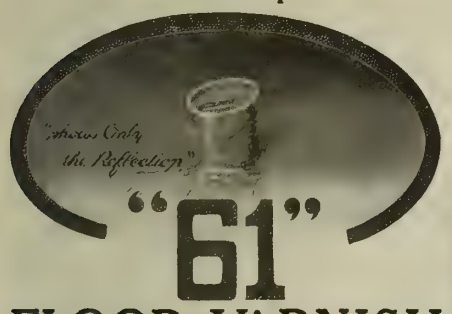

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THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 21)

while holding himself in reserve to direct operations on a dignified and colossal scale against the natural enemy, decided that it was unbecoming in a man of his position, age and reputation, who had the entrée of the Upper House, to go skipping about the midnight ways, in undignified costume, with such rank shavers as Pebble Stone and Dennis de B. de B. Finnegan.

So when Dennis arrived after lights, like a will-o'-the-wisp, with a whispered:

"I say, Dink—all ready?"

Stover replied:

"All ready in bed."

"What," said Dennis aghast, "you're not with us?"

"No."

"Aren't you feeling well?"

"First-rate."

"But, I say, Dink, there's half a dozen of us. We've got all the laundry bags in the house heaped up just outside of Beekstein's door and, I say, we're going to pile 'em all up on top of him and then jump on and pie him, and scoot for our rooms before old Bundy can jump the stairs and nab us. It'll be regular touch and go—a regular lark! Come on!"

A snore answered him.

"You won't come?"

"No."

"Are you mad at me?"

"No, I'm sleepy!"

"Sleepy!" said Dennis in such amazement that he no longer had any strength to argue and left the room convinced that Stover was heroically concealing an agony of pain.

Stover immediately settled his tired body, sunk his nose down to the level of the covers and floated blissfully off into the land of dreams. The next night and the next it was the same. For a whole month Dink slept, wasting not one of the precious moments of the night, sleeping through the slow-moving recitations, sleeping on the green turf of afternoons, pillowed on Tough McCarty or the Tennessee Shad, and watching others scampering around the diamond in incomprehensible activity; but the month was the month of April and his years sixteen.

It was in the first week of May that Stover awakened; the drowsiness dropped from him and the spirit of perpetual motion again returned. Still, the distance between himself and his past remained. He had changed, become graver, more laconic, moving with sedateness, like Garry Cockrell, whose tricks of speech and gestures he imitated, holding himself rather aloof from the populace, curiously conscious that the change had come, and sometimes looking back with profound melancholy on the youth that had now passed irrevocably away.

During this period of somewhat fragile self-importance the acquaintance with Tough McCarty had strengthened into an eternal friendship in a manner that had a certain touch of humor.

McCarty, after the close of the football season, had repeatedly sought out his late antagonist; but, though Dink at the bottom of his soul was thrilled with the thought that here at last was the friend of friends, the Damon to his Pythias, the chum who was to stand shoulder to his shoulder, and so on, still there was too much self-conscious pride in him to yield immediately to this feeling.

McCarty perceived the reserve without quite analyzing it, and was puzzled at the barriers that still intervened.

During the winter, when Dink was resolutely set in the pursuit of that beau-ideal which had a marked resemblance to a certain creation of Bret Harte's—Mr. Jack Hamlin, "gentleman sport," as Dennis would have called him—McCarty found little opportunity for friendly intercourse. He disapproved of many of Dink's friendships, not so much from a moralistic point of view as from the fact that Stover was not exercising the principle of selection. As this phase was intensified and Stover became the object of criticism of his classmates for hanging at the heels of Fifth-Formers and neglecting his own territory, McCarty resolved that the plain duty of a friend required him to administer a moral lecture.

This heroic resolve threw him into confusion for a week; for, in the first place, he had been accustomed to receive rather than to give words of warning and, in the second

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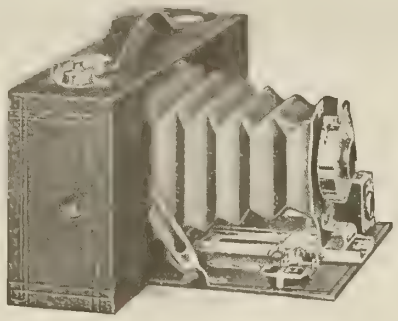

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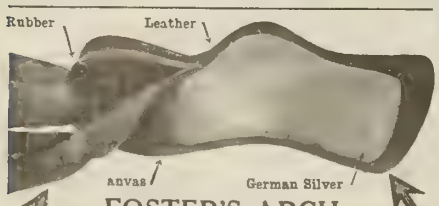

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place, he was fully aware of the difficulties of opening up the subject at all.

After much anxious and gloomy cogitation he hit upon a novel plan and, approaching Stover at the end of the last recitation, gave him a mysterious wink.

"What's up?" said Dink instantly.

McCarty pulled him aside:

"I've got a couple of A No. 1 millionaire cigars," he said in a whisper. "If you've got nothing better, why, come along."

"I'm yours on the jump," said Dink, trying to give to his words a joy which he was far from feeling in his heart.

"You smoke cigars?"

"Do I!"

"Come on, then!"

It was the last day of March, which had gone out like a lamb, leaving the ground still chill and moist with the memory of departed snows. They went down by the pond in the shelter of the grove and McCarty proudly produced two cigars coated with gilt foil.

"They look the real thing to me," said Dink, eying the long projectiles with a rakish, professional look.

Now, Dink had never smoked a cigar in his life and was alarmed at the thought of the task before him; but he was resolved to die a lingering death rather than allow that humiliating secret to be discovered.

"You bet they're the real thing," said Tough McCarty, slipping off the foil. "Real black beauties! Get the flavor?"

Dink approached the ominous black cigar to his nose, sniffed it rapturously and cocked a knowing eye.

"Aha!"

"Real Havanas!"

"They certainly smell good!"

"Swiped 'em off my brother-in-law—forty-five-centers."

"I believe it. Say, what do you call 'em?"

"Invincibles."

The name threw a momentary chill over Stover, but he instantly recovered.

"I say, we ought to have a couple of hatpins," he said, turning the cigar in his fingers.

"What for?"

"Smoke 'em to the last puff!"

"We'll use our penknives."

"All right—after you."

Stover cautiously drew in his first puff. To his surprise nothing immediate happened.

"How is it?" said McCarty.

"Terrific!"

"Do you inhale?"

"Sometimes," said Stover, with an inconsequential wave of his hand.

This gave McCarty his opening; besides, he was deceived by Stover's complete manner.

"Dink, I'm afraid you're smoking too much," he said earnestly, puffing on his cigar.

"Oh, no," said Dink, immensely flattered by this undeserved accusation from McCarty, who smoked forty-five-cent cigars.

"Yes, you are. I know it. Trouble with you is, old boy, you never do anything by halves. I know you."

"Oh, well——" said Stover loftily.

"You're smoking too much, and that's not all, Dink. I—I've wanted to have a chance at you for a long while, and now I'm going for you."

"Hello ——!"

"Now, look here, boy," said Tough McCarty, filling the air with the blue smoke, "I'm not a mammy boy nor a goody-goody, and I don't like preaching; but you've got too much ahead of you, old rooster, to go and throw it away."

"What do you mean?" said Dink, champing furiously on his cigar, as he had seen stage villains do.

"I mean, old socks," said Tough, frowning with his effort—"I mean there are some fellows here who are worth while and some who are not, who won't do you any good, who don't amount to a row of pins and aren't up to you in any way you look at it."

"Are you criticising my friends?" said Stover, who had just passed an even more unflattering judgment, due to the Welsh-rabbit episode.

"I am," said McCarty, passing his hand over his forehead with difficulty.

Stover was just about to make an angry reply when he looked at McCarty, who suddenly leaned back against the tree. At the same moment a feeling of insecurity overtook him. He started again to make an angry answer and then all pugnacious thoughts left him. He sat down suddenly,

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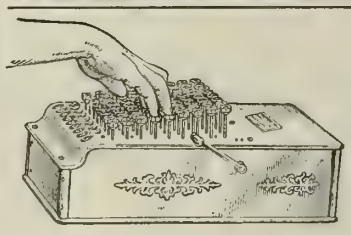

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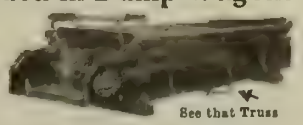

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his head swam on his shoulders and about him the woods danced in drunken reelings, sweeping grotesque boughs over him. Only the earth felt good, the damp, muddy earth, which he all at once convulsively embraced.

"Dink!"

The sound was far off, weak and fraught with mortal distress.

"Has it hit you, too?"

Dink's answer was a groan. He opened one eye; Tough McCarty, prone at his side, lay on his stomach, burying his head in his arms.

At this moment a light patter sounded about them.

"It's beginning to rain."

"I don't care!"

"Neither do I."

Stover lay clutching the earth, that somehow wouldn't keep still, that moved under him, that swayed and rose and fell. Then things began to rush through his brain: armies of football-clad warriors, The Roman whirling by on one leg of his chair, Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan prancing impishly, sticking out his tongue at him, whole flocks of Sunday preachers gesticulating in his direction, crowds of faces, legs, arms, an old yellow dog with a sausage in his mouth ——

Suddenly near him McCarty began to move.

"Where you going?" he managed to say. "For Heaven's sake, don't leave me."

"To the pond—drink."

McCarty, on his hands and knees, began to crawl. Stover raised himself up and staggered after. The rain came down unheeded—nothing could add to his misery. They reached the pond and drank long, copious drinks, plunging their dripping heads in the water.

Gradually the vertigo passed. Faint and weak they sat propped up opposite each other, solemnly, sadly, glance to glance, while unnoticed the rain spouted from the ends of their noses.

"Oh, Dink!" said Tough at last.

"Don't!"

"I thought I was going to die."

"I'm not sure of it yet."

"I had a lot I wanted to say to you," said Tough painfully, feeling the opportunity was slipping away.

"You said I was smoking too much," said Dink maliciously.

"Ugh! Don't—no, that wasn't it."

"Shut up, old cockalorum," said Dink pleasantly. "I know all you want to say—found it out myself—it's all in one word—swelled head!"

"Oh!" said Tough deprecatingly, now that Dink had turned accuser.

"I've been a little ass!" said Dink, marvelously stimulated to repentance by the episode which had gone before. "But that's over. My head's subsiding."

"What?"

The two burst into sympathetic laughter.

"You—you didn't mind my sailing into you, old horse?" said Tough.

"Not now."

McCarty looked mystified.

"Tough," said Dink with a queer look, "if you had smoked that black devil and I hadn't—all would have been over between us. As it is ——"

"Well?" said Tough.

"As it is—Tough, here's my hand—let's swear an eternal friendship!"

"Put it there!"

"I say, Tough ——"

"What?"

"Now, on your honor—did you ever smoke a cigar before?"

"Never," said McCarty. "And I'll never smoke another. So help me."

"Nor I. I say, what was that name?"

"Invincibles."

"That's where we should have stopped!"

"Dink, I begin to feel a little chilly."

"Tough, that's a good sign; let's up."

Arm in arm, laughing uproariously, they went, still a little shaky, back toward the school.

"I say, Tough," said Dink, throwing his arm affectionately about the other's shoulders. "I've been pretty much of a jackass, haven't I?"

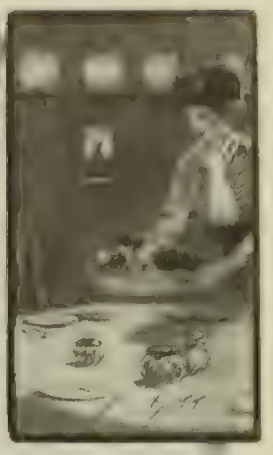
"Oh, come, now!"

"I'm afraid I'm not built for a sport," said Dink, with a lingering regret. "But, I say, Tough ——"

"What?"

"I may be the prodigal son, but you're the devil of a moral lecturer, you are, Tough McCarty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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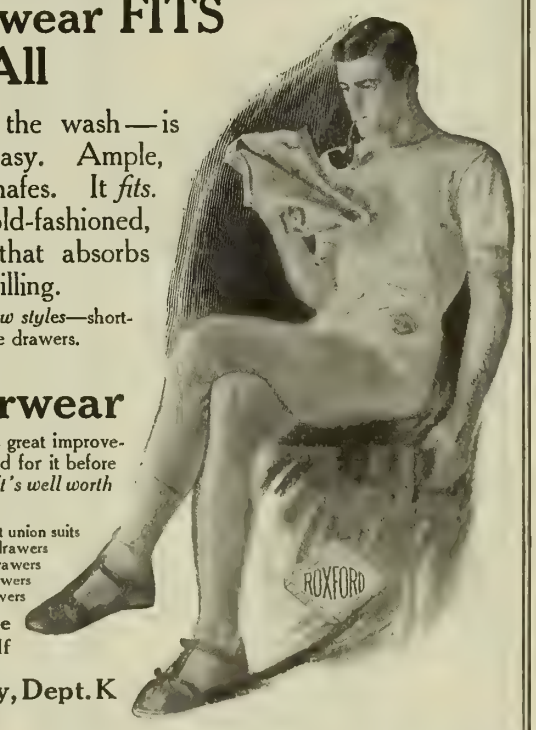

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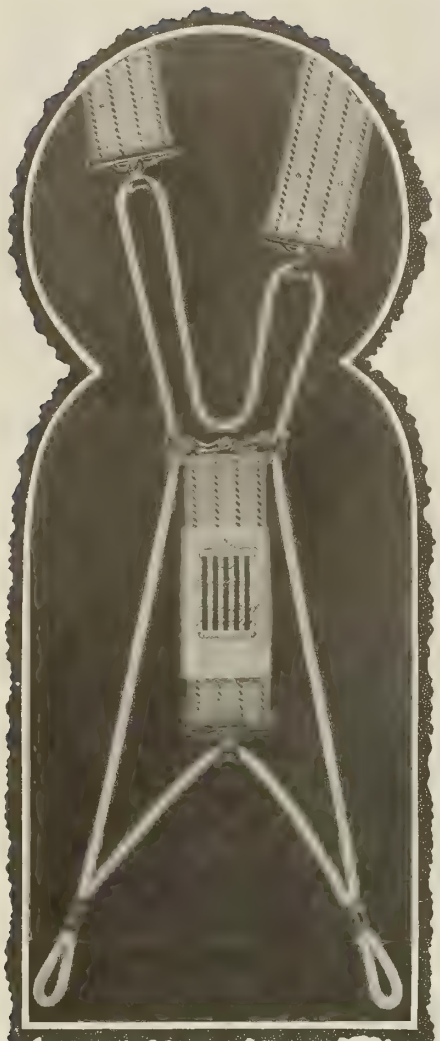

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THE COST OF LIVING IN EUROPE

(Concluded from Page 19)

There are endless pettinesses in Europe. One day I stepped into a large restaurant near the Louvre for luncheon, and when the check came I found a charge of eight cents—not *centimes*—for use of napkin, eight cents for having eaten a tiny pat of butter, and another eight cents for a single bit of bread.

At this place a serving of asparagus costs 60 cents; of peas, 25 cents; and a quarter of a roast pullet, 50 cents—in the United States the portion would be a half, and would cost more; a dozen oysters, very much inferior to ours, 50 cents; cold ham, 30 cents; roast beef and potatoes, 50 cents. But none of the prices include either bread or butter. And on the menu card a number of items are left without price, to give opportunity to overcharge—a common practice.

At a good restaurant in Paris one mutton chop with white beans is 35 cents; steak and potatoes, 67 cents; a veal cutlet and olives, 35 cents; plum pudding with rum, 30 cents; a fruit tart, 15 cents; a soufflé of coffee with a little pot of cream, 30 cents.

A Masquerade in Meats

In France and Germany a great deal of horse meat is sold; in France donkey meat also; and the laws against selling horse as beef do not keep restaurants and cheap hotels from serving it in masquerade at their tables. Most menus in France begin with "hors," and at many a place it is encountered with an "e" added, hidden somewhere down the line hidden, because, in spite of the great quantities bought, no one ever admits eating or serving it.

Prices at the best Berlin restaurants range about as in Paris; but at a delightful place, patronized chiefly by the Berlinese themselves and by army officers rather than by strangers, a porterhouse steak, big enough for three or four persons, costs $1.50; beefsteak for one, of nameless cut, 25 cents; a veal cutlet, 35 cents; a *Heligoländer Hummer*—lobster—75 cents; a cup of coffee, 8 cents; a "Newtown pipping," 10 cents; and the imposing *Rühreier mit Schinken eingeschnitten oder Schinken besonders*, 25 cents. Here, however, wine must be purchased; but half a bottle of wine may be had for 16 cents, or one may go as high as he pleases.

Wines are cheaper in Europe than in the United States. A peasant buys a quart for a few pennies, and even the visitor may buy his bottle for as low as 12 to 15 cents. But it must not be thought that such prices cover what the Europeans really call wines. Even cheap wines are seventy to ninety cents in price and are much like our California wines of similar price; but good vintages mount steadily upward. A French restaurant will serve Pol Roger, '92, for $6 a bottle. A bottle of Château Lafitte, '75, sells for $6 at the most reliable shop in Paris—known to few except the French—and at this same shop brandy varies through all prices from 65 cents a bottle to $16; while, matter for curious reflection, some good brands of American rye and Bourbon sell for less than in America, and some brands of Scotch for less than in Great Britain.

Coal is dear. In Hamburg soft coal is $8 and anthracite $12. In London soft coal, heavy with sulphur fumes, is $5.50 to $6 a ton, and hard coal $8.25 and up. It seems about time that coals should be sent to Newcastle at such prices!

Horses in England or France cost from $300 upward. Steamer trunks in Paris begin at $30 for anything combining looks and strength, and at $18 for strength alone.

Cab and automobile fares are cheaper, and yet the minimum fare in London is 25 cents, and this is matched by 25 cents from the Pennsylvania Railroad stations in Philadelphia and New York.

Railroads charge more than in America, unless one puts up with the ignominy of being rated as third-class, of traveling in third-class cars and of being excluded from the better waiting-rooms and dining-cars. The best is inferior to our Pullman service and is dearer.

Clothes are somewhat cheaper in Europe, yet not so cheap as they were a few years ago. And the average French or English tailor does not know how to make clothes that can be worn on Broadway. And shoddy material and poor finish and workmanship have become deplorably common.

Women can buy hats more cheaply than at home. In Paris good-looking hats may be found for from $5 to $10—but the Paris woman of fashion does not buy these hats! In London hats can be bought from $5 upward, but there are few such hats that any American or French woman could be induced to wear.

Take such a standard thing as white crêpe de chine. Today in Paris the very cheapest costs $1.40 a yard, and anything at all good from $2.50 and upward. It is cheaper in New York, quality for quality. Ordinary crêpe de chine blouses range in London department stores from $6 to $16. Suits of white silk pajamas, that a few years ago cost $6 in Paris, now at the same shop cost $10.

Men's or women's shoes, of good quality and shape, cost at least $5. Men's shirts cost from $1 up. The cheapest collars, as in America, are two for 25 cents. A good umbrella costs a guinea. Laundry costs New York prices and comes home with red threads sewed in it for markers, and the laundering is often deplorably poor. Send out trousers to be pressed in a London hotel, and the charge is at least 37 cents—the popular American belief being that you can buy a pair over there for that!

Europe has too much overawed us with traditions of present-day excellence and cheapness; America has stood in reverence on account of an art and skill and craftsmanship and architecture that have vanished. Europeans have long failed to carry on the noble traditions of the centuries past; and today they are even failing to carry on the tradition of low prices for good material.

When Robert Louis Stevenson first came to the United States he drove in the rain in an open express wagon from the steamer pier to some kind of sailors' lodging-house on the North River waterfront; and he afterward set down in a book a description of all this as of a typical American hotel reached in a typical American way.

Many an American goes economically to Europe and comes home to set his third-class European prices against first-class American ones. Naturally, such comparisons are to the advantage of Europe.

The Factories' Funds

IN A CERTAIN factory a company savings-bank is run in connection with a "Ten Per Cent Club" among employees, the latter having arrived at the rule that, roughly, everybody ought to put away at least ten per cent for a rainy day, and the company carrying out the same idea by refusing to accept more than ten per cent of anybody's wages on deposit, as ten per cent interest is paid out of company funds on all money left in its hands a year.

In another factory it was found that all the men needed in order to be thrifty was some convenient way of depositing their weekly savings. A trip to the bank on payday took too much time from recreation. So the company opened a savings department upon a system that renders it unnecessary even to make a formal deposit with the cashier.

John Jones decides, the day before payday, that he can add three dollars to his savings account with the company this week. So he fills out a blank order to the cashier to deduct that amount and credit to John Jones' savings account. This slip, with others, comes to the cashier, and is before him when he is making up the payroll.

He puts it into the employee's envelope as three dollars cash, acknowledging on the back the receipt and crediting of the money. This makes it also a certificate of deposit. When John Jones wants to draw his money he turns it in.

These funds are deposited at interest outside, and the men get just what a savings-bank would pay.

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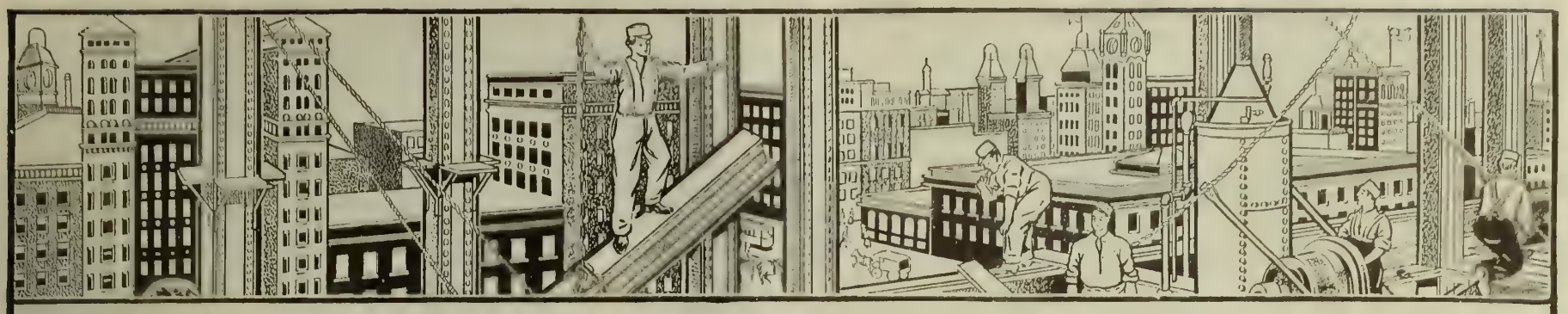

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El Reno, The Coming City

When it is considered that Oklahoma has the staples—which are the backbone of agriculture — and the standard minerals — which are the basis of manufacturing — and carries a score of other crops and raw materials as "side lines" in her great big sample case, it is easily seen that an empire was slumbering here, waiting only the advent of railroads to open things up.

El Reno is the most rapidly growing City in Oklahoma, the most progressive State in the Union. This wonderfully vital, pushing, ambitious natural center of the Greater Southwest, is growing by leaps and bounds. Its leading business men with a public spirit never surpassed have banded together into an organization to push the fortunes of El Reno, and now invite the world to ***"Watch Us Grow To 100,000."*** The wonderful progress made during the past few years by El Reno, the coming metropolis of Oklahoma, is due largely to the loyal support and unselfish effort of the representative men who are backing this movement with their time, money and personal energy.

Advantages of Location

El Reno is the county seat of Canadian county and is situated in the center of Oklahoma. The territory adjacent to the city contains the richest agricultural region in the Southwest, parted by the North and South Canadian rivers, with grazing lands capable of sustaining the immense herds that make this city the greatest cattle market in the state. El Reno is the hub of the great Rock Island System, being the intersection of its two main lines, the C. R. I. & P. and the C. O. & G. R. R. The Fort Smith and Western has its own western terminal here, and a charter has been granted the El Reno, Red River and Pacific Railway Company to extend this line to connect with the Orient Railway in Texas.

A Great Cattle Market

El Reno has more factories than any city its size in the state. It is the best cattle market in Oklahoma. The Rock Island Railroad has seventy miles of track in El Reno, with capacity for handling 8,000 cars. El Reno will be the hub of a system of interurbans that will radiate over the state. El Reno has a complete, modern, up-to-date street railway system. It has the largest cotton compress in the great cotton district of the Southwest.

El Reno OKLA.

"Watch Us Grow to 100,000"

Railroad and Factory Center

El Reno is the railroad center of the Southwest. It is the headquarters of the Rock Island System for Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. The Rock Island has appropriated $2,000,000 for improvements in the city of El Reno alone. El Reno will soon have the largest railroad office building in the State of Oklahoma, to be built by the Rock Island System. Forty trains enter and leave daily this rapidly developing railroad and manufacturing center of the great Southwest.

El Reno Not a "Boom" Town

El Reno is not a "boom" town and yet is growing twice as fast as any other city in this section. El Reno has beautiful parks with a variety of attractions, and a Carnegie Library costing $20,000, containing 10,000 volumes. El Reno's Commercial Club has an advertising fund of $20,000 which it is spending for the benefit of this city and its inhabitants. El Reno has carried the name of Oklahoma farther than any two cities in the state.

An Invitation To Settlers

In order to interest outside capital and as a means of attracting actual settlers to El Reno, a committee of public spirited business men have arranged to offer non-residents an opportunity to purchase city lots 25x140 feet within a few minutes' walk of the business center, at a price much below their actual worth. This splendid offer is made for the purpose of bringing a good class of citizens to El Reno, and thereby assisting the movement of population towards the 100,000 mark.

Low Prices and Easy Terms

Here is a wonderful opportunity to acquire valuable, rapidly growing lots in the most progressive city of Oklahoma at prices that yield a large percentage of profit. Inside lots, 25x140 feet, are now only $125 — corner lots $200. Terms, $10 down and $5 per month. No interest, no taxes, no commission or extra charges of any kind. Title guaranteed perfect. You have the privilege of re-selling, if you prefer, at any time after first payment is made.

A Chance for Investors

Such an offering to acquire city property on such easy terms is rare. While we cannot make any promise or give any guarantee covering even the approximate increase in value of these rapidly growing lots, yet the readers of this publication can easily form their own conclusions from the facts given above concerning the wonderful development of El Reno to date, and the promises of even greater things in the next few years.

The Packers' Industrial Company, of El Reno, Oklahoma

Composed of Members of Chamber of Commerce

Reservation Coupon

The Packers' Industrial Co.,
El Reno, Okla.

Please reserve in my name ..... inside corner lot 25 x 140 feet, and send me at once, plat and map showing exact location, etc., subject to my acceptance or rejection.

Name

Address .....

800 Lots Already Sold

The original tract secured by the committee contained 2,200 city lots, of which 800 have been sold. The remainder, 1,400 lots, will be sold to non-residents. This property is in the heart of the packing center, where realty values are going up with a rush. Nearby the El Reno Packing Co. will soon begin operations, with a capacity of 400 cattle and 600 hogs per day. Three other packing houses will be built within the next few months. Every indication points to a wonderful development in the immediate neighborhood.

Information Coupon

The Packers' Industrial Co.,
El Reno, Okla.

I want further information about your El Reno City Lots. Please send full details, maps, plats, descriptions, etc., without any obligation to me.

Name

Address

TRADE Steinfeld MARK
Telescope Cot Bed

For Your Camp

Summer Home—Lawn, Porch or Roof—Yacht—Motor Boat—Automobile, Etc.

Lightest and Most Compact Portable Bed Ever Made

Always Ready for Your Guest and Instantly Available in Emergencies.

So Easy to Fold and Put Out of the Way. Weighs but 15 Pounds.

Guaranteed to Sustain 800 Pounds

PRICE $3.00 Ask Your Dealer to Demonstrate

Write for our Booklet No. 28, "Camp Furniture"

STEINFELD BROS.
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2 H. P. reversing engine and fittings complete, including propeller and shafting, stuffing box, wiring, etc.

Marine Motor
READY TO INSTALL
$40

Our engine is so simple a woman or child can operate it. It is easy to start, strong, dependable, 2 H. P. to 10 H. P. $40 up. An engine with a wonderful record—thousands of them in use and all giving satisfaction. Adopted by U. S. lighthouse tenders, Chicago police boats, etc. Low fuel consumption, faster and more powerful per rated H. P. than any other engine.

Write for free illustrated catalog. Mighty interesting to anyone interested in motor boats.

Special prices to boat builders and agents. Write today.

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1910 Speed Motor Canoe $110 Complete

A high speed, perfectly safe boat of a wonderful model. All the luxury of canoeing, all the charm of motoring at high speed, with all the safety of a cruiser—stiff—steady—safe—graceful in design—dry. Comfortable arrangement—and the strongest motor canoe made. Fully Guaranteed. Twenty feet long—made of cedar—copper fastened—equipped with the simplest, most reliable, smoothest running, highest grade 2 H. P. engine made. Send today for Power Canoe Bulletin No. 31. (44)

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is the secret preparation used by the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany, for curing all diseases of Cage Birds, and restoring lost song. It acts like magic. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 15c. Bird Book mailed free on application.

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Sample of our prepared Gold and Silver Letters for Office Windows, Store Fronts, House Numbers, etc. A Gold Mine for Agents. Calif. agent made $31.95 2 days; Ohio agent $42.60 3 days; Kas. agent $15.25 1 day. You should do as well. Easy, pleasant work. This is your chance to make big money. Write today for full particulars and free sample to agents.

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1x2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. $1.00

Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Coöperation—Prunes and Beans

(Continued from Page 11)

markets for future delivery before the crop was gathered—a proceeding which, technically at least, would make them "short" of the market, or on the "bear side." Obviously, the lower they could buy the beans in California, as compared with the price at which they had agreed to deliver them in the East, the greater would be their profit.

The beans are ready for market in the early autumn, and the biggest deliveries are usually made in October and November. It is alleged that early in the bean harvest the commercial buyers took pains to discover some growers who were hard up and anxious to sell, whose beans they would purchase at a comparatively low figure, and that these transactions, being published, tended to establish a price for the other growers.

The lima-bean industry is fortunate, however, in that a number of persons of ample means and considerable business ability are engaged in it. Mr. Charles Donlon, of Oxnard, for example, is popularly reported to have "made a million out of beans and real estate"—although, no doubt, it would be more accurate to say "out of real estate and beans." Some of these business-like bean culturists, as one of them expressed it, "got tired of having a handful of men, some of whom didn't even live in California, fix the price year after year for us fellows to sell our beans at." Accordingly, in the month of March, 1909—after some preliminary campaigning—they called a mass-meeting of bean growers to be held in the Auditorium at Oxnard. "To organize," they said, "is the only way to meet the big buyers."

The plan was to organize local associations, each covering a territory that could conveniently reach a warehouse, and a central association to do the selling, every local association to be represented in the central body. Other meetings were held and a good deal of canvassing for members was done. Local and central organizations were formed, the latter called the Ventura County Bean Growers' Association, with Mr. Donlon as president and J. M. Waterman as manager.

Prices Fixed by Quotations

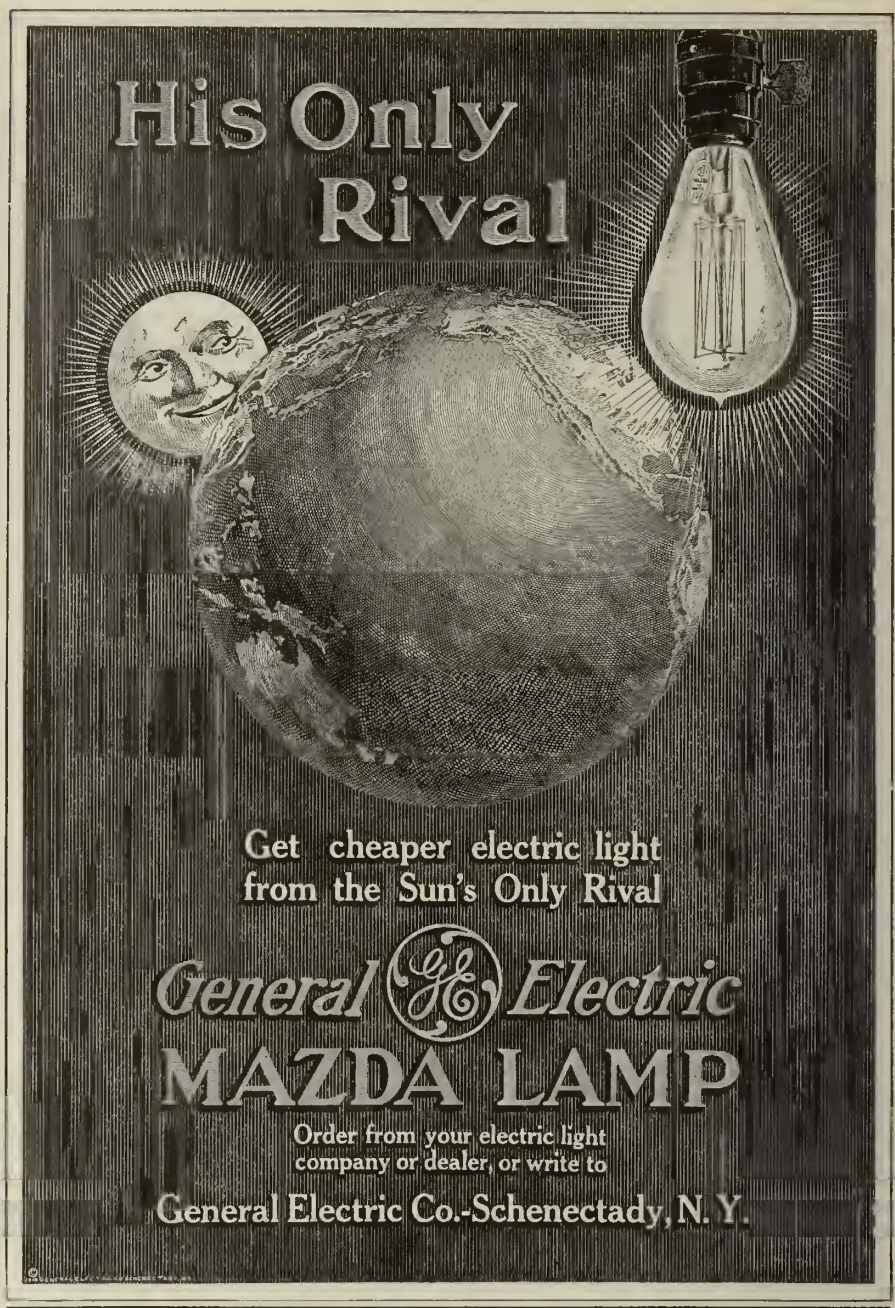
The men who were pushing the organization especially urged growers to hold their beans for $3.75 a sack of one hundred pounds; not to sell for less whether they joined the association or not. The commercial buyers appear not to have taken this effort to organize the growers very seriously. At any rate, adepts in the bean market say that beans were sold in the East for future delivery at a price that was below the equivalent of $3.75 a sack in California.

Late in September last it was reported that one of the buyers had purchased a large lot of new beans at $3.62 a sack, tending to establish that price for the crop. This was generally regarded as the opening gun in a fight by the big buyers upon the association, the latter having fixed $3.75 as a minimum price.

There is no doubt that the shot told. As usual—even in the most fortunate of agricultural communities, with the best of climates—there were growers who needed money. The difference between $3.75 and $3.62 wasn't, after all, great. The price might fall; coöperation might fail. In short, the association sort of wavered.

But it was fortunate, as I mentioned before, in having the support of a number of members who were neither helpless financially nor lacking in sand. These members—said to have been six in number—removed their coats, dug up their available collateral and went out to buy beans in competition with the commercial buyers. To growers who were not disposed to turn their beans over to the association the proposition of the coöperators was: "Sell your beans to us rather than to the commercial buyers; we will pay you as much as they will; if they pay $3.80 we will pay $3.80; but, at the same price, give the beans to us rather than to them."

They got a great many beans, and there are supposed to have been future-delivery contracts outstanding, to fulfill which somebody else had to have a great many



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WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

AFTER two years of litigation, in which a competing company endeavored to obtain control of the WALES, the Supreme Court decided in favor of the original stockholders in their action to protect the WALES against "trust" control.

This struggle for control by a competitor amounts to an acknowledgment of WALES superiority.

The complete visibility of every operation, its exclusive features, its mechanical simplicity and durability are the factors in this recognized leadership.

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Safety Razor Blades 2½c

and 20 per cent discount off the price on your first order. Send dull single or double edge blades for re-sharpening by our wonderful process. We make them sharper than new. Only 2½c each. We are the original re-sharpening company. We use the most splendid and up-to-date machinery. We guarantee satisfaction. If you will send the special 20 per cent discount coupon with your first order or copy the coupon form in your letter you need send only 2c for each blade. But send blades today. We want to get you started with us. We want to prove that we can more than satisfy you.

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Discount Coupon

Clip out and send this Coupon with your blades or copy the coupon in a letter and we will allow you a 20 per cent discount on your initial order.

MULLINS 16 FT., 3 H. P. LAUNCH $110

Biggest Launch Offer Ever Made. A speedy, safe, dependable, finely equipped launch, that will give splendid service. Built of steel with air-tight compartments like a life boat. Absolutely Safe, Can't Sink, Warp, Crack, Split or Dry Out. Requires No Calking. Speed 8½ to 9 miles an hour. Seats 8 people. Equipped with 3 H. P., 2-Cycle Reversible Mullins Engine, with Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust, Sight Feed Oilers, Reversible Contact Timer with speed control lever and Automatic Float Feed Carburetor. Starts like an Automobile Engine. Can't Back-fire. Will not stall at any speed.

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A couple of feet space at a picnic ground, in a bakery, drug-store, candy-store, fair or anywhere a crowd, with nickels, collects, and a

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will mean a 3000 per cent profit for you. Write us for catalog No. 12, before some one else beats you to it.

Ask, too, for our special Catalog O, describing Pop-Corn and Peanut Roasters, and Ice Cream Cone Machines.

Our Pneumatic Paint Sprayer catalog tells of a winner too.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Established 1883
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One of the oldest and largest banks in the State.

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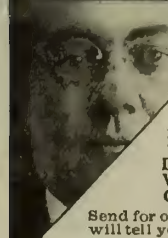

Remember The Name

Different from others. The "difference" is the improvement.

Do Not Mark the Nose
Will Not Cut Behind Ears
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Send for our free book on spectacles. It will tell you things you ought to know.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS COMPANY
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Patents Produce Fortunes

Prizes for patents. Patents secured through us advertised without charge. New lists of inventions needed and possible buyers. "Hints to inventors." "Why some Inventors fail." Books on patents. Send us rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records and report on patentability. Special agents in 500 cities and towns. Mr. Greeley while Acting Commissioner of Patents had full charge of U. S. Patent Office.

GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

beans. In February last the price of beans rose to $4.25 the hundred pounds.

This, of course, was coöperation extraordinary. The coöperators won the campaign because a number of them possessed large cash resources which they boldly employed in the interest of the enterprise, and large cash resources are not exactly characteristic of farmers' associations in general. Nevertheless, the campaign had furnished a striking object-lesson, and the coöperators hope to control a large part of this year's crop on a purely coöperative basis, without having to adopt the unusual expedient of buying up for cash an important part of the output.

There is a small but rather promising coöperative association of vegetable growers with headquarters at Los Angeles; also, some coöperation in poultry. The state produces a million and a half dollars' worth of English walnuts, and at Anaheim the walnut growers are coöperating. Indeed, coöperation is talked and attempted in almost all branches of horticulture. There have been plenty of failures, for if coöperation is going to succeed the members must stick, and on the marketing side they must have good, sound business management. The fruit will not sell itself and collect the bills on a coöperative plan any more than it will on any other plan.

It is a melancholy fact that one of the rocks in the way of successful coöperation consists of a rather extensive unwillingness on the part of farmers to pay a fair price for the business experience and ability which alone can handle the commercial end of their enterprise satisfactorily. Jealousy of the manager's salary has been a cause in wrecking more than one attempt—as though, the fruit being grown and turned over to an association, any bright office-boy could attend to the mere details of marketing it. The fact is, of course, that almost anybody can grow fruit; but to market it successfully requires a more special training and aptitude.

Whenever a coöperative enterprise has succeeded, so far as I have been able to discover, somebody at the helm has possessed first-rate business ability of the same order that the commercial packers, buyers or forwarders would employ to look after their concerns and for which they would willingly pay the going price. Too often farmers are not willing to pay the price. I have actually heard the objection raised that the manager of the Fruit Growers' Exchange, who handles over twenty million dollars' worth of very difficult business a year and does it with decided success, draws a salary of ten thousand a year—as though that were a kind of fraud upon the small grower who, perhaps, doesn't make a tenth as much. With more experience, no doubt, this exceedingly mistaken view will be universally overcome—as indeed it already has been, in some fields.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Payne's articles on coöperation among producers.

One Who Overtalked

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN, of Mississippi, tells of a speech on wool made by Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, some time ago and sent out extensively by the Senator. After a time the Senator concluded not to send out any more copies of that speech.

"Reminds me," said Private John, "of the case of a negro I knew down in Mississippi who was to be tried for murder and who had promised the prosecuting attorney to plead guilty.

"The time came for the trial. The prosecuting attorney had no witnesses. He thought none was necessary. While the other business of the court was being cleared up a local lawyer sat down by the negro and asked: 'Do you want to get out of this?'

"'Yassir, I reckon I does.'

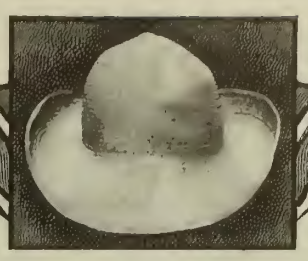
"'Have you got five dollars?'

"'No, sah, but I kin git it.'

"So the negro raised the five and gave it to the lawyer who told him to say nothing, but when the judge asked him to plead, to plead not guilty instead of guilty.

"The negro was arraigned. He pleaded not guilty. 'Look here, you black scoundrel!' yelled the prosecuting attorney; 'what do you mean by that plea? Didn't you promise me a dozen times you would plead guilty?'

"'Yassir, I done promised that,' replied the negro, 'but I reckon I done overtalked myself.'"

$1.00  $1.00

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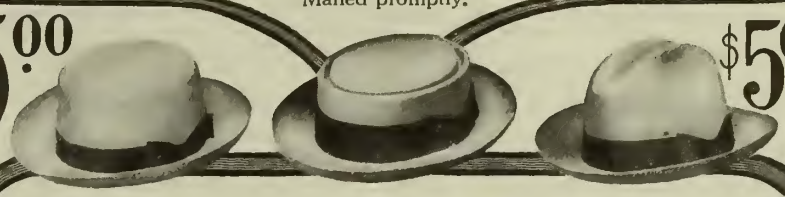
Rare Bargain in Genuine Panamas

Panama Hats more popular than ever—all the rage this Summer. By importing large quantities we can sell direct to user for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted *genuine all hand-woven;* unblocked, and can be worn in that condition by men, women and children. Easily blocked in any shape or style. Just as serviceable as the $10.00 kind; the difference only in fineness of weave. Assorted sizes. Weight only 2 oz. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Order today.

Satisfaction guaranteed.
Mailed promptly.

$5.00  $5.00

Square Crown Telescope Alpine

Blocked and Trimmed

Finely Woven

Genuine Panama Hats

By importing them by the thousands direct from the native Indian weavers in South America and selling direct to the user, eliminating all the middlemen's profits, we are able to make this ***Rare Offer*** of $5.00. They would sell for $10.00 in most hat stores. Three styles as shown above.

These hats are hand-blocked and trimmed with black silk outside band and leather sweat band. All sizes. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of $5.00. State size and style desired. Prompt shipments. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Remember, we are importers and not retailers.
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The Original, Time-Tried and Reliable Straight Side Automobile Tire

Half Section of the Old-Style Clincher Type Auto Tire of the Same Rated Size
Half Section of the Trouble-Proof GOODYEAR Straight Side Auto Tire
Ordinary Size
Note Over-size
The Straight Side Tire has so many advantages over the Clincher type that Goodyear Detachable Automobile Tires have steadily forged ahead on MERIT ALONE. 44 Automobile Manufacturers have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used on their 1910 cars. Below is briefly stated a few of the exclusive advantages of
GOODYEAR
TIRES
They Will Not Creep or Come Off the Rim in Use, even though the tire be ridden absolutely flat. No tire bolts are needed. Ask how our patented Piano Wire Tape overcomes this. Hooked-foot or Clincher type tires, even when held in place, with several bolts, come off in use, sometimes causing fatal accidents.
Goodyear Straight Side Tires Will Not Rim Cut. The broad, rounding rim surface, possible only with the Straight Side Tire, does away with all sharp edges. Note the half section on the left. See the sharp edge of the rim-flange. Remember, the entire load is carried on these edges, and unless such a tire is fully inflated it is very apt to Rim Cut.
The straight side construction of Goodyear Tires allows us to make them larger than any other tire sold for the same size. Each Goodyear Detachable (Straight Side) Tire is larger than its rating. So in Goodyear Tires you get Extra Size plus Extra Quality.
Rim Cutting certain unless tire is kept pumped up.
Beaded Hook "freezes" tight in this pocket.
Round Rim makes rim cutting impossible.
Wires Contract with inflation, avoid creeping.
Feet almost meet.
Feet wide apart.

Goodyear Straight Side Tires are **easily removed and replaced.** The large space between the toes (or feet) allows one to push the side walls in easily and unlock the detachable rim without trouble. In Hooked foot or Clincher Tires the bead binds and often must be pried loose. When the toes touch in the center (as a precaution against coming off) it is a big job both to loosen a Clincher Tire and to unlock the detachable rim when it IS loosened. Send for our FREE book, "How to Select an Automobile Tire." It shows how to keep down tire expense amazingly. Ask for it today. NOW!

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Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities [73]

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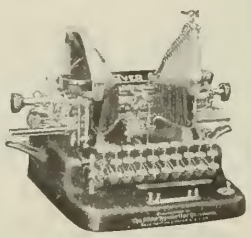
We offer to individuals, firms and corporations the services of our corps of typewriter experts, without obligation or expense.

These men are masters of typewriter problems. They are familiar with the construction, operation and service possibilities of every standard typewriter in the world.

They know how to make the typewriter yield its *maximum* of *efficiency*; how to make it a *more valuable* factor in the conduct of any business; how to keep it keyed up to its *best*; how to broaden the scope of its *uses*; how to handle and care for it so that it runs with *economy*, *ease* and *precision*.



If there are weak points in your typewriting department, no matter what make of machine you have, *you need the advice of these men, with their technical training and broad business experience.*

You cannot afford to permit *mistakes*, *delays*, *breakdowns* and various *other* annoyances to become a *chronic* condition.

Let us send you a Doctor of Typewriters—a real *expert*. He will study and solve your problems. He will tell you how to make your *equipment* meet your *requirements*.

And he will not accept a penny for his services. *We pay the bill!*

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Our "Flying Squadron" of Typewriter Experts is the pick of the great Oliver organization of over *ten thousand men*.

These men work on a "roving commission." They cover the entire country.

They are entirely at the command of typewriter owners and operators. Your simple request, on the Application Blank, or on your business stationery, brings one of these highly trained men to your office as speedily as we can arrange the trip.

He will not importune you to buy an Oliver Typewriter, but will not refuse an order.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

P. S.—*We are selling Oliver Typewriters for seventeen cents a day.* If interested, ask for full details of the plan.

Request for Interview

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

Gentlemen: I want to see a member of your **Flying Squadron of Experts** at the earliest possible moment.

Name _____

Address _____

Nature of Business _____

MAYBURY'S MEMORY

(Concluded from Page 9)

"I am very sorry that you don't know where she is."

Mrs. Carruthers is the kind of woman who goes on and on with the least encouragement. "I hope she found a new situation more easily. She has had such terrible experiences—weeks without work, nearly starving. She said she was afraid of herself—I don't quite know what she meant by that, but ——"

Here Dick Carruthers came lounging across the room and stood facing us all from the hearthrug.

"If she was so frightfully up against it as all that," said he, "why didn't she marry me? I mayn't be much of a catch, but I wouldn't have let her starve."

"Dick!" His mother put down her cup in amazement. He laughed.

"Oh, yes, I asked her. Surprising, isn't it? I met her running to the station the night Captain Maybury came home. She'd got thin evening shoes on and a white frock, and she was perished with cold and crying her heart out. Beg pardon—say anything?" He looked at me.

I had, but I didn't repeat it.

"I had the mare with me and I made her get into the cart, and I drove her to Fallingfleet to catch the London express. She had only fourteen shillings in the world and wouldn't let me lend her anything. She said she couldn't marry me because she was too honest."

"Honest!" said Mother in a low voice, looking at me.

"There may be different sorts of honesty," Carruthers suggested coolly. "I don't know what she had done exactly, but she said it was so awful that I should never speak to her again if she told me. I said it would have to be a fairly healthy crime to bring me to that, but it was no good."

Mother rose suddenly and said she thought we must be going. I thought so, too. It was rather a long walk for Mother, but she had plenty to say to while away the time, I give you my word.

"I can't think why the ungrateful girl didn't answer my letter," she began on the very doorstep.

"She never had it," said I gloomily.

"Never had it?"

"I kept it back. I knew you'd only rub it in, and I thought she'd got about as much as she could stick already."

Mother looked at me rather queerly and gripped my arm. "Have you got my letter in your pocket now?"

"Yes."

"Read it!"

It was getting dark, but I stopped and did as she told me. When I'd finished I said I was sorry. It was all I could say.

"I miss that child," my mother said; "I miss her more every day."

"Yes," said I.

"If she was so terribly afraid ——"

"Yes," said I.

"What can we do?"

"There's only one thing!" I'd been thinking it over for weeks. "We must advertise for a governess who can teach Danish, and give a number at the printers'. If she sees it she'll answer it. If we offered a good salary she might answer it even if she has an engagement."

"Of course she has one by now," cried Mother sharply.

"I hope so," said I.

"And if she has, there's no reason why we should try to find her ——" She looked at me anxiously.

"Yes, there is," said I grimly.

We had two hundred and fifty answers to that blighted advertisement, and all but three of 'em thought German would be sure to do as well as Danish, or even better, poor devils! In the end we got a letter from the peach. It was rather shaky, and it made me feel pretty cheap.

"It's no good going to see her," said Mother; "she'll be out."

"We're going to borrow Uncle Grove's house at Hampstead," said I, "and ask her to call there."

I've not the remotest idea what I meant to do when I went into Uncle Grove's breakfast-room the next day, but when I saw the peach lying back in his big chair with her eyes shut I jolly well knew. I stood looking at her by the fireplace for a few minutes without speaking. When she opened her eyes she stared at me in a dazed sort of way and didn't seem a bit surprised. I never saw any one so changed.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

She didn't move, and just went on looking at me in that strange, fixed way.

"I fell in love," she said at last.

I started. "I beg your pardon ——"

"I fell in love with your mother. I used to sit and watch her in church and she seemed so kind and loving and motherly and sweet, and I was so lonely and afraid of life that I would have given anything in the world to have a real claim upon her."

"What were you afraid of?" I asked in a low voice.

"Of London! London is a terrible, terrible place. I had been here before—starving ——"

"Good Lord ——!"

"Have you ever starved?"

"I'm—afraid not." I felt ashamed to say it.

She went on slowly, looking at the fire:

"Well—after a time—if you live on bread and things like that you begin to see strange things—you begin to imagine things. You begin to think you're going mad."

I felt as if I was choking, and I couldn't speak. She tried to get up but sank back.

"Mrs. Carruthers told me that Maybury was drowned. She said that if he had left a wife or a sweetheart it would have been easier for your mother. She said your mother was always happy when she was making young people happy. She said your mother was heartbroken now. I couldn't pretend to be any one's wife, so I—but I did it for a purely selfish reason."

"If you were so rottenly up against it as all that why didn't you marry Carruthers?" I turned and said, and she stole a swift, miserable look at me and then hid her face.

"I can't expect you to believe me," she said; "but about a thing like love I am too honest. You see I can't hurt people. I'm too weak. If you marry a person you don't love you are sure—sooner or later—to hurt them."

"Do you—is there any one else, then?"

She kept her face hidden and said nothing for a long time, and then she looked up and asked me how Mother was and whether I thought she would ever forgive her.

"She wrote to you," I said, "and the letter was left out of your box by mistake. Here it is."

She took it with shaking hands and opened it—reading it slowly aloud.

My poor, poor little girl: Come home to me and forget all this foolishness. Do you think I haven't learned to know you and love you too well all these months to let you go back to the misery that drove you to this? Maybury has gone away again with his wife. Theodora is engaged to a baronet and very happy. No one will ever know the truth.

Always your friend,
EDITH ELLINGER.

The tears slowly rolled down her cheeks as she stared at the paper, and I simply could not stand it any longer. I found myself kneeling beside her with my arm around her before I realized what was happening to me.

"You're so thin and pale," I said. I was as hoarse as any old raven, and I believe my own silly eyes were as wet as hers. "I can't bear it. You were such a little peach, and you're as white as a bone now. I've been so miserable. It's been the most rotten winter. I'm most desperately fond of you. I—you see, I've been in love with you ever since ——"

She tried to push me away, but I'd got her at last and meant to keep her. I knew she liked me—oh, I knew she did.

"You couldn't forgive me," she said in a choking voice. "You could never, never forgive such a wicked, wicked ——"

"Couldn't I?" I said. "That's where you make a mistake. Oh, but there are always thousands of things to forgive on both sides. You don't know half the rotten things I've got on my conscience. Don't you see—don't you understand how jolly glad I am that you've never been Maybury's girl, or anybody's girl but mine? You are mine, aren't you?"

She didn't speak at first, but I held on and presently she turned her face and let me kiss her.

"It does look rather like it now," said she; and I suppose it did.

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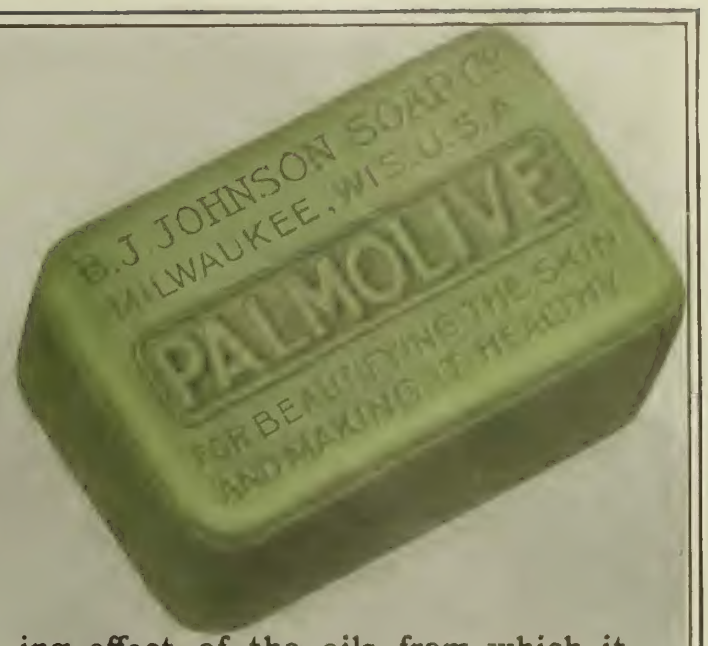

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